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# High Times

Aug/Sept

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**Interview: Andrew Weil's Natural Mind**

**Golden Days of Cocaine Wine**

**Reefer Reform in America**

**Dope in Canada**

**Pictorials:**

**Katmandu Hash Dens**

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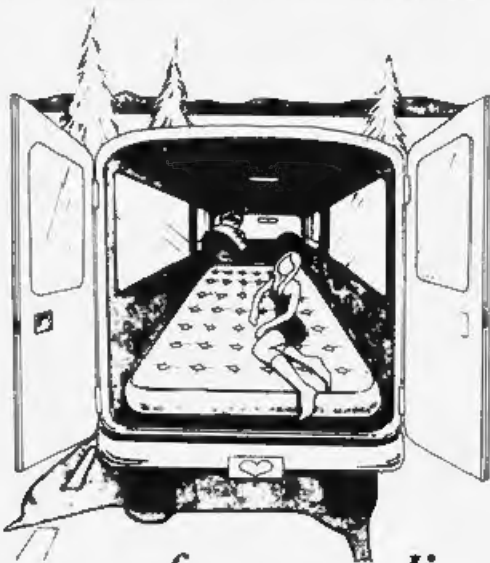
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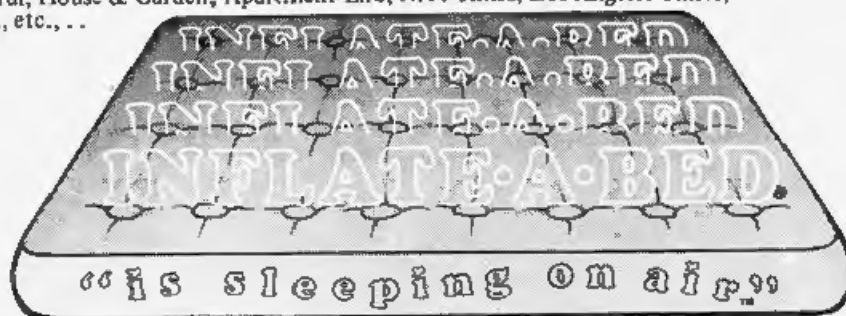
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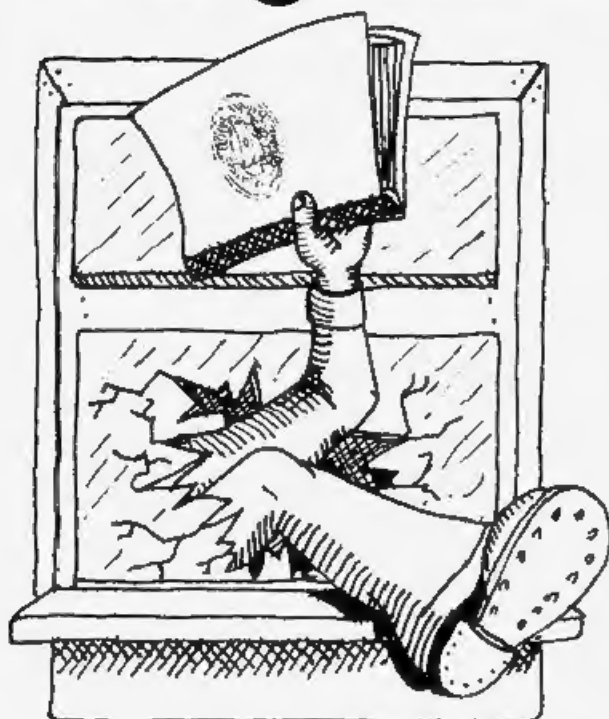
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THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

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# Lines

## Will FBI Replace DEA?

The resignation of John Bartels as director of the Drug Enforcement Agency amid charges of corruption and failure probably brought a warm glow to those who use dope. The Senate investigation of the DEA, and strong rumors that the DEA itself will be dissolved, may gladden the hearts of dope users. But additional developments may change the celebration into a wake.

FBI Director Clarence Kelley has already announced that he is "willing" for the FBI to take on drug law enforcement. Senator Abe Ribicoff has called for the FBI to do just that. If Congress approves, the FBI would then have an excuse to investigate, tap the phones of and destroy the lives of 39 million marijuana smokers (government's latest estimate). The FBI would then, more than ever, assume the powers of "brain police," instituting a 1984 police state before its time.

If the fix is in to give drug law enforcement to the FBI, it is likely that the Customs Bureau will be given back the job of protecting U.S. borders against the invasion of dope. This fits in neatly with America's new isolationist mentality in the wake of the loss of the Vietnam War. Incapable of establishing a decent relationship with other nations, the U.S. will continue its ripoffs abroad, while attempting to turn the States into a medieval castle, complete with moat and drawbridge. Like a small boy's fantasy.

The FBI and the Customs Bureau will undoubtedly pursue their task with the usual vigor. The tactics of Vietnam will be brought home, and smugglers, dealers and potheads will be the new gooks. A few aircraft carriers in the Caribbean, a few dozen destroyers, cutters, torpedo boats and tactical nuclear weapons ought to do the job. The FBI can use their armored personnel carriers and tanks from the occupation of Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

Inevitably, some of the people who can afford it are going to fight back. The munitions makers will be happy; they can sell to both sides. Defensive missiles will be installed on smuggling planes. Lahti 20 mm antitank guns will be de rigueur on tuna boats, the average dealer will make do with rifles and pistols. The smoker will be in a little better shape, facing no jail, only a citation once decriminalization comes. The pothead need only worry about getting caught in the crossfire — a bullet-proof jumpsuit should suffice.

## Boom in Pot Dealing?

Many dealers and smokers are asking what decriminalization means to them. Since the reform applies only to simple possession of small amounts, the dealer is still liable to go to jail; although presumably the courts will be less harsh. After all, what is a large amount but a bunch of small amounts in one place at the same time? An illegal ton is nothing more than 32,000 legal ounces.

What decriminalization really means is that more people than ever will feel free to smoke, and that means enormously increased demand for dope. Decriminalization means the illicit marijuana trade will flourish like never before. The blockade of America's borders will raise the stakes in running the blockade, making it all the more profitable to those aviators and mariners who can elude the Coast Guard, the Navy and Customs.

According to a recent government study, America consumes 40 tons of marijuana per day. According to Customs, 150 airplanes sneak past the border per day, not all of them smuggling grass, of course. And no one can estimate how many ships make it.

Lesser penalties for smokers and tougher penalties on dealers just mean more profit to those in the trade who don't get caught, and no one expects to get caught. The consumer will pay more but will get better weed. When you're risking life and fortune you don't bother smuggling or dealing garbage if you're smart.

## After Legalization, What Happens to Dealers?

With decriminalization a fait accompli, the question is no longer whether marijuana will eventually be fully legalized, but when? And how? Will the 200,000 to 1,000,000 people whose income results from the marijuana trade be thrown jobless onto the streets? Will they be replaced by government bureaucrats? Or possibly by ex-liquor and tobacco salesmen?

The marijuana dealers would argue that they have earned the right to reap the benefits of legalization. They have labored long and hard under adverse conditions to build marijuana into the billion-dollar business it is today. With other sectors of the economy failing, the marijuana industry provides badly needed jobs to the most depressed category of workers — young, disenfranchised whites, blacks and other minority groups, including women. And with dope now illegal, every consumer becomes part of the chain of distribution ("just helping out a friend") and thus a dealer.

So what has the veteran marijuana dealer got to offer the country after legalization? A lot, maybe. Can a two-week course in marijuana teach a gin peddler what a marijuana dealer knows? In other more natural societies, witch doctors administer the dope to alleviate the tribal ills. The witch doctor knows where to find the best dope, how to prepare it, how to administer it, how to provide the proper setting for the drug experience and how to cope with occasional problems.

In civilized society, the marijuana dealer (or dealer of any drug) performs a similar role. Like a psychologist, he listens to his customers' problems, provides guidance and advice and is a treasurehouse of information on drugs and their use.

Already the plans for mass marketing of marijuana are underway, but they fail to take into account the preestablished trade customs and consumption patterns. For marijuana to continue to provide pleasure, there must be constantly changing varieties available. Another valley means another head, slightly different, slightly better.

Likewise, marijuana cannot be prerolled because as soon as the bud is broken it begins to lose potency. We are not dealing here with a simple crude drug like nicotine, and prepackaged near-weed grown on depleted tobacco farmlands will not make it.

The only reasonable solution seems to be to bring the present underground distribution system aboveground — legally. Each dealer would have his small store, like a tobacco shop. The finest varieties of marijuana would be available from hermetically sealed bins, to be scooped out fresh, weighed precisely and sold over the counter like fine pipe tobaccos or good liquor. Custom blends and exotic varieties would be as essential as in liquor or tobacco, and thousands of brand names would proliferate. Small importers, field buyers, transporters, warehousemen, candy store clerks and so on would all be necessary, just as now. Competition would keep quality high.

Thus, it is seemingly in the interest of the people to prevent the tobacco and liquor monopolies (and possibly the drug monopolies) from seizing control of this new industry and then pushing somnolent ragweed to the public. Are the liquor, tobacco and pharmaceutical interests who were responsible for the outlawing of marijuana in 1937 going to be the benefactors when marijuana is finally legalized?

Those who are concerned must prepare to make their move when the time is right. High Times will continue to report on developments in this area. As legalization nears, something will have to be done.

## One Year of High Times

This marks the first anniversary of High Times. One year of publication, in which our paid circulation has grown from 20,000 to 250,000. High Times is bigger, and better. Our main problem is distribution.

The Big Five magazine distribution monopoly has boycotted High Times because of its content. So we are taking a series of full-page ads in national magazines and newspapers, on billboards (including one on Sunset Strip in L.A.), and in skywriting over outdoor music concerts across the country. The theme of these ads is "Ask Your Local Dealer" — plague and pester your local newsstand dealer until his own demands for High Times break the Big Five boycott. That's all we can hope for at the moment. In the meantime, we will continue the best way we can. ☐

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# Letters

## Magic Mushroom

I've read two copies of *High Times* from cover to cover several times. It's the only magazine that makes sense all the way through.

However, I think that the article on mushrooms [Spring '75], is not quite accurate. Teonanacatl is *Psilocybe mexicana*. The *Amanita* is a completely different mushroom with completely different effects, which might be described as a superpsychedelic down. They grow all up and down the redwood coast and in Oregon and Washington, too. Andrija Puharich has found *Amanitas* on the east coast and written extensively about them. I have eaten them a number of times. The experience is difficult to remember and impossible to describe: a vague nausea at first, then entrance into another dimension through a door of golden light.

Anyway, a hearty bravo from a new fan.

—Jules Siegel, La Jolla, Calif.

## An Immovable Fiesta

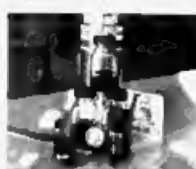
I'm incarcerated at the Santa Maria Prison for Women in Mexico City. I was busted at the airport here almost a year ago and charged with "importation" of a kilo of coke. I'm not sentenced yet but will get eight to fourteen years for this first offense.

Your article "Strange Cellfellows" [Fall '74] was quite excellent and correct concerning the situation here. Things have been harder than ever since the word has gone out about poor conditions. Mexico does not like the bad publicity. Because this country is run by a dictatorship, no one here dared say anything about the prison system. With about 150 "accused" American coke smugglers here, the U.S. press is beginning to get into it.

On top of the beatings, tortures and forced confessions in Spanish, we each have had eight to ten Mexican constitutional rights violated. Congressman Stark, of California, has been trying to help us get deported, with the assistance of Mrs. Carter, of 4322 West 121st St., Hawthorne, Calif. 40250 (213-676-4444), who is sending out petitions requesting our deportation and has received about a million signatures.

Your magazine could be a great help to us in gaining our deportation. And keep up the great work. —Dorothy Elizabeth Tetterton, Santa Maria Prison, Mexico City

## Bollin' Oil



Here's some Afghani hash oil that will get you off in three tokes. Behind it stands the torch I used to liquify the oil for pouring. —Anonymous, Meriden, Conn.

If you have any information on hash oil, send it to the Hash Oil Editor, *High Times*, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

## Bush Putsch

First let me say your magazine is outstanding. I've never read a better magazine of any type than *High Times*. This is the only magazine I can read from first page to last without losing interest—even the advertising

is right there. This is also the first magazine I've ever enjoyed enough to warrant a thank-you letter. It is unusual to have pride in ownership of a magazine. Everyone that has seen my two issues has had nothing but praise.

The article on hash rubbing [Winter '75] was very informative. Also, your price quotations are pretty accurate. I was stationed in Frankfurt, Germany, for two years. A price list from that city would be excellent. An article on the open-air market in Europe, especially in Frankfurt, would be very interesting, as there are certain places for daylight and night dealing. At least my war stories would be more creditable then. Not many people understand the openness of dealing there. Yes, for the good old days.

I only have two complaints about *High Times*. The first deals with the story "Wings Over Tijuana" [Winter '75]. The one panel on page 55 where the pilot is getting down on the blonde just didn't fit, in my mind. Just a minor slip in taste. Although the other 99.9 percent made up for it.

The second complaint is with your publication schedule. I'd like to see it go at least bimonthly, without a loss in quality. Keep up the good job and please avoid the zig-zag course of *National Lampoon*. —Gibson C. Happersett, Jr., Glen Riddle, Pa.

In the future, *High Times* will be published every other month. —Ed.

## Lady Dealer Revisited

I just wanted to drop you a note to let you know that your lady dealer [Summer '74] is full of shit. I've been dealing on and off for about four years, and I've never encountered any sexism in relationship to my job. The hell if I'm going to compromise myself and put on a skirt to make a deal. If my pot and prices aren't good enough, fuck him. Someone else will buy it. —Name withheld, High Point, N.C.

## The Law and Ms. Jones

On high noon on Halloween, 1973, I was busted for 7.7 ounces of Jamaican on Lake Burton, in Raban County, Ga. Since this was reportedly the largest bust of packaged reefer in the history of Raban County, Ga., the judge, John Sumter, and D.A., etc., wanted to give me five years in Alto, Georgia's "correctional" institution.

My mother (I was 17 at the time) refused to give attorney Kathleen M. Jones permission to represent me in court, so she just said "Fuck that" and came up there from Decatur and conferred with my court-appointed lawyer. Through an ungodly sequence of coincidences, she was the main factor behind my being given two years probation, which up there is a feat equal to raising the dead. Drug "rehabilitation," dig it, was an inescapable condition of my probation. I was the guinea pig for "rehabilitation" for Raban County, also the guinea pig for the Georgia Mental Health Institute in Atlanta for probation-related "rehabilitation."

After a total of eight months and three days of them fucking with my head (I'm just starting to really recover), and I am, for all practical purposes, free. This woman, Kathleen Jones,



deserves and receives my highest regards and recommendation for listing in your dope lawyers section. Kathleen Jones is one who merits it. —Roger B. Griffith, Atlanta, Ga.

#### Thai Himes

About the centerfold of Thai sticks in your Spring '75 issue: Having recently spent 10 months in northern Thailand, I feel I am qualified to provide a little insight.

In northern Thailand, mamasan's going price for a stick was 7½ cents each, bought in a brick of 20 for 30 baht (\$1.50). And the sticks I purchased were of a more uniform quality than those pictured in your centerfold.

I have no intention of downgrading the centerfold, because the picture is worth a million words, but I feel it would have been more appropriate to display a bamboo bong or some Thai papers with the sticks as opposed to the pipe. I say this because the sticks are chopped on a block and smoked in a bamboo bong in Thailand.

I'd love to elaborate more on the subject of Thai sticks but I wouldn't know where to stop. Thanks for a great centerfold. We love ya.

—Sway (Full name and address withheld)

#### The New Boo Rich

We here in New England have long seen the parallel between present-day marijuana prohibition and the liquor banishment of the Thirties.

It is common knowledge that many "pillars of our community" made vast fortunes during that dark dry period. For example, the Kennedy millions are a direct result of Joseph P. Kennedy's running of Scotch and Canadian whisky down from Canada. To this day, the family receives residuals from much of the Canadian whisky sold in the U.S. So there you are!

This New Prohibition is producing a new class of affluent and near affluent. It's time to pull together, for in unity there's strength.

I believe *High Times* could well be the catalyst needed for this reaction. Keep up the good work. —Alan Ponelli, Bridgeport, Conn.

#### Backyard Burning Bush



This whopping plant kept a household of six people and friends in paralyzing weed for a year before it was cut down. It was 8 feet high and 5 feet in diameter, and we were afraid of

helicopter surveillance. —Anonymous, North Hollywood, Calif.

#### Written, Oral, and IWABT

Re the letter "Ooo, Dat Cwazy Iwabt!" (Winter '75) from Mel Romanoff, president of Morgan Love & Co., on rolling papers. I guess pot really does cause brain damage. The quality of a paper does matter, especially its effect on the flame. Nothing can be worse than having *therbe* get a run in it like a dance-hall girl's black hose. Baby, I want the best for my stash because it deserves it. Sort of the *coup de grass*.

I'm really surprised that Morgan Love, whoever they are, has no common sense about the head business, to brandish such a statement. Jamaicans probably have only paper bags to roll with anyway. Maybe Romanoff should send them a CARE package. The days of Tops and OCB are gone, man. *Viva la revolución*. America deserves the best. Thanks for the info, H.T., and we dig

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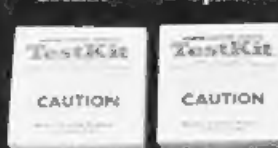
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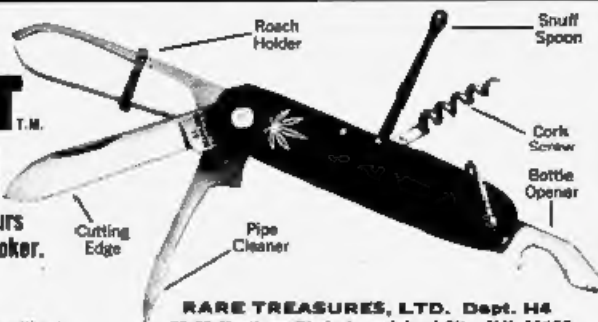
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your mag to the max on the east coast. Hope you go monthly, good luck. — *P.C., Hear & Now Ltd., Newport News, Va.*

### Prairie Potulism

I would like to give a little tip to the readers of *High Times*. As you may know, Kansas grows an abundance of wild pot, and every year people come to the fields to harvest (illegally) the leafy herb. They may be busted for possession with intent to sell. It's just not worth the trouble, for the pot here has very little potential for getting one high, and lacks enough THC to produce anything but what one would call a pleasurable stoning. This is only a simple warning for those who might be planning a field trip to Kansas. Several hundred people are arrested each year, and many fields are being watched by politically motivated sheriffs. — *Dave Baughman, Wichita, Kans.*

### Career Guidance

Your interview with the pot taster in the Spring '75 issue was really useful in showing how dealers operate at that high level and what kind of terminology they use to appraise their "product," as record people say (or as it says in *Rolling Stone* they say). The question you leave unanswered is how can I become a professional dope-tasting expert? — *Anne Warner, Clayton, Mo.*

If we knew, would we be doing this for a living? — *Ed.*

### Reader Remorse

I just wanted to write and say I didn't mean to give you all that shit last month. After your last issue, I understood what you're doing. If you do decide to go bimonthly don't jeopardize your quality. Your magazine is like high-grade Colombian — don't satisfy demand by becoming cheap dirt weed. You guys just stay high and do what's right, we'll know we're not alone. — *Stanley K. Holmes, Graham, N.H.*

### Alkaloid Alley



This leafy coca bush is in full bloom in the Cordillero Blanco of Peru. I thought your readers would like a peek at it before it is turned to white crystal flake.

— *Anonymous, Colombia, S.A.*

### Trans-Higher Criticism

Your worldwide dope price listings are a great idea, and the prices seem to mesh with reality nine times out of ten, but the commentary on the quality of the dope is so personal that it is virtually useless for dopers who want to contrast local quality with exotic variety. Couldn't you develop consistent terms or a scale of ratings instead of contrasting terms like "hash to sink your teeth into" with terms like "excellent"? What's the difference, outside of a superficial attempt not to repeat yourself? Actually, the market quotations would be far more interesting if you attempted to apply some standard terminology to the world dope scope. Also, if running pictures with the prices means not having room for the Paris and Rome price reports, by all means eliminate the pictures, which are abundant elsewhere in your fine magazine. — *Shel Saunders, Sugar Loaf, N.Y.*

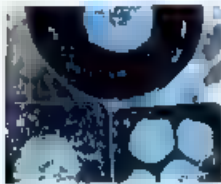


### Pueblo Pointers

In the dry hi country we've found that freshness, "bouquet" and moisture can best be maintained by storing herbs in canning jars. For quick access and efficient hermetic sealing, the clamp-open-and-shut style is preferable, esthetically pleasing, recyclable and far superior to a double Ziplock. They come in a wide variety of sizes up to kilo capacity. Price around \$2.00, available in hardware and gourmet kitchen-supply stores.

A lettuce leaf in the herbal jar supplies that touch of humidity while leaving that natural aroma unadulterated. —C.R., Boulder, Colo.

### Desert Eyeful



Keep this peyote picture as a reminder that the roving plant man has your magazine in mind like the buffalo and the blue whale: this beautiful life form

might be harvested to extinction. I would like to prevent that. Clockwise from left: fully mature plant with 13 radial lines, a clump of young peyotes growing from a single root, a grandfather peyote, the oldest in my collection. —Tom G. Citrus Heights, Calif.

Send your stash shots to Stash Editor, High Times, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003

### Film Fun

Your review of "To the Ends of the Earth" (Movies, Spring '75) was a disgrace to your magazine in every way. Entitled "Harry Anslinger's Bid for Celluloid Stardom," the article mentions Anslinger sixteen times but never tells us who he is or was. The entire plot is recounted, and the surprise ending disclosed, which is hardly fair to people who've never had a chance to see this very entertaining film.

The article began "The B movie is often an attempt to ease a lousy idea into the public consciousness. Propaganda itself is a lousy idea, but at two in the morning, watching TV stoned, a bad movie can provide good entertainment." The first sentence is a lie. B movies are nothing but attempts to make quick bucks, whereas films like *Woodstock*, *Easy Rider* and *Hearts and Minds* are high-quality movies that depend upon their audience's innate acceptance of "truths" open to debate. To say the least. The second sentence is not a non sequitur, but an insult to non sequiturs. Actually propaganda is a fine idea, useful to everyone from Jesus to Hitler, not to mention your pal Mao, and even if it is a terrible and immoral thing, a little dope and permission to stay up past his bedtime is all your reviewer needs to overcome his principled objection to it, or so he says.

Rectifying the plot he writes: "Powell departs for Egypt at this point, for reasons I could not fathom, though I've viewed this film three times," as if that were Hollywood's fault. But apart from your anonymous reviewer's insolence and sneering superiority to all that passes before him on the screen, he would be an OK guy — if he weren't just a boring writer.

—J.W., Laurel Canyon, Calif.  
Harry Anslinger, founder of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, was the first successful lobbyist for marijuana prohibition (in 1937). —Ed.

### Correction

Cynthia Palmer took the photographs for "The Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library," High Times, Spring 75, pp. 44-45. ■

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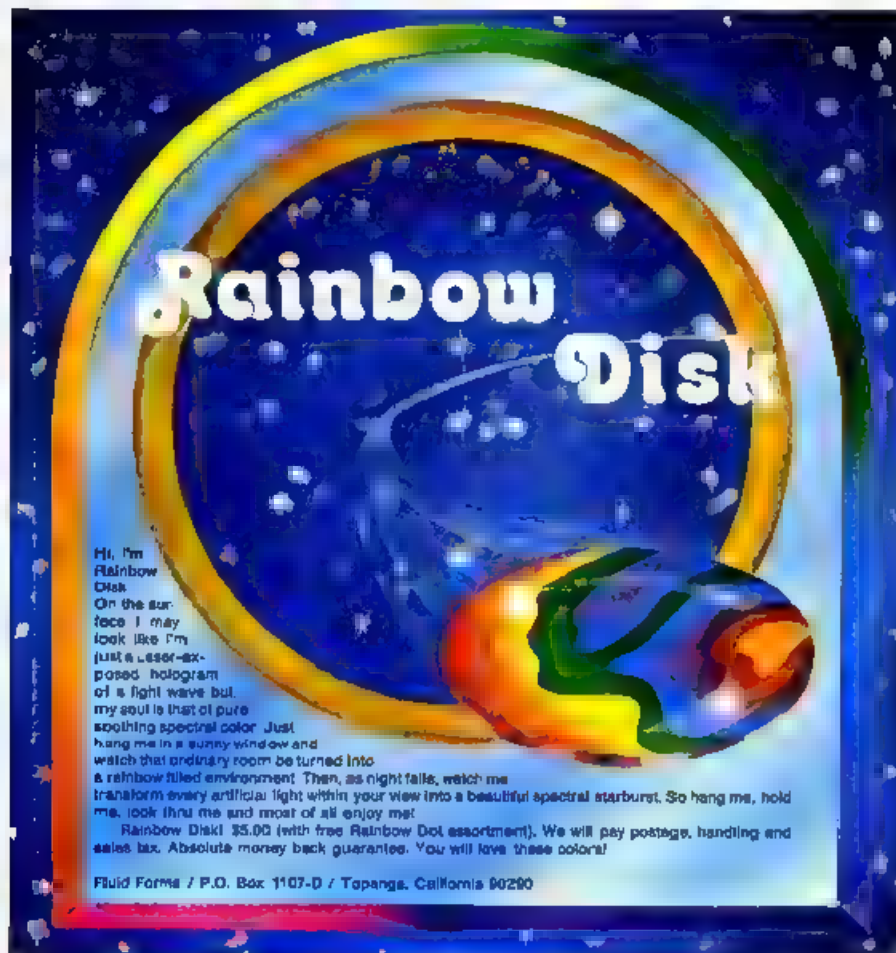
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# Forum.



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## Recycle Seeds

**Q:** I have three pounds of pot seeds saved up and no place to plant them. Outside of feeding them to my parakeet, is there any way to get high off them? — *Susie Blandom, Springfield, Ill*

**A:** Yes. Place the seeds between wet Kleenex. The moisture will stimulate the seeds to germinate, resulting in sprouts. In a few days or so these sprouts will be about four inches high. When they stop growing, harvest them. Each pound of seeds will produce over a pound of grass this way.

## Mirror, Mirror

**Q:** I was recently turned on to some blotter acid that was described as "mirror-image LSD." The trip was excellent but more mellow than usual. What is it? — *Chloe Landgraf, Biloxi, Miss*

**A:** Mirror-image LSD is reportedly an acid variant with a molecular structure that is a mirror image of the conventional LSD molecule. Users generally claim a mellow trip.

## Diet Pot

**Q:** I really enjoy getting off on reefer, but what can I do to avoid the munchies? Every time we cop a little buzz, the munchies strike. Can you suggest anything? — *Ken, Flint, Mich.*

**A:** The "munchies" are the result of cannabinoid in weed, which stimulates the appetite centers in the brain. The way to avoid this is to smoke better grades of marijuana. In better grades, the cannabinoid is rotated to delta-9 THC, which is a psychoactive agent.

## Smooth Operators

**Q:** Does smoking hash or grass through a cigarette filter detract from or slow down the high? It seems to me that a filter would remove the resin. — *George Deane, Neptune, N.J.*

**A:** No formal research exists in this area as far as we know. From personal experience, however, a filter makes no difference, just a smoother smoke. The reason may be that the psychoactive component of the burned marijuana is converted into a gas that is not impeded by the filter.

## Methyl Pipe Cleanser

**Q:** My acrylic bong is discolored and clogged with an accumulation of reefer resin. What kind of brush should I use to clean it? — *Robbie Good, South Williamsport, Pa.*

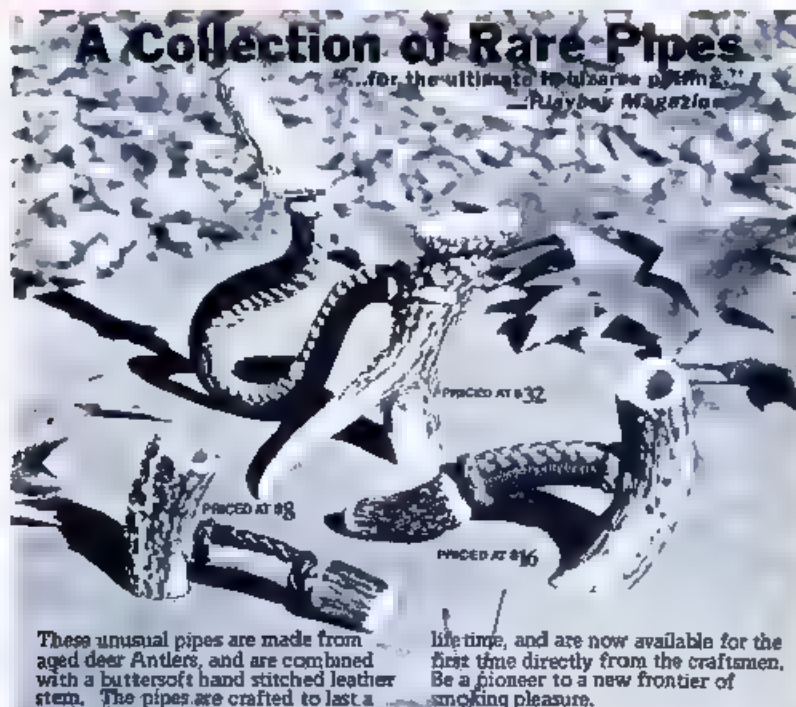
**A:** A brush will just scratch your bong. Purchase some methyl alcohol at a pharmacy or chemical supply house. Alcohol will dissolve the resin quickly, and a cloth will wipe it clean. Be sure the alcohol fumes are gone before you light up again. Otherwise your bong may become a bomb.

Methyl alcohol is also good for cleaning up hash oil residue.

## Mean Green Loses

**Q:** There is an ongoing debate in my area on whether PCP is safer than LSD. My faith lies

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with the mean green. Who's right? — Mark Golding, Silver Spring, Md

**A:** The mean green loses. LSD can cause an occasional freak-out but PCP, an animal tranquilizer, may cause lesions on the brain, according to some studies, which doesn't sound healthy. PCP is sold under various names including Angel Dust, THC Semy! and even mescaline. In fact, weird powders with exotic names are often just PCP, so be careful.

#### Dog Daze

**Q:** My friends and myself recently attempted to get my dog stoned on pot. One friend said to blow smoke in the dog's ear. Will this work, or am I just wasting good Colombian? — A friend of man and beast, Bruce Nolder, Havendale East Ga

**A:** If you are a friend of beasts, don't blow in your dog's ear. You might injure it. The friendliest way to get animals stoned is to blow smoke in front of their faces. This gives them a choice: if they want to get high, they can inhale; if not, they can split.

#### Forget Memory Drug

**Q:** In the "Forum" of your Winter '75 issue I read about a product with the brand name Cylert, which is magnesium pemoline, a drug that can improve memory. I've been to drug stores, health-food stores, vitamin supply houses, etc., without even locating anyone who has ever heard of this product. Where do I get Cylert? — Allan Karger, Santa Cruz, Calif

**A:** Cylert enjoys a peculiar legal status that presents an insurmountable barrier to legit retailers. Although legal to possess, Cylert cannot legally be sold for human consumption. Since it has no use besides human consumption, the only legally defensible reason for selling it is to sell it to a dealer in wholesale quantities. This dealer would then resell his consignment to another dealer, and so on. This circular state of affairs makes many dealers hesitant to traffic in Cylert. High Times would be interested to learn of any plan to remedy this situation.


#### A NORML Saturday Night

**Q:** I am special activities chairman at my university and I'd like to organize a lecture on marijuana reform. Any suggestions? — Fred Cohen, Redlands, Calif

**A:** The National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has a lecture/film program. It includes a one-hour discussion and two short films. NORML representatives are also available for debates. They ask only for traveling expenses and a modest fee (201-333-3170).

Also, the editor and publisher of High Times are available for panels, interviews and so on, if they're not busy.

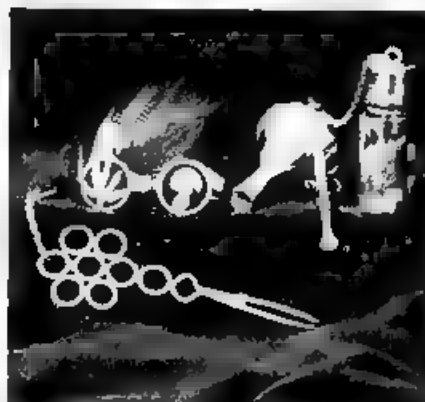
All questions about getting high will be considered for "Forum," and those of most interest will be answered. Be as specific as possible for most accurate responses. Anonymous questions will also be considered.



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## Andrew Weil

By 1972 the drug revolution had escalated to a constant firefight between opposing camps. Rhetoric had replaced intelligent thinking on both sides. That year, a young Harvard-educated doctor named Andrew Weil offered a fresh, original approach to drugs and consciousness. Despite the radical nature of his theories, his book *The Natural Mind* (Houghton-Mifflin) received excellent reviews from all sides. The one bad review came from Spiro Agnew, who bitterly attacked the book in a campaign speech.

"The drive to alter consciousness, to feel different, to get high," said Weil, "is as natural as the desire to eat or fuck." Weil declared previous theories of drug abuse to be as useless as the idea that the sun revolves around Earth instead of government attacks on drug use that result in a familiar vicious circle: the positive use of consciousness-altering drugs must be promoted.

Since the success of *The Natural Mind*, Weil has traveled to South America by Land Rover, where he studied coca, mushrooms, yage and witch doctor practices for 3-1/2 years. He currently resides in Oregon. The interview was conducted for *High Times* by Peter Fremont at the Claremont Hotel overlooking Berkeley.

**High Times:** Your book *The Natural Mind* has been out for three years now. How do you feel about it today?

**Weil:** Well, since I wrote *The Natural Mind* I've learned a lot about specific kinds of drugs. I didn't know much about before, particularly psychoactive mushrooms and coca. One thing I've learned, seen very clearly, is that people who grow or collect their own drugs are in better relationships with them than people who buy them.

**High Times:** You mean that people in the dope trade get more out of dope than the final consumer?

**Weil:** That could be a parallel observation, I suppose. But everyone who consumes drugs becomes part of the chain of distribution as long as they're illegal. Perhaps that is why drugs have such a dramatic social effect.

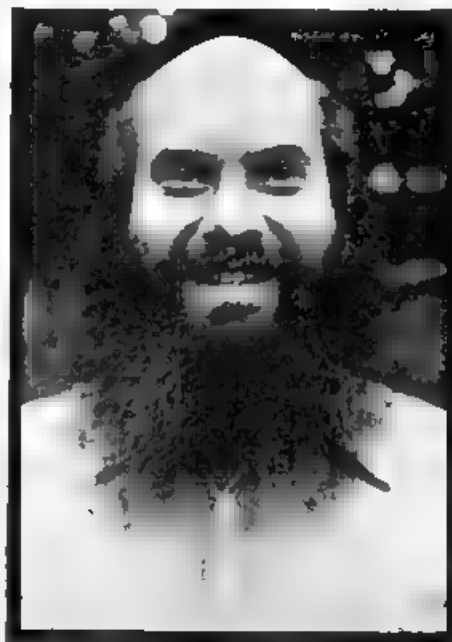
**High Times:** You have credentials as a medical doctor, but you don't invoke them often. For example, you don't identify yourself as an M.D. on the cover of *The Natural Mind*. Why is this?

**Weil:** I wasn't writing that book as an M.D. — my certification did not constitute the credentials for what I was saying. I was speaking from my experience as a person.

**High Times:** In *The Natural Mind* you expound a sort of general theory of altered states of consciousness. Care to elaborate a bit?

**Weil:** You see, I came to the conclusion that all of us are high all the time, at some level. The problem is becoming aware of this more often.

**High Times:** A problem of cutting through the



**"People who grow or collect their own drugs are in better relationships with them than people who buy them."**

"noise" around us. I think is how you put it.

**Weil:** Drugs give you a chance to step back a bit and become aware of that high feeling that says, "Hey, I'm different, I'm not locked into my usual anxiety or depression about this, that or the other thing." But then again, anything that makes you feel different — not just drugs — can put you in touch with that high feeling that is natural and inside us.

**High Times:** Part of your consciousness theory in *The Natural Mind* is tied into the concept of straight thinking versus stoned thinking. Can you explain the difference?

**Weil:** It's funny, but I've found that, since writing the book, I don't use those terms very much any more.

**High Times:** You seemed to make fun of the words themselves in your chapter 1 lies.

**Weil:** That's true, but I still believe in the concepts behind them very much. I think that there are different ways of using your mind, what I called stoned thinking, when you can open up the channels between the areas of your mind that are normally conscious and those that are normally unconscious. They can modify each other in a good way inside that middle space you're open to energies like intuition.

**High Times:** That's something that's received a bad rap in Western culture. Intuition is generally considered a secondary mental process, untrustworthy.

**Weil:** I think it's desirable. Stoned thinking that's characterized by intuition allows you to pay attention to sources of information that come from within, not from outside authority. Stoned thinking tends to be more positive and optimistic about possibilities because it flows with nature. Straight thinking, on the other hand, often leads to very negative ways of perceiving the world.

**High Times:** How about the characteristics of straight thinking?

**Weil:** Let me give an example of straight thinking. I was down in Oaxaca at the time of a solar eclipse, and the Indians down there all sat on the hills and stared at the sun, then applauded happily when the eclipse was over. Afterwards they all walked around just radiating happiness. There was no doubt in my mind that it was possible to get high from an eclipse.

**High Times:** But that's a very high experience —

**Weil:** Wait. When I got back to the States and told people that I'd watched the eclipse with my bare eyeballs, jaws dropped. Everyone up here was in fear of the eclipse. A friend who worked at the Justice Department at the time showed me a memorandum he'd received the day before the event. It was titled "Warning — Impending Eclipse of the Sun," and it was five hysterical paragraphs telling Justice Department employees that looking at the eclipse would rot their eyes. And it quoted all sorts of scientific authorities saying there was no safe way to view the eclipse — only on television. Can you imagine a worse way to watch an eclipse?

**High Times:** And people accept this?

**Weil:** Completely. The newspapers suggested taking a cardboard carton, putting a pin hole in the end of it and putting it over your head to watch the image to be projected inside. While hundreds of Indians watched the sun and became so high they applauded the sky, hundreds of Americans stood on the beaches of Virginia with cardboard boxes over their heads.

**High Times:** You mention a "superconsciousness" — could you explain what you mean by that?

**Weil:** I suspect that there's some kind of higher consciousness that is within us, yet outside us as well. Maybe it connects us to other forms of life, even so-called inanimate objects. When you've achieved a balance between conscious and unconscious experience, you can plug into the superconsciousness and receive things from it that are very useful.

**High Times:** Do you still take the drugs you write about?

**Weil:** Certain drugs. I don't smoke marijuana currently, but I use mushrooms and other

---

## **"Marijuana has made some kind of evolutionary decision to become involved with our trip."**

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psychedelics. I use coca when I can get some. I find those things helpful.

**High Times:** How about LSD?

**Well:** Occasionally.

**High Times:** You don't have much to say about LSD in *The Natural Mind*.

**Well:** I think it's very powerful and very convenient. It really illustrates the ambivalent potential of drugs. The variation in the effects of LSD is enormous. I also think it's relatively rough on the body compared to mushrooms.

**High Times:** You don't sound very enthusiastic about it.

**Well:** Well, the main danger is that it opens you so to influences outside yourself. I'm a great believer in making psychedelic experiences really special. I've run into teenagers whose only LSD experiences were tripping on New York subways while drinking beer. With mushrooms you have to go out and collect them in the field. It's something you've put a little more work into and it's going to be special.

**High Times:** Do you think there are differences in LSD? Michael Hollingshead (*High Times* interview, Winter '74) argued that some LSD's better than others.

**Well:** LSD is LSD. The only variations are in the size of the dose and the purity, not the quality of the drug itself. Sometimes the dose is too large.

**High Times:** What about speed in acid?

**Well:** You see, pure acid has a speedy effect and that's just part of acid. Obviously speed is too expensive a drug to cut acid with.

**High Times:** Well, hopefully no acid alchemist would stoop that low anyway. There's certainly no financial incentive. I know that some of them buff acid with PCP to mellow the trip. Most of the so-called mescaline around is PCP-buffed acid. What about strychnine in acid?

**Well:** That's another myth.

**High Times:** Most people don't realize that. **Well:** Well, people believe a lot of funny things about drugs. For example, you go around asking people why they take the white fibers out of the peyote, 99 per cent are going to tell you they don't want to get strychnine poisoning. Now, as any scientist will tell you, peyote has no strychnine in it and never has. Perhaps the prickly white fibers irritate the stomach lining.

**High Times:** You talk in your book about the function of witch doctors to oversee a society's use of drugs. You say that they provide examples of proper behavior under the influence. Do you think dealers of marijuana might fill that role when pot becomes legal?

**Well:** They might. I mean, some of them might. I don't think every dealer is automatically an enlightened user.

**High Times:** But part of your argument in *The Natural Mind* is that the use of the drug itself is the best teacher. If that's how you learn, dealers should know the most, since they consume drugs constantly.

**Well:** Yes, dealers do probably know a bit

more, technically and psychologically, about how to use drugs than the general public, and they might be useful.

**High Times:** How well do you think dealers perform now? You emphasize the importance of set and setting in *The Natural Mind*. The set and setting—in other words—the general life example they provide—affects the dope experience down the distribution chain.

**Well:** I think so. They surely give you a model for what it's like to be stoned.

**High Times:** Is it true that you don't support legalization of marijuana?

**Well:** Well, I said that tongue-in-cheek before a government panel once. I told them I thought marijuana was a more effective drug if it was illegal. In fact, though, I do a lot of work for NORML.

**High Times:** Some people have suggested that man and marijuana have a unique relationship, a sort of psychological harmony of vibes.

**Well:** Well, some plants remain relatively independent of man while others get very involved. Marijuana for one has been involved with us so long, thousands of years, following campsites and settlements and the like, that there's no information about what it was like in prehistory. It appears that some plants make some kind of evolutionary decision to become involved with our trip. Marijuana is very involved.

**High Times:** Isn't marijuana, cannabis, a fairly sophisticated plant?

**Well:** Insofar as its chemical makeup is very unlike other psychoactives—the THC molecules are unique. And cannabis pro-

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## **"Every drug studied seems to be most effective when used less frequently."**

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vides many things that are useful to humans—an oil, a fiber, an edible seed, a medicine and a psychoactive drug. That's a lot of ways for one plant to reach people.

**High Times:** Have you ever been arrested?

**Well:** No. I've never had any trouble with law enforcement people. In fact, my dealings with them, particularly at the federal level, have been far more satisfying and honest than those I've had with psychiatrists in government positions.

**High Times:** There's two heavy words combined—government and psychiatrist.

**Well:** All I can say is that my experience is that cops in government are more straightforward than psychiatrists—especially on drug issues—and cause far less trouble.

**High Times:** In *The Natural Mind*, you hypothesize that drugs are not really the problem, that it's our relationship with drugs that needs correcting. Can you explain this some?

**Well:** I don't think that drugs cause problems. Drugs are drugs, but their power is ambivalent. They can go in a good direction or a bad direction. A realistic goal to strive for is responsible use of drugs in a conscious way to get beneficial effects from them, thereby minimizing their tendency to be disruptive.

**High Times:** Isn't that what the government claims it is doing?

**Well:** Not at all. Government efforts to deal with the "drug problem" are aimed at keeping people from using drugs. As usual they are being unrealistic.

**High Times:** But some drugs are tolerated over others. How are the choices made?

**Well:** Well, distilled alcohol is one of the hardest drugs to establish a relationship with, and yet many people who use alcohol in our society are responsible users. Of course, when it first appeared in Europe it took Caucasian Europeans several hundred years to learn how to use it in a controlled fashion. There was a general feeling that you were either a drunkard or a teetotaler. There was no middle way until people began to control their attitudes toward alcohol.

**High Times:** What about Indians and alcohol?

**Well:** Some of my views of the ways Indians use drugs were excessively romantic, but I still think there is an ideal way primitive peoples live with drugs. It's hard to see that today because most primitive societies have been ruined by contact with us. Sometimes, literally within minutes of first contact with us, Latin American Indians start drinking distilled alcohol, and they simply do not have any basis for controlling that drug.

**High Times:** As far as cocaine goes, you have a unique theory about its legalization.

**Well:** Right. It would be in the interests of society if coca leaves were made available. It's much harder to establish a beneficial relationship with cocaine than with coca. You can't get coca up here, but cocaine is readily available illegally. That's stupid.

**High Times:** When you talk about establishing a relationship with a drug, what do you mean?

**Well:** I really believe in the idea of using drugs responsibly for benefit, using them consciously and knowing what you're doing with them. In this country I meet many people who have really bad relationships with the legal drugs—alcohol, coffee and tobacco—and have no idea that they're involved in drugs. That's especially true for coffee. I meet people who are physiologically addicted to coffee, who actually suffer withdrawal in the morning when their body hasn't had its drug for hours.

**High Times:** I've seen it at the *High Times* office. It can be pretty grim to watch.

**Well:** Sure. It's classic physiological withdrawal, the same as for opiates. These people have no idea what they're actually doing. That's what I mean by unconscious, bad drug use.

**High Times:** So you believe in the old Platonic rule of moderation?

**Well:** Every drug I've studied seems to be most effective when used less frequently. There's one very common pattern, though. The initial experiences with the drug are usually the best. Then the user either looks for stronger forms of the drug or uses it more frequently. The novelty of the experience has worn off.

But to be frank, I can't define frequency. My conception of a lot of drugs was changed by going to South America. I thought that I used grass excessively, but these people in South America made me look like a kindergarten child. Incredible amounts.

**High Times:** Your method of research is similar to Charles Darwin's. I mean, you use jets the way he used the *Beagle*, to go places where now any researcher can go but few do.



You collect your information firsthand. Most drug research seems to be done in laboratories.

**Well:** Right. But even the laboratory studies are better than a lot of so-called research. Most drug research is just a lot of second-hand information grabbed from already printed materials and reports, or rehashes of conversations with other researchers.

**High Times:** Are there many others using your field-study and personal-use technique of drug research?

**Well:** I haven't run into very many, but I'm sure there are people doing what I do who don't consider themselves researchers, who don't report their observations.

**High Times:** Unless they're forced to.

**Well:** Right. Unfortunately, the people who are supported by grants stay in their laboratories or offices, contented with watered-down information.

**High Times:** How do you record your observations in the field? Any special methods?

**Well:** I record everything in my head.

**High Times:** Not even a tape recorder?

**Well:** Never. When I was a newspaper reporter I used to take notes, but I gradually got out of the habit. I found that with what I'm doing, I can take pictures in my mind. Later, I look at them and recall the dialogues and stuff like that. Then I write it down. A tape recorder or notes drain too much of my presence from the situation.

**High Times:** It's an unusual technique.

**Well:** It's good discipline. It makes the free exchange of energy and information easier.

**High Times:** Since *The Natural Mind* came out you've been submitting reports to the Institute of Current World Affairs.

**Well:** That's right.

**High Times:** What is this institute?

**Well:** It's a small, private foundation in New York, set up in the Twenties by a man named John Crane, who made his fortune in bathroom fixtures. If you get a fellowship from them, you're expected to travel around and collect information outside the U.S. about an area of interest to you. The only thing they ask is that you write them periodic newsletters.

**High Times:** What were you studying?

**Well:** For about 3½ years I investigated the general realm of altered states of consciousness. Actually, my fellowship was a little off-beat for them. Their traditional fellows do things like report on the ministries of the world or the political organization of the Caribbean, things like that. My research was a definite departure from that tradition.

**High Times:** Did they give you money to do this?

**Well:** They paid all my expenses. They do this so you don't have to put any energy into making money and put it all into what you're studying. I tried to live fairly frugally, but there were times my expenses seemed pretty high, at least to me. But they never quibbled about it, and they even bought me a Land Rover to go to South America in.

**High Times:** It sounds like a hippie's dream.

**Well:** It was nice, but I'm glad to be finished with it, to be on my own again.

**High Times:** What did they do with the reports you sent in?

**Well:** They printed them and circulated them privately to a mailing list of my friends and to a mailing list of their own. It was a nice form to work in. I have nothing but good feelings toward them.

**High Times:** So you spent that time traveling around. Where did you go first?

**Well:** Well, literally within 48 hours of send-

ing the manuscript of *The Natural Mind* off, I got in my new Land Rover after giving away a lot of my possessions, and left for Oregon. Then I went down through California and Arizona and into Mexico. The first thing of any consequence I did was in the Mazatec area of Oaxaca.

**High Times:** That's where magic mushrooms grow, right?

**Well:** Yes. I went there to meet a woman who is a mushroom priestess and learn something about their use.

**High Times:** Was that Maria Sabena?

**Well:** No, it was a woman called Julietta.

**High Times:** The other day someone suggested to me that Maria Sabena was a fraud. Can this be true?

**Well:** I don't know her personally, but I have heard a lot of stories about her mushroom ritual. I certainly think that when Gordon Wasson made contact with her, she was real and impressive.

**High Times:** Speaking of Mexico, you write about throwing up in Mexico as a high experience.

**Well:** Well, I'm interested in a lot of different techniques for changing consciousness. Vomiting is something I recommend you learn. If you learn to control the vomiting reflex, you're getting a foothold of consciousness in an area of the brain most neurologists consider completely involuntary and unconscious.

**High Times:** Isn't it a messy way to get off?

**Well:** You can learn to do it so it's not painful, not forceful. It becomes a very smooth and pleasant sort of feeling. Did you know that

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**"Vomiting establishes a bridge between the unconscious and conscious. The flow of energy is unique."**

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within twenty minutes of eating, food layers up in your stomach like a parfait. You can throw it up layers at a time, and it tastes the same coming up as it did when it went down.

**High Times:** Hmm.

**Well:** The basis for getting high in vomiting is that it establishes a bridge between the unconscious sphere and the conscious sphere. That flow of energy is a unique feeling.

**High Times:** What about mangoes? You quote the late Paramahansa Yogananda saying that it is impossible for a Hindu to conceive of a heaven without mangoes.

**Well:** Mangoes—if you're ever in a place where you can get good mangoes, eat one. It's a total sensory rush. I don't do it very often because it's hard to find the right kind up here.

**High Times:** In one of the reports you filed to the Institute you describe yourself as a mycophile.

**Well:** Right (laughing).

**High Times:** And you cite Wasson's research to back up the claim. What is a mycophile?

**Well:** Wasson says the world is divided into mushroom lovers and mushroom haters: that entire human societies have shunned mushrooms, saying they weren't fit for human consumption. In fact, many American Indians consider mushrooms taboo. They're mycophobes. A mycophile, on the other

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**"The Russians and the Poles seek out mushrooms, fondle them, write songs to them."**

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hand, loves mushrooms.

**High Times:** Doesn't the mushroom figure largely in some other societies, though?

**Well:** Sure. The Russians, the Poles and other eastern and northern Europeans seek them out and fondle them, write songs to them.

Mushroom haters often rationalize their fear of mushrooms in terms of the danger of poisoning. But I think that there's something more deeply ingrained than fear of poisoning that causes a total rejection of mushrooms. Actually, the risk of getting poisoned is relatively small.

**High Times:** You're more likely to get botulism from a can of beans (laughing). Where did you go after Oaxaca?

**Well:** I drove pretty quickly through Central America and into Colombia.

**High Times:** Where?

**Well:** Oh, all over—I was in one jungle territory in southwest Colombia and around Bogotá and Cali, and then up north for a while near the coast. I also went into the eastern parts near Brazil—back and forth.

**High Times:** Colombia's tremendously active politically and culturally. I think it's a country with a tremendous future before it.

**Well:** The energy level of the place is striking. For one example, Colombia has more species of plants than any other place in the world, more species of orchids than anywhere— and orchids are the most evolved plant family.

**High Times:** But you weren't studying orchids... What were you doing down there?

**Well:** I was after mushrooms. And I was looking into yage and coca, and I wanted to see medicine men in different places. Besides, Colombia's just a high-energy place, as I said.

**High Times:** How did you conduct your research as far as the mushrooms or coca?

**Well:** The only way is through people. For instance, the only way to find the best mushrooms is to find people who know them well and persuade them that you're a nice guy and that they should show you their mushrooms—edible or otherwise. Talking mushroom talk is actually easy communication.

**High Times:** I think everyone would be interested in hearing your rather unorthodox theory of illness.

**Well:** I'm not sure I have a complete theory, but I do think all illness has a psychological component. The mind, through the nervous system, produces changes in the body that render tissues susceptible to attack by germs and other agents of disease. It's important to see germs as agents rather than causes of disease.

**High Times:** How does this stack up against traditional medicine?

**Well:** In medical school I was taught that germs caused certain kinds of infections, but I don't really believe that any more. I think that germs are the immediate causes of certain physical manifestations of illness, but not the

(continued on page 55)

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GRAPHIC ARTS 1975 PATENT PENDING





Rescue workers found a ton of grass near the wreckage of a World War Two Lockheed Lodestar that crashed near Rockwood, Tennessee, killing two men.

## Planes Down in Mystery Crashes

49 pot-carrying planes have crashed in the first five months of 1975, according to the El Paso Intelligence Center (EPIC), the government information agency with the most extensive data on dope smuggling across the southern border of the U.S. Jacques Kiere, head of the Texas operation, admits that 150 unidentified planes make it into the U.S. every day.

It's no news that airplanes are used extensively in dope smuggling — difficult to detect and fast, with long range and huge cargo space,

airplanes have for years been standard operating procedure in grass transportation. Even with more sophisticated ground detection operations in effect along the southwest border of the U.S., there's been a boom in air transport to supply the skyrocketing demand for pot. A recent 90-minute test surveillance conducted at the Albuquerque, New Mexico, air control tower by the DEA spotted 35 unannounced and unauthorized flights, most of them appearing on the radar screen after emerging from moun-

tain passes or pulling up from low altitudes.

EPIC director Kiere maintains that the aerosmugglers have gotten more brazen. "We've seen them coming across the border in formation — five or six planes — at dawn with no lights. That's not your average dentist coming back from a fishing trip." A DEA spokesman recently related the anecdote of tipping off Colombian naves to a plane on a remote airstrip. "They staked it out, but before the plane they were

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## When in Nome

Headshops in Nome, Fairbanks, Juneau and points north have been doing a land-office business in every kind of dope paraphernalia since the May 26 decriminalization. The day after the legislature passed the bill, closet dopers — trappers, Eskimos and pipeline workers among them — flocked to the head shops. Orders for rolling papers and pipes from out-of-state suppliers have at least quadrupled.

Meanwhile, at the Nome Nugget, one of the most fashionable gin mills in the district, little has changed apart from the aromatic sweetness that now intermingles freely with the fumes of cigars and kerosene burners. Hot 151-proof rum is still the most popular drink, and the demand for it has not noticeably declined. According to proprietor Sam MacPhearson (not his real name): "All this dope stuff is crazy. Liquor makes you brave to face the cold. Grass makes you want to lie down in snow. Of course, anybody who just sits in the snow for ten minutes starts feeling like he never wants to get up, but the grass makes it impossible. No, alcohol serves a real need here. And after all, that's the good thing about throwing a party in Alaska. You never run out of ice."

## Anti-Pot Armada Nets 3 Tons

The ships of MULEPAT, a new Coast Guard patrol operation "designed to conduct documentation and safety inspections" of American-flag vessels in the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti, found over three tons of pot in a 60-foot yawl this Easter Sunday.

MULEPAT that day comprised three 95-foot cutters, a 210-foot cutter and a helicopter. After the yawl *Royono* was picked up on radar screens, a small cutter was dispatched to check the vessel's documents. A boatswain's mate named H. Eads ran into the 79 bales of



Miami agents seized 79 bags of marijuana, worth over \$2 million, on the 60-foot yawl *Royono*.

weed while on his way to check the number on the boat's beam, the Coast Guard says.

## Largest Bust Ever: 20 Miles of Colombian Pot Fields

Colombian soldiers have discovered a mountain valley marijuana plantation in southwestern Colombia that encompasses 20 miles and contains an estimated million plants.

Authorities told newsmen who visited the area that it would take a 500-man battalion of soldiers more than a month to harvest the crop. Soldiers who cleared three tons of grass in one day complained: "We just began."

About 40 local peasants, who said they got \$1 a day to grow the weed, were arrested, and Colombian officials admit that no higher-

ups have been caught. Field hands reportedly told authorities that they were waiting for buyers in helicopters to come and reap the harvest, which police gave a wholesale value of \$2 million.

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## New Federal Task Force to Combat Smugglers

Attorney General Edward Levi announced that special narcotics units under the direction of U.S. attorneys will be formed in 19 cities to investigate and prosecute "high-level" dope smugglers and distributors.

Most of the units will be made up of two or three assistant attorneys and a secretary, and will work closely with the DEA in pursuing cases. A spokesman for the DEA explained that previously a couple of attorneys in each city had been assigned temporarily to dope cases

in addition to their other duties and this had caused a backlog in prosecutions.

Under the new system, a number of attorneys will deal exclusively with drug cases. "It's going to be a lot more efficient and speedy," the spokesman declared. The areas to be getting the units are: Albuquerque, Atlanta, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Newark, New Orleans, New York, St. Louis, San Diego, San Antonio, San Francisco, Seattle and Tucson.

## Who's High

• A Gallup poll of 57 American colleges and universities has found that while college freshmen are about equally divided on the question of legalizing marijuana, two out of three seniors favor legal pot. Responding to the question, "Do you think the use of marijuana should be made legal or not?" 64 per cent of college seniors said yes, 30 per cent no and 6 per cent don't know.

About 50 per cent of University of New Hampshire students think pot should be legalized, according to a poll of 1011 collegians, and 73 per cent have tried the weed there. A study at Hollins College, Virginia, has found that 70 per cent of the women there admitted to smoking pot, while only 54 per cent said they had ever tried tobacco.

• Harold H. Greene, Chief Judge of the District of Columbia Superior Court recently urged law enforcement officials to reduce prosecution of "so-called victimless crimes" such as marijuana possession, gambling and prostitution and concentrate instead on crimes of violence.

• In the nation's capital, a series of studies conducted by both government and private researchers has found Washington to be one of the heaviest drinking cities in the world. Two studies, one by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare and one by the American Business Men's Research Foundation, have found Washington's alcoholic rate to be twice the national average. National Center for Health statistics show that the capital city has a higher death rate from cirrhosis of the liver than any U.S. state. In addition, the Resource Planning Corporation has found

that most of the really massive drinking takes place in the northwest portion of the city, which includes Georgetown, Embassy Row and the domiciles of many government officials. It seems those high-level decisions coming from Washington may be the products of alcohol-soaked brains.

• Sen. Birch Bayh (D.-Ind.), chairman of the Juvenile subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, said recently that he is aware that his efforts to decriminalize marijuana will arouse anger in some citizens, but "that's the price we have to pay" for taking action that is necessary. Bayh observed that while marijuana arrests have increased twelvefold during the past decade and now account for 67 per cent of all drug arrests, serious crime rose 17 per cent last year, the highest annual increase in FBI history.

In an opening statement before the subcommittee, Sen. Philip Hart (D.-Mich.) revealed, "One of my children is one of these statistics. He's a minor and he's been 20 days in jail for a stub that big, and that's all the education I need to convince me we are topsy-turvy on this."

• According to a Drug Abuse Council report published this March, there are 29 million people in the United States who have smoked marijuana and 12 million who currently use the weed. In 1971, the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse reported that 24 million Americans had tried pot and 8 million were current devotees of grass. So by government figures, of the 5 million more who've tried pot in the last four years, 4 million have stuck with it. Has the social climate changed, or is pot just better than is 1971?

Of 2133 adults and 505 teenagers, 14 per cent of those between the ages of 12 and 17 and 50 per cent of those between 18 and 25 have tried pot. On the other hand, only 3 per cent of the population 50 and

older have tasted weed. Overall, of adults 18 and over, the DAC found 18 per cent have tried pot and 8 per cent now use it regularly.

The DAC also commissioned a separate study for California, where they found that while 28 per cent of adults over 18 have tried pot (10 per cent above the national norm), only 9 per cent are current users (a figure just one per cent higher than the nationwide result). The population density of pot smokers increases as one goes north in California, reaching a high of 15 per cent in the San Francisco Bay area. Legal sanctions against the weed appear to have little effect on its use. Of those who don't smoke, 50 per cent say it's because they have "no interest" in it, 38 per cent cite "health dangers," and only 8 per cent eschew pot because of "fear of prosecution." A mere 4 per cent said that lack of availability kept them from smoking grass. 46 per cent of the 1,004 Californians surveyed favored some sort of legalization of pot, with 48 per cent opposed.

• On the high seas, the Navy charged 69 enlisted men on the amphibious transport *Dubague* with either possession or sale of dope after confiscating quantities of marijuana, cocaine, hashish, amphetamines, heroin, opium, LSD and Seconal. A Navy spokesman said the NIS, Naval Investigative Service, had been staking out the ship since January, when a crewman was picked up by Hong Kong police after he bought five ounces of cement he thought was heroin.

• The Boeing Company in Seattle, Washington, has confirmed that 15 employees have been fired and an unspecified number of others suspended for buying, selling and/or smoking marijuana on the job. A Seattle newspaper reports that the dopers were caught in the act by a sound-recording movie camera concealed in a restroom, a charge that Boeing denies.

• A survey conducted by radio station KZAP in Sacramento has found that a good percentage of the California state legislature has smoked marijuana. 30 of the 80 members of the California assembly responded to the marijuana question. Of these, 38 4 per cent admitted having smoked pot. 57 per cent said members of their immediate families have gotten high, and an identical 57 per cent reported having been in the presence of others smoking grass. In addition, 68 per cent admitted having engaged in a sex act that violated California statutes, and 77 per cent said they had engaged in premarital sex.

• Dr. Robert DuPont, federal dope honcho, recently testified before the House International Relations Subcommittee on future foreign policy

that 10 per cent of the 300,000 U.S. troops in Europe use marijuana or hashish daily, and that 6,000 to 9,000 soldiers, the equivalent of two army brigades, now use hard drugs such as heroin. Rep. Lester Wolff (D.-N.Y.), head of the subcommittee, said, "These startling figures mean that 13 per cent of our military forces in Europe use drugs on a daily basis . . . and the situation has caused grave concern among our NATO allies."

• New York City's Community Service Society (CSS), the nation's oldest social service agency, has called for the legalization of possession and sale of pot for over-18-year-olds.

## Memorial



Mrs. Nicholas Fargos and her daughter carrying a bronze plaque commemorating the deaths of DEA agent Nicholas Fargos and five others in the collapse of the DEA building in downtown Miami last year (see "Architectural Disasters," High Times, Fall '74). The memorial plaque will hang in the new DEA building in North Dade, Florida.

## PRISONERS!

High Times will be sent free to any prison library requesting it. We are also eager to receive letters from prisoners, although we cannot necessarily answer them.

## Out of the Closet, Into the Slammer

Jimmy Hughes, the former Mr. Gay World and Mr. Gay Universe, was sentenced to five years in prison after he pleaded guilty to raping two women. Hughes, who surrendered his title, faced charges of raping nine women.



## The Good, the Bad and the Ugly

Misdemeanors, felonies, sins and acts of self-destructive antisocial nonconformism committed or allegedly committed by the great, the near great and the once great

● Nathan Heard, author of the best-selling book *Howard Street* has been arrested and charged with possession of cocaine, possession of cocaine with intent to distribute and possession of dangerous weapons by East Orange, New Jersey, police. Police, acting on a tip that Heard had a quantity of dope, say they broke down the author's door after he refused to open it and that Heard approached them with a .38 revolver. They seized an ounce of cocaine and a rifle. Heard wrote his best-seller, a novel about Newark street life, while he was an inmate in Trenton State Prison.

● The former mayor of Tolleson, Arizona, has been sentenced to up

to ten years in prison for allegedly trying to sell 14 ounces of heroin to two undercover narcs. Under the sentence of the court, ex-mayor Albert Seledon can be released at any point the parole board decides he's served sufficient time.

● The private jet of singer Jerry Lee Lewis was confiscated by Customs agents after a "routine search" of the plane allegedly turned up a half-ounce of cocaine, two ounces of procaine and 800 amphetamines. Although the plane was seized, neither Lewis nor anyone in his party was arrested.

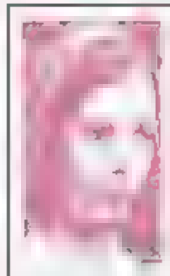
● After breaking up a friend's apartment in September and his love-bird relationship with Barbara Seagull in November, David Carradine reports that "a new me has emerged . . . who's no longer interested in hipness." Carradine characterizes his three years as the star of Kung Fu as a time of almost

constant anger, but now he's apparently ready to bliss out: "I've even given up smoking, drinking, pot and pills."

● After pleading guilty to the charge of possessing 12 amphetamine capsules, 19-year-old

Anne Randolph Hearst was given four months' probation by U.S. District Court Judge John T. Curtin in Buffalo, New York.

Hearst was arrested March 4 crossing the border from Canada. Judge Curtin told her, "Perhaps foolishly you accepted some pills from friends or classmates to help you with your driving. It was a stupid mistake." If Hearst successfully completes



her probation, her criminal record will be cleared.

● Danish ice hockey star Gregory Wentz, a 28-year-old American, has been sentenced to five years in prison for smuggling 493 pounds of hash from Morocco to Denmark and for the attempted smuggling of another 440 pounds. Wentz was arrested last December just before a game with his team, Gladsaxe, which he joined in 1971.

(continued on page 22)

## Clove Smugglers to Die

Four men who pleaded guilty to the charge of attempting to smuggle cloves off the island of Zanzibar have been sentenced to death by the government there. Cloves are the island's main source of income and the government has ordered the entire crop sold at government-fixed prices.

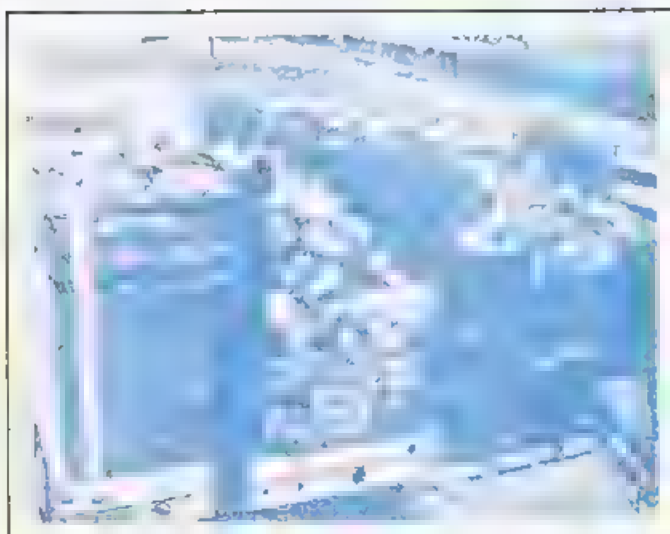
## Feds Bug Texas Border

With the demoralization and possible dissolution of the DEA, other government agencies are scrambling to achieve an image of effectiveness that will garner newly available federal dope-fighting dollars.

The U.S. Border Patrol in Texas has just installed a \$350,000 electronic detection system along 350 miles of the Mexican border in the El Paso sector that was responsible for a 16,173-pound marijuana bust. The Border Patrol is part of the Justice Department, as is the DEA, but its primary function is supposed to be halting the entry of illegal aliens into the U.S. In El Paso, however, the Patrol quickly discovered that truckloads of pot make for better headlines than truckloads of wet-backs.

The sensors, each contained in a small steel box under a cubic foot in size, have three components: a miniature seismograph that can be adjusted to sense footsteps and vehicles and ignore jackrabbits and tumbleweed; infra-red devices set off by human body heat; and a metal detector for belt buckles and vans. The alarm triggered by the sensors is picked up by the unit headquarters in El Paso, where the frequency of the "beeps" received can be analyzed to a point where the type and velocity of a border intruder can be determined and, since the sensors are set up in series, possible trails can be anticipated.

The 16,173-pound bust illustrates the operation of the system. According to agents, as the two



Three men were convicted in Albuquerque for trying to bring in a record load of 16,173 pounds of marijuana disguised as hay.

trucks stuffed with pot made their way north from Mexico, the smugglers took care to scout out the route with aircraft and land vehicles. They weren't, however, looking for sensor boxes. Three men have been found guilty of smuggling, and someone is circulating reports that at least one and possibly as many as four Mexicans have met their deaths because it was believed they squealed.

The U.S. Customs Service, an arm of the Treasury Department that has been feuding with the DEA since the dope agency's formation two years ago, apparently became bureaucratically enraged when DEA man Jacques Kiere announced that 150 plane-loads of marijuana come into the U.S. every day. "We have no evidence of the

problem being of that magnitude. We have never been informed that it has reached those proportions. If they have any such intelligence, they should not withhold it from us," said Customs spokesman Alan Bernstein. "If you accept Kiere's figure it means there are more than 54,000 plane-loads of marijuana coming to the United States in a year." If this figure is correct, the Customs Service looks very bad. They have seized only 24 pot-laden planes in the first five months of this year, which projects to a total of less than 60 planes seizures per year, or about 1/1000 of the total.

For a counterattack, Customs seized on DEA director John Bartel's April 15 statement that the strategies used by the DEA, including the Turkish opium ban, "have

been extremely successful in coping with the worldwide heroin problem." A secret memo written by Assistant Customs Commissioner Robert Gaber that is now in the hands of the Senate subcommittee investigating the DEA states: "The Congress, narcotics enforcement agencies within the United States, and the American people have been misled by articles such as that written by Mr. Bartels."

Scoffing at Bartel's contention that the DEA's aggressive enforcement created a "heroin short age in the major cities of the East Coast that lasted for two years," Gaber counters that "Southeast Asia continues to produce vast amounts of opium, Mexico still has cons to travel before the opium and marijuana problem is under control, South America still produces cocaine in vast quantities." Calling the Turkish Opium Ban "an awful-filled pipe dream," he went on to charge the superagency with resorting to a low-level "buy and bust" strategy to beef up arrests "to justify high-level appropriations from Congress."

## He Who Gasps Gas Laughs Last

The son of a King of Prussia, Pennsylvania, dentist died from an accidental asphyxiation by nitrous oxide, according to Montgomery County Coroner John Hoffa. Dr. and Mrs. Harry Berman came home to find their son Steven, 16, lying on the floor of the dentist's office attached to the house. While nitrous oxide is not toxic, a person breathing nothing but the gas will die from lack of oxygen.

## The Good, the Bad and the Ugly continued from page 21

● 3,000 poppy plants that had just been tapped for raw opium were reportedly found growing at the home of Michael Butler, producer of *Hair*. Montecito, California, cops arrested two men and report confiscating an undisclosed amount of marijuana, hash and cocaine along with the poppies. Butler was alleged to be out of town at the time.

● Tommy Rettig, Lassie's first and foremost master in the TV series, was arrested at his Morro Bay, California, home and charged with

conspiracy to import cocaine. Authorities said the arrest was the result of a two-year investigation of the Peru-California smuggling scam, which involved processing coke powder into a liquid and bringing it into the United States in bottles that formerly held a popular Peruvian liquor. In 1972, Rettig, now 33, and his wife were busted in California for growing marijuana.

● Bob Maddox, defensive lineman for the Cincinnati Bengals football team, has been indicted for posses-

sion of an unspecified amount of hashish, which police contend has a "street value of \$12,000." Maddox and a bartender friend, Terry Cunningham, were arrested March 12 when police raided the Maddox apartment.

● Keith Johnson, 25, heir to the Johnson & Johnson pharmaceutical fortune, was found dead in his Fort Lauderdale apartment, apparently from an overdose of cocaine. Johnson's landlord removed the hinges from his door after she

realized his TV had been playing constantly for days. Police reported finding Johnson face down on the floor, a small bag of white powder, a syringe, a spoon and a glass of water nearby.

● Cleon Jones, 10-year outfielder veteran of the New York Mets, was charged with indecent exposure

after Florida police found him and Sharon Ann Sabol, 21, sleeping nude in a van parked near St. Petersburg. In addition to indecent exposure, Sabol was charged with

possession of marijuana and possession of narcotics paraphernalia when cops turned up a small amount of pot and two pipes in her handbag.

his mother, Mrs. Mary Lombardi, 47, entered the emergency room and shot the youth five or six times in the chest with a 22-caliber revolver.

Mrs. Lombardi was charged with aggravated murder.

## Duck Text Suppressed

U.S. Customs has seized copies of a British book called *How to Read Donald Duck* for violating Walt Disney copyrights.

The book is the work of two Chilean Marxists, Ariel Dorfman and Armand Mattelart. After the military coup in 1973, in which Allende was overthrown, Chilean au-

thorities burned all available copies of the subversive text. The book explains Donald Duck comics, especially those written and drawn by artist Carl Barks, as instruments of "cultural imperialism."

The critical study of ducks in art, literature and political ideology is known as anatology, and anatologists were shocked by the duck suppression.

"Freedom of the press means freedom of the duck press, too," said Eric Kibble, an anatologist and regular *High Times* contributor.

## U.S. Reps Back Burmese Opium Offer

The militant Shan tribesmen of Burma have offered to sell the United States 400 tons of opium for \$20 million, and three congressmen think it's a good deal.

The three, Reps. Lester Wolff (D-N.Y.), Morgan Murphy (D-III) and Tennyson Guyer (R-Ohio), believe that buying up the Burmese crop will be an effective way to fight dope trafficking and argue that the price is now right—Wolff contends that in the past the U.S. has been willing to pay \$37.5 million for only 80 tons.

Wolff and Murphy, both members of the House International Relations Committee, visited the Burma-Thailand "golden triangle" area from December 27 to January 12 and met with the Shans, the nationalistic "army" that maintains virtual control over the triangle's opium crop from sprouting to selling. The Shans, who have worked in the past with the CIA and the Taiwan government in anticommunist operations, offered to provide the United States or an "international body" the entire illicit crop at a price below the illicit Thai-

Burmese border price. Speaking for the Lahu, Loi Maw, Kachin and Karin tribes, the Shans also offered to attack other opium convoys in return for the money and expertise to help them "modify their [opium-based] agriculture and economic system."

Hearings were held in the House April 22 and 23, where Wolff and Murphy admitted that the deal might appear "bizarre" and conceded the possibility of their being "conned." Representatives of both the State Department and the DEA testified against the proposed deal, saying that the buy would increase rather than decrease illicit opium production by providing a guaranteed market, a possibility that Murphy acknowledged. A number of "Shan experts," however, testified in favor of the deal, and the hearings are now being prepared to be presented to the International Narcotics Control Board, the narcotics arm of the United Nations. The INCB will consider buying the crop and, if they buy, either destroying it or selling it to pharmaceutical companies.

## Mom Kills Own Son, 18

A Clintonville, Ohio, teenager being given hospital treatment for an overdose of downs has been gunned down by his mother in the emergency room.

According to homicide detective Robert Litnizer, Joseph Lombardi, 18, was being treated at the Riverside Hospital in Columbus for the effects of the eight or nine Nembutals he had taken that day, when

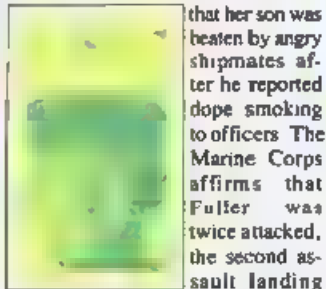
## Changetrends Upsweep, Sparewise

Spencer Trask & Company, a New York brokerage house, has conducted a survey of everyday items and how much more they cost today than two years ago. While McDonald's cheeseburgers have gone up 35 per cent, and martinis

cost 40 per cent more, the company says the typical panhandler's request for spare change has jumped 150 per cent.

## Informer Beaten by Buddies

The mother of Pfc. Chris Fuller, an 18-year-old Marine stationed on board the USS *Okinawa*, claims



that her son was beaten by angry shipmates after he reported dope smoking to officers. The Marine Corps affirms that Fuller was twice attacked, the second assault landing him in the hospital for facial surgery. Private Fuller's mother says he now suffers from double vision.

## Boycott Turkish Goods

The Turkish government has handed down death sentences to alleged hash smugglers. These sentences have been given to young Americans in retaliation for America's refusal to give Turkey arms and support. *High Times* feels it is unfair to make blameless individuals pawns in international diplomacy. Boycott Turkish goods until these prisoners are set free.

## Eat the Rich

A Cambodian paymaster who showed up empty-handed was killed and partially eaten by the disgruntled troops, who had gone without pay for four months.

The incident, which occurred four miles southeast of Phnom Penh, was one of many cannibalistic acts common in the chaotic days before the communist victory in Cambodia. The eating of an opponent's organs, especially the liver, is thought by Khmers to bring prowess, and soldiers under siege reported being forced by hunger to eat the bodies of Khmer Rouge insurgents killed in battle.

## Dixiecrats Split on Reefer Write-In

25 members of the North Carolina state senate recently turned in a single well-rolled joint apiece to the police there, explaining that the marijuana arrived in the mail accompanied by a note reading, "Try

it. You'll like it." There are 50 state senators in North Carolina; presumably, if the phantom lobbyist did a complete job, 50 per cent of the legislators there are not willing to part with their dope.



## Cocaine Confidential

It's the real thing, and it's still illegal. My, what some ladies won't do for some lady...

- The second largest dope bust in Brazil's history has netted 7½ pounds of pure cocaine that Rio de Janeiro airport police found taped to the thighs and chests of two Oklahoma women. Police say that Ernestine Faye Lambert, 51, and her daughter, Paula Colem Fields, 23, from Ponca City, tried to get through Customs with the \$2 million stash. Mrs. Lambert, daughter Paula and son Michael Cassel, 31, who accompanied the women, were each sentenced to one year in prison and ordered to pay fines of \$3,000.
- Leslie Merle Cutler, 20, of Carbondale, Illinois, was arrested at Miami's airport after Customs men found almost a pound of cocaine stashed in her high platform shoes. Cutler told DEA agents that she bought the shoes in a store in Colombia and had no idea that they concealed 426 grams of cocaine.
- Three women and two men have been arrested for allegedly delivering a pound of cocaine to under-

cover narcs in Phoenix, Arizona. The suspects are Jan Marie Rhync, 33, who works with a local ESP nightclub performer, Linda B. Yago, 27, a former U.S. Marine Corps deserter, Rachelle Ramirez, 20, James Harlin, 31, and Gary Kiley, 24. An Arizona newspaper reports that the largest seizure of peyote in the state's history was made at Harlin's house in 1968.

- The arrest of six Colombian nationals in two parked cars on a Manhattan street corner has broken up a \$60-million-a-year cocaine ring, according to the New York City Drug Enforcement Task Force. The Task Force, composed of federal agents and city and state policemen, says agents bought three kilograms of coke from the Colombians—the first 97% pure, and the two subsequent kilos of 86% and 95% pure cocaine. Arthur C. Grubert, chief of the unified intelligence division of the DEA, noted that a few years ago many Chileans were involved in cocaine busts, but that "right now the Colombians seem to be the leaders in this traf-

fic." The six suspects are: Essau de Jesus Correa, 28, Danilo Valencia, 27, Luis Osorio-Echeverri, 49, Gonzalo Gutierrez, 25, Gabriel Ochoa, 32, and Luis Ochoa, 25.

- Michael Brixius, 26, of Tucson reportedly made the mistake of telling undercover agents about his plans to fly to Peru and bring back over two pounds of cocaine through Canada and Denver. When Brixius landed at Denver airport with Eugene Barz, 24, and Richard Brown, 23, of Wisconsin, a greeting party of narcs arrested them and seized 2½ pounds of cocaine. Three other Tucsonians were arrested on charges of conspiracy to sell narcotics.

- Michael Chunn, a fugitive who fled to Brazil because of cocaine charges filed against him in the U.S., was expelled from Brazil as an undesirable and arrested in Los Angeles following his appearance in Brazilian TV commercials advertising cigars. U.S. District Judge Robert Firth ordered Chunn to serve three years in prison on charges of conspiracy to import,

cocaine into the United States by secreting it in aerosol cans. Brazil has no extradition treaty with the U.S., so apparently Chunn thought he could appear on TV without risk. Apparently not.

- A suitcase that came in on a flight from Chile was found on a luggage rack in the Miami International Airport customs area, unclaimed. An inspector opened it up to find 46 2 pounds of cocaine, given a street value of \$9.8 million.

- A New York mother of six, convicted of selling \$50 worth of cocaine to an undercover agent, was sentenced to 2½ years to life in prison by Bronx Supreme Court Justice William Drohan. The six children of Mrs. Carmen Navarez Rivera, 38, will be cared for by relatives.

- Ramiro Machado, 40, a Colombian national of Queens, New York, was arrested by DEA agents after he used his ten-year-old daughter as a courier to deliver a \$10,000 packet of cocaine.

- U.S. District Judge Peter Fay suspended a four-year sentence and ordered Benassa Bouziane, 20, deported to his native Algeria after the University of Miami student was found guilty of possession with intent to sell a kilogram of cocaine.

## Animal Kingdom Linked to Smuggling Empires

It seems that hardly any life form on earth can escape becoming involved in the eternal struggle between dopers and lawmen. Over the years, the conflict has claimed countless tons and acres of nature's vegetative gifts, and deprived millions of human beings of their lives or freedom. Now, even as both sides increasingly employ sophisticated hardware, police and smugglers have drawn the animal kingdom into the front lines of battle.

The United Nations International Narcotics Control Board, based in Geneva, says it is receiving a surge of reports of unsuspecting animals being used in smuggling operations around the world. One report came from Argentina, where customs officials are busting donkeys that saunter across borders laden with coca leaves. Iranian border agents admit their helplessness in finding much of the huge amount of opium smuggled in sheep's wool. They say it is impossible to search all the aimlessly foraging animals who cross the borders.

In Miami, a port inspector for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service reports that large snakes like boa constrictors and pythons are frequently used as smuggling tubes in the dope import-export business there. Inspector John Thomas explains that

dope wrapped in plastic is forced to the deadly reptiles whose metabolism is so slow that the contraband can lie in the snake's stomach for weeks before being exposed to digestive juices.

Some of the unwitting beasts have actually been arrested and incarcerated for their role in dope operations. U.S. Customs Service agents arrested and detained two horses near Lusk, Arizona, after they were found carrying 38 pounds of pot in from Mexico. Customs Officer Jerome Hollander says he believes that the horses had human accomplices who slipped away before the bust, and as a result, no charges will be filed against the animals. They were, however, drafted by the agents and put to work patrolling the border in search of incoming dope. And in Bergen County, New Jersey, police have a pigeon penned up in the county jail pending further investigation of an attempt to smuggle heroin into the jail. The bird was found on an air conditioner in the jail, with a piece of brown paper wrapped around his leg. The paper contained heroin and bore the name of Emilio Cilano, 47, serving time for possession of heroin. Police are investigating the possibility of a set-up, but the pigeon is not squawking.

While opiated lambs are crossing foreign borders, Instructor Charles Truax of the U.S. Customs Service dog training center in Fort Royal, Virginia, is testing and training dogs for the dope beat. There are currently 104 dogs in the Customs canine corps, and during the first nine months of the fiscal year ending June 30, the detector dogs sniffed out over 28,000 pounds of pot and thousands of pounds of other drugs, to which Customs attributes a street value of \$27 million. Officials hope to raise the number of pot pouches to 500, but this will take some time because, said Truax, "We accept maybe one dog out of 150." He is prepared to pay up to \$150 for a dog, but the Customs Service is encouraging citizens to donate unwanted quadrupeds.

The German Shepherd Yeager and his handler, Sgt. Joseph H. Mengerhausen of the United States Air Force, have been unusually effective agents of "Commando Plug," the USAF's program for controlling drugs in the Pacific. In the first three months of 1975, Yeager sniffed out 85 postal parcels containing marijuana. Yeager, stationed at Don Muang Airfield in Bangkok, is thought to possess an especially sensitive ol-

factory organ and, unofficially, to be smarter than the average USAF dog, of which there are 1,650 presently on duty.

But a civilian rival is now top dog in canine cannabis detection. Intrepid, also known as Agent K-93 of the Dade County, Florida (Metro) Organized Crime Force, a seven-year-old golden retriever, has made sniffs leading to the conviction of 20 dope wholesalers/retailers within the last two years. The only police dog trained to detect minute particles of narcotics in the air, Intrepid is pictured wearing sunglasses on his ID card and often wears a slouch hat while working.

Intrepid's record is formidable. In March 1974 he discovered \$2 million in hashish on a boat that human narcs had searched four times. The hash, in heavy plastic bags, was concealed behind a double wall. On another occasion, police officers obtained a search warrant on the grounds of "Trep's" reaction to the air around a local residence that subsequently proved to contain enough marijuana to make a felony arrest. Trep is so devoted an agent that when ten packets of grass were planted in a police academy to demonstrate the pooch's prowess, Trep found 11 packets.

## High Crimes

• Joseph E. Fine, an East Providence, Rhode Island, chiropractor was charged with 20 felonies, including intent to sell 18 different controlled drugs, after state and federal drug agents seized an estimated million doses in a raid on his office. The haul netted 175,000 doses of amphetamine and barbiturates and over 800,000 hits of other prescription dope. Only M.D.s, not chiropractors, can dispense prescription drugs.

• Dennis David Hutnik, of Orange County, California, has been convicted by a federal court jury on charges of possessing 1,300 pounds of marijuana that police, acting on a tip from an informant, discovered in a shed at the back of his home.

• Two Arizonans were charged with possession of opium with intent to distribute after they allegedly gave an undercover narc 18 ounces of opium to test as part of a 24-pound shipment from China. Pamela Rinella, 31, of Mt. Lemmon, and Arlen Trout, 25, of Apache Junction, were each held on \$10,000 bail at the Pima County Jail.

• Police in Brewster, Massachusetts, report confiscating 25 pounds of PCP powder, 500 gallons of the liquid used to make the powder and a sizeable amount of dope-making equipment in a recent "\$11 million" raid. Arrested were Frederick Moore, 27, and Brock P. Bobisink, 22, both of Massachusetts, and Stephen Searles, 30, of California.

• The Boeing Company in Seattle, Washington, has confirmed that 15 employees have been fired and an unspecified number of others suspended for buying, selling and/or smoking marijuana on the job. A Seattle newspaper reports that the dopers were caught in the act by a sound-recording movie camera concealed in a restroom, a charge that Boeing denies.

• When San Bernadino sheriff's deputies swooped down on the Twenty-nine Palms, California, airport for a big pot bust, a security guard told them the plane they were looking for had just taken off, carrying three people. They later found the plane, the pot and one of the people at the Yucca Valley Airport, twenty-five miles away. George Daniel Olekszak, 31, was charged with possession for sale and transportation of 1,012 pounds of pot.

• Acting on a tip, Chicago police raided an empty apartment and found a 4½-foot driveshaft stuffed with heroin on the living room floor. Police are looking for the owner of the apartment, who they say is part of a ring that has been smuggling pure heroin from Durango, Mexico, to Chicago by concealing it in split automobile driveshafts that would be rewelded for the trip north. A total of 5½ pounds of heroin was found in the apartment. Cops call it the second-biggest haul of heroin this year in the Windy City.



*A disconnected drive shaft confiscated in a raid on an empty apartment was found to contain 5½ pounds of heroin, worth about \$3 million, smuggled into the United States from Durango, Mexico.*

• Federal police recently arrested 50 people in Guadalajara, Mexico, in connection with a dope ring. Seized were seven kilos of pure opium, a kilo of heroin and 225 grams of cocaine.

• When an Arizona motel owner discovered some blankets missing, she searched and found them in a closet, swaddling 220 pounds of pot. Police arrested Girard Mast, 20, when he returned to the room. Two other men, Charles Erdell, 21, and Edward Negron drove up to the motel and were apprehended after a short chase.

• In four separate incidents recently, New Jersey police have seized large quantities of marijuana from vehicles pulled over on the state's turnpike. On March 4, Clark Swift, 24, of Rochester, New York, was busted with 40 burlap bags of marijuana totaling about 1,000 pounds when police pulled over his camper.

Four days later, police report stopping a Colorado man for speeding on the turnpike and finding 50 pounds of pot in his trunk.

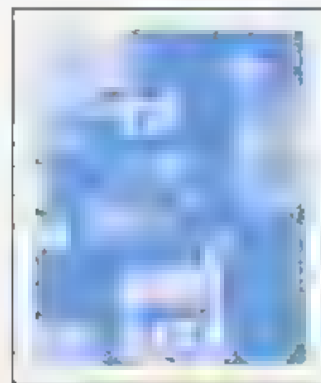
The next day, Sam Jackson, 26, and Alexandra Crisafulli, 32, both of California, were arrested and charged with possession of 850 pounds of pot that a turnpike cop found in their camper.

After confiscating what they called \$2,140,000 worth of pot in less than a week, troopers went scoreless until April 23, when two New England men were caught with 650 pounds of weed in a camper. As in the half-ton bust, it was in the Mt. Laurel area that troopers arrested William Robertson, 28, of Connecticut, and Victor Brunelle, 28, of Rhode Island.

• Simultaneous raids on two Pennsylvania farmhouses and an Austin, Texas, apartment netted police a total bust of \$1,751,850, including the largest cocaine bust in Pennsylvania history. A total of seven federal, state and township law enforcement groups were involved in the early-morning raids on the farms. At the Galloway Hill Road farmhouse of Lauren Deak, 26, and her brother Melvin, 28, police report finding 2½ pounds of cocaine, 30 pounds of Lebanese hash and three pounds of marijuana. The Pennsylvania raiders also hit Melvin Deak's New Jersey house, where they confiscated \$100,000 in silver bullion, a pound of hashish and a pound of marijuana. Austin, Texas, DEA agents arrested Hugh Brenn Jr., 27, Andrew D'Zuro, 28, and Loren Scott, 27, in a raid that netted a pound and a half of cocaine.

• A federal jury has convicted three men on charges of conspiring to import over a ton of marijuana and 28 kilos of cocaine into the U.S. from South America. Richard Cravero, 33, Philip Siegal, 34, and Bobby Miller, 32, were found guilty. A fourth man, James Malta, 28, was acquitted.

• The U.S. Customs Service in El Paso, Texas, has arrested one of its own agents in a plot that involved cocaine smuggling, double cross and attempted murder. Sky Marshal George B. Hough, 34, was arrested after he fled and hid under a parked car following his attempt to sell 11 pounds of cocaine to an undercover narcotics cop posing as a dealer. Customs said an investigation of Hough "showed alleged plans to murder unsuspecting drug dealers, leaving the victims as more narcotics shootout statistics."



*This U.S. Customs agent didn't get burned on a dope deal—he's just looking forward to another government sponsored conflagration of marijuana, this time of several hundred pounds recently dumped in a lonely part of the Florida Everglades.*

• Federal narcs arrested seven people in New York and seized 845 pounds of Colombian hashish that they described as "among the finest in the world." Agents, who maintain the contraband would pull in \$3.6 million on the streets, arrested five of the suspects when they delivered 600 pounds of the hash to undercover narcs. Two others were arrested a few hours later when they came looking to collect a \$25,000 seller's fee from the feds. The other 245 pounds were seized in Brooklyn, and agents say there's another 1,200 pounds, the balance of a one-ton deal they set up, somewhere in Puerto Rico. The seven included alleged ringleader Jorge Alzate, 38, Jose Garcia, 33, of Colombia, and Jamie Behar, 25, of Argentina.

• German customs authorities report confiscating two tons of hashish dumped overboard from a Lebanese cargo ship into the Elbe River near Hamburg. Agents say the hash was headed for Rotterdam. Upon boarding the vessel, agents say they discovered an illegal shipment of arms bound for Cyprus.





Police confiscated this abandoned Aero Commander near Wagon Mound, New Mexico, suspecting that the slightly damaged aircraft had been used to smuggle marijuana from Mexico. Local grapevine reports delivery on schedule.

• A DEA agent posing as a freight handler at the Newark, New Jersey, Airport reportedly joined three Jamaicans in a plot to smuggle hundreds of tons of pot into the U.S. before exposing them. DEA narc Charles Crane made an arrangement with Roosevelt McKitty, Dion Sanford and Isaac Bravo to receive \$16,000 for every 100,000 pounds of pot that he could get past U.S. Customs at the airport. Crane arrested the three after delivering 380 pounds of grass to them in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

• A Customs inspector in Hoboken, New Jersey, who became suspicious of 50 hermetically sealed cans of cashew nuts because they were addressed to a commercial enterprise in a New

York neighborhood he knew to be entirely residential, busted 500 pounds of Indian hashish. The hash was packaged in one-kilo metal cans that were covered with paraffin, welded inside the large cashew tins and covered with nuts. Three weeks after the hash was discovered, DEA agents delivered the shipment and arrested five Indian nationals: Shrikant Aswathy, 34, Lekh Raj Batheja, 34, Ram Prasad Agarwal, 45, Kesheo Prasad Agarwal, 43, and Bhagwati Prasad Jaiswal, 40.

• Three separate groups of dope smugglers were nabbed within minutes of each other recently, due to one sharp-eyed narc sitting on a hill in downtown Nogales, Arizona, with a pair of binoculars. U.S. Border Patrol Officer Federico Rangel, despite being fired at from the Mexican border the first night on the job, spent two days peering at the border before spotting the three smuggling parties within a 70-minute period.

Reported arrested were: Michael Herman Oliver, 23, of Memphis, with 25 grams of heroin; Francisco Ramirez Solis, of Nogales, Mexico, with 490 pounds of marijuana; and Carlos Ventura Camacho, 19, of Sonora, Mexico, and Virginia Flores, 22, of Tucson, with 504 pounds of marijuana.

• Superior Court Judge Jacob L. Triarsi ruled in Elizabeth, New Jersey, that a local religious cult advocating the use of LSD and marijuana is a "sham" and sentenced the group's leader to an indeterminate term for possession of the drugs. Joseph H. Barton, the cult leader, pleaded guilty to possession of 1,400 tablets of LSD

and an unspecified quantity of marijuana only because he was aware that possession of the substances was against the law, according to his lawyer, Douglas Hansen, who said his client "still maintains that he should be allowed to use drugs, and that possession is justified under the constitutional provisions of freedom of religion."

Judge Triarsi, however, decided that "the religious situation is a sham since your [Barton's] record shows prior involvement with drugs and you have exhibited no repentance, no remorse."

• Two Americans have been arrested by Thai narcotics cops and charged with attempting to smuggle almost five pounds of pure heroin out of the country. Police say Arthur Gary Knaeger, 36, of Peoria, Illinois, had the heroin stashed in a bogus cast on his right leg as he was wheeled into Bangkok airport by Richard Lee Genuri, 37, of Los Angeles.

• U.S. Customs agents in Nassau, in the Bahamas, report finding six packets of hashish in each of seven suitcases belonging to Bill Turnbull, 26, and his wife Donna Rae, 26. The Fort Lauderdale couple was charged with having over 85 pounds of hash secreted in false bottoms of the luggage.

• Mexican and U.S. agents seized 200,000 amphetamine pills in busting a speed laboratory in Baja California. Narcs also reported finding 21 tons of marijuana in homes and around the city of Ensenada, to bring their estimate of the contraband seized to 53 million. 17 arrests were made.

• Kenneth Burnstine, 42, long suspected by authorities of being a major factor in South Florida's airborne dope operations, has been sentenced to seven years in federal prison for conspiracy to import cocaine and marijuana from Mexico. Federal Judge Peter Fay ordered Burnstine to serve three years' probation after his release.

• Algerian police have announced that 99 foreigners, including seven Americans, were arrested there between last November and January on charges of smuggling over three tons of hashish. Criminal Police Director Abdelkader Semmache displayed the hash at the national police school, saying that the government is determined to deal harshly with the defendants.

Semmache claims the arrests represent the smashing of international dope rings' attempts to establish an "Algerian Connection" of hashish to Europe and North America to replace the various hard drug "connections" disrupted by authorities in recent years. Of the 48 vehicles seized, 18 were en route to Holland, ten to Italy, and six to Denmark. Semmache maintains the three tons confiscated in 2½ months represent a seizure rate 30 times that in an average year.



L.A. cop inspects tabbing machine allegedly used by Chemist Gus Savalas and his wife to tab 40 pounds of PCP, worth more than \$2 million. They were charged with manufacture of dangerous drugs and possession of PCP, cocaine and hashish.



This Peruvian DC-3, flown by a man who claimed to be a national police detective, was forced down in Colombia, where the Army confiscated 100 kilograms of cocaine.

# Dope Opera

■ Houston police claim to have the names of 307 nickel-bag pot buyers who participated in a "buy 19, get one free" operation offered by a local store that ostensibly sold records. The names, written on pink punch cards, were obtained by police when they arrested clerk Thomas Branch, 29, and cashier Lenora Robertson, 22 of the Flying High Enterprises Record Store and Boutique, on charges of delivering marijuana.

Police say they became suspicious because the store, which had been in operation about two months, seemed to be quite busy but had only 15 or 20 records in its inventory.

According to police, the store's customers carried a punch card matched by a card kept in the store. After each purchase of a half-lid of pot, a hole would be punched in both cards. When a customer's card had 19 punches, a free bonus of a half-lid was given.

■ A librarian at a Pittsburgh junior high school whose duties

included watering the potted plants must be given some of the credit for the good health of the two eight-inch marijuana plants found growing next to the rhododendron on a library window sill. A history teacher blew the whistle after poring over a drug identification pamphlet. Principal Paul Deffenbaugh commented, "I bet there were a few kids who were laughing up their sleeves every day they'd come in there and see it growing away."

● Levon Woodard was ecstatic on a recent Wednesday evening, for the 18-year-old was to be released that midnight from the Alachua County (Florida) Adult Detention Center, where he had been serving a sentence for carrying a concealed firearm. But shortly before the clock struck 12, a corrections officer allegedly caught him passing a couple of joints to his jail buddies, who were going nowhere. Woodard ignored them.

• A 15-year-old Florida boy stripped off his clothes and slipped into the Lake Como Nudist Camp 15 miles north of Tampa recently. A camp official noticed the boy's clothes outside a fence and called police. Pasco County Sheriff's Deputy P.F. Mahoney, checking out the clothes, discovered a small

slash of marijuana in a pocket  
along with a photograph of its  
owner

Using the photo, police caught the boy. Since he was nude at the time, they were unable to charge him with possession of pot. The camp people decided they couldn't be vindictive to a fellow nudist and refused to press trespassing charges.

• Police in Tom's River, New Jersey, arrested 83 men and seized \$15,000 in a raid on what they termed one of the state's largest cockfight operations. Each of the arrestees was charged with aiding and abetting a cockfight, which carries a maximum sentence of two years (in jail). The 22 police raiders also confiscated 22 live roosters and the remnants of three losers, 20 knives, a pistol, some dope, and hundreds of the spurs that are attached to a rooster's legs to facilitate a bloody fight.

● Police answering a complaint at a public rest room in Steyning, England, arrived to find a Catholic priest kneeling on the floor of the men's room, knocking his way with a chisel and hammer through the wall separating it from the women's room. Father Bob Champin told the cops he just bought the tools and couldn't wait

to get home to try them out

● The president of the Olympos, the local soccer team of Larissa, Greece, recently filed a suit against his forward guard George Skedros, charging him with doping his teammates in a recent game. Skedros maintains he passed out pills to his fellow players in order to help them win the Third Division Championship against a local rival, Anthoupolis. But according to team president Nikos Konsrantinidis, "the pills were tranquilizers and the players almost fell asleep during the game and lost the match."

● Kent County Michigan, deputy sheriffs recently raided an ongoing birthday party, arrested five people and took the cake - a 2½ pound homemade beauty liberally packed with marijuana. They also reported seizing a half gallon of ganja tea and a small quantity of illicit pills.

Dr. Michael Brody told the American Psychiatric Association convention recently held in Anaheim, California, that Walt Disney's cartoons are rampant with anal and oral sex imagery. The Washington D.C. psychiatrist compared Pinocchio's extendable nose with the male erection, an idea that has been used as a cartoon in every girls' magazine ever published, but went on to cite such examples of Disney's "anal hang-ups" as the "often kicked in the butt Jimmy Cricket" and the "exaggeratedly buttocked Tinkerbell."



Georgia Bureau of Investigation officers gather up marijuana bales after a B-25 crash that killed two persons, burning their bodies beyond recognition

## Planes Down

(continued from page 19)

expecting arrived, they picked up three others."

Almost a hundred major air-smuggling rings are now being investigated, 20 in Tucson alone. Kiere says rings with 25 or 30 planes are not uncommon.

Considering the volume of planes crisscrossing borders, it's surprising that crashes aren't more common. The prototype pilot flying an aging crate stuffed to the flaps with pot, making night runs without lights at 50 feet off the ground, putting the plane down on a dried lake bed while doing his best to avoid DEA stalkers, has a lot to think about. And there's another danger cited by both narcs and flyers: the wet bales of pot, through spontaneous oxidation, emit dangerous heat

and potent THC fumes that can incapacitate unhearty pilots.

Some of the recent crashes include

A twin-engine Lockheed Lodestar carrying "at least a ton" of pot that crashed and burned on takeoff near the Rockwood, Tennessee Municipal Airport, May 29, killing two aboard. The charred bodies found under bales of burning pot were first incorrectly identified. Now Morgan County Sheriff Cec. Byrge identifies them as Jennings Caney Brown, Jr. and Charles K. McAnally, both of Gainesville, Florida. DEA spokesmen attribute the crash to pilot error, but a woman who lives 1,000 yards from the airstrip maintains that she heard two shots before she heard the plane crash. Local authorities give some credence to the possibility of a ripoff, but DEA agents scoff at this.

explanation as well as the contention that DEA agents may have shot the plane from the sky.

Three planes, each with approximately a half-ton of pot, have crashed in Florida since the beginning of this year in Pompano Beach, Sebring and Rotunda. Four men died and two were pulled safe from a smoldering fuselage.

A B-25 bomber wearing World War Two camouflage paint crashed June 3, killing two people aboard and scattering about a ton of pot and a large number of \$20 and \$100 bills over a Georgia hillside. The victims have been tentatively identified as Georgians William H. Flannigan, of Decatur, and Andrew Plott, of Dunwoody. Ironically, Plott, 47, was indicted by a federal grand jury on the day of the crash for piloting a plane that flew six tons of pot into Georgia last summer.

The attraction of the aerosmuggling business is the money. \$5,000 is about the minimum for a pilot's share of a run, and it can be much higher. While the narcs are on the case, as George Pridel of the El Paso DEA says, "It's like trying to catch a snowstorm with a teacup. The magnitude frightens me." Commenting on the burgeoning number of aerial pot smugglers, EPIC director Kere says, "Frankly, they estimate that the risk is rather minimal."

## Okie Moonshine Trade Booms

U. S. Attorney Richard Pyle predicts a moonshine still boom in the hills of southeastern Oklahoma because depressed economic times traditionally revive the old reliable ways of making a living. Although Pyle says a moonshiner selling 200 gallons of illicit brew per week will clear \$100,000 per year that the government loses tax revenue on, there will be no big push to apprehend moonshiners. In fact, Pyle commented somewhat sympathetically that the high price of sugar has forced still men to turn to fruit or potatoes, which take much longer to ferment than sugar.

## To Our Readers

A schematic diagram of a 2D hexagonal lattice. The lattice is composed of hexagons, with some hexagons shaded in light gray. A central hexagon is labeled 'A'. To its right is a hexagon labeled 'B'. Above 'A' is a hexagon labeled 'C'. Below 'A' is a hexagon labeled 'D'. To the left of 'A' is a hexagon labeled 'E'. To the right of 'B' is a hexagon labeled 'F'. The lattice extends to the edges of the frame.



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## from High Times



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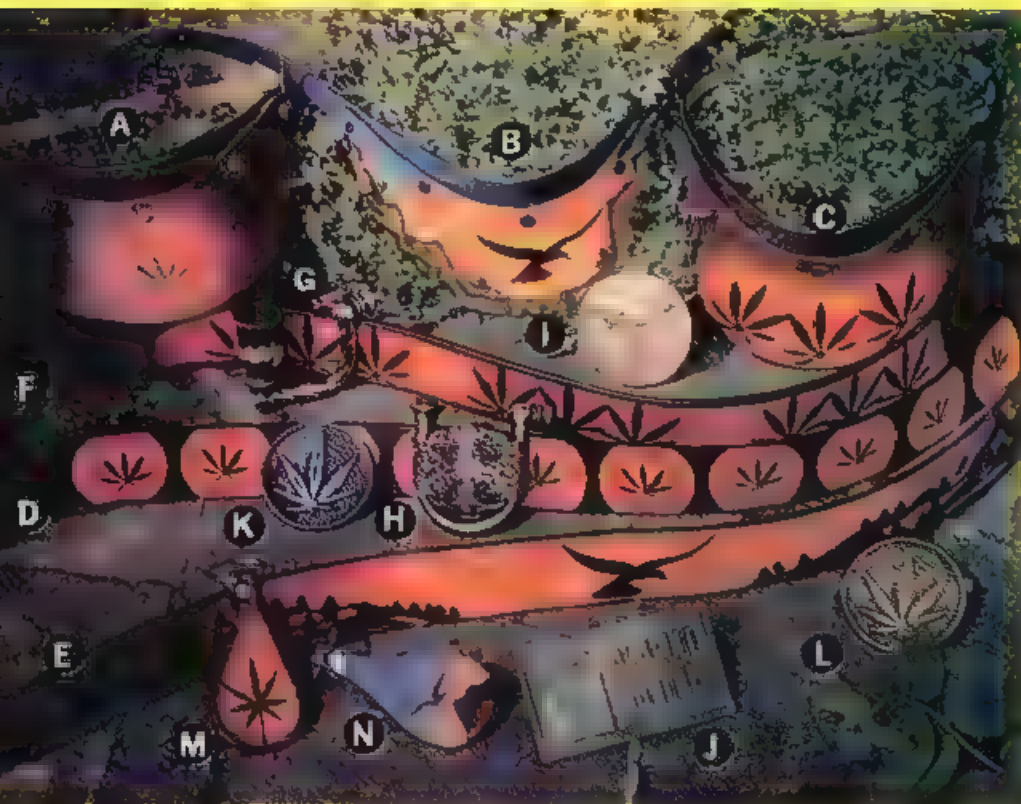
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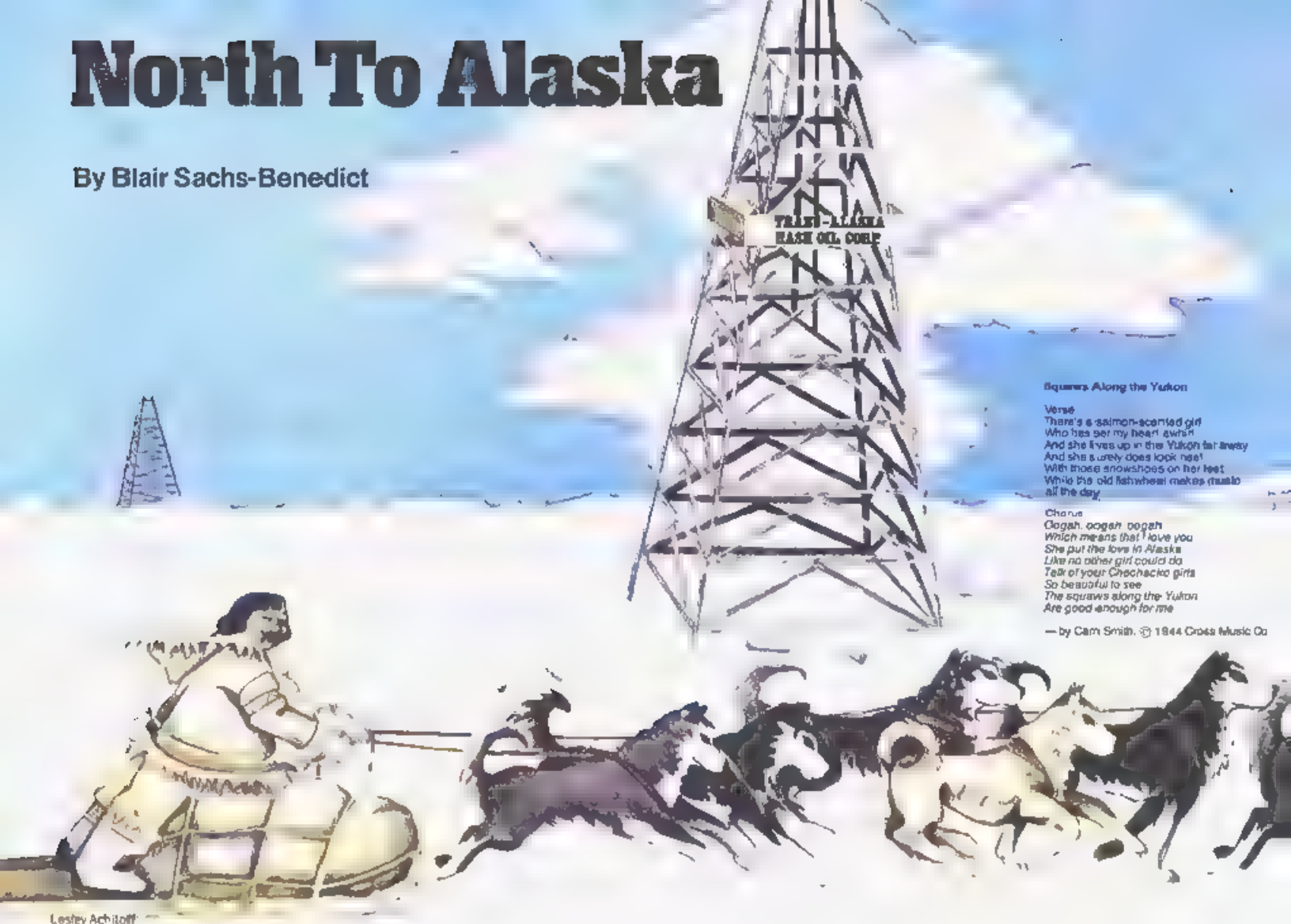


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# North To Alaska

By Blair Sachs-Benedict



## Squaws Along the Yukon

Verse  
There's a salmon-scented girl  
Who has set my heart a-swing  
And she lives up in the Yukon far away  
And she surely does look neat  
With those snowshoes on her feet  
While the old fishwheel makes music  
all the day

Chorus  
Oogah, oogah, oogah  
Which means that I love you  
She put the love in Alaska  
Like no other girl could do  
Tell of your Cheechako girls  
So beautiful to see  
The squaws along the Yukon  
Are good enough for me

—by Cam Smith. © 1944 Cross Music Co

On May 27, 1975, Alaska became the first state to legalize marijuana possession when the Alaska Supreme Court ruled police searches of homes possessing less than eight ounces of grass or persons possessing less than one ounce in public to be a violation of the constitutional right to privacy. Ten days earlier, the Alaska legislature passed a marijuana decriminalization bill providing for a maximum \$100 fine for possession of small quantities in private. Alaska has, in effect, legalized grass

\* \* \*

I fly to Fairbanks by commercial airliner on the morning of May 29, two days after marijuana is declared legal by the Supreme Court. The night before, I call Roger, an old friend whom I haven't seen since he left Swarthmore in 1964 to join the Peace Corps. We corresponded while he was in Pakistan and have since kept in casual touch. I know Roger is into dope from his letters, although I don't know how much. I ask him if he can arrange to introduce me to the Alaskan dope scene, now legal except for the federal laws. He agrees. An OK from *High Times* and I'm on my way.

Roger meets me at the Fairbanks airport terminal—a busy place, populated by platoons of wild-looking workers returning from month-

long stints on the North Slope. An Occidental crew hurries out of a Boeing 727, anxious to get into Fairbanks and get drunk, get high and get laid. An Air Wein Alaska stewardess says that flights up and back from Prudhoe and Barrow have doubled in the last several months. Fairbanks is the send-off point for those \$1,200-a-week jobs that thousands of unemployed have come north to score. Once the partying town for gold miners and flush trappers, Fairbanks is roaring again with drunken laughter and sexual grunts. Its streets are draped with new neon, its saloons and cat houses bursting with petrodollars.

For dopers, too, Fairbanks is now becoming the hub, replacing Copper River for the sake of the money. From here hundreds of pounds of precious Matanuska Thunderfuck pot are dispatched into the interior, and many hundreds more of Mexican, and even a little Colombian. Here, too, newcomers with their samples of pot come to test the market among the oil workers, university students, waitresses, Eskimo outcasts and visitors from the bush communities who come to Fairbanks for excitement.

Roger has changed little from Swarthmore—the same recklessness, the same simple idealism and jolly hedonism. He has a beard that makes him look like a storybook Alaskan,

and he is dressed in the style of a bush pilot: leather flying jacket, logger's plaid flannel shirt, denim trousers and heavy-toed boots. He introduces his partner, Ivan, another full bearded fellow dressed logger fashion. Ivan hangs back, reluctant to meet Roger's writer friend from San Francisco, but when I later produce some Big Sur green, he becomes more friendly and talkative.

Like many Alaskans, Roger and Ivan come from the ranks of the unsettled, the idealistic and the adventurous. After his stint in Pakistan as an agricultural assistant, Roger returned to Colorado with his Peace Corps bride. There he learned how to fly light aircraft and how to deal large quantities of marijuana. His Pakistani connections provided him with a constant supply of good hashish.

In 1968 he also learned sorrow—his young wife was killed in a snowmobile accident. Shortly after that, Roger moved to Alaska, transferring his dealing expertise, his Pakistani connections and a brand-new airplane to a vast new market. Life in Alaska has been good to my old roommate. He and Ivan now control a fleet of snowmobiles, Dodge Powerwagons and a floatplane to service the smoking needs of several thousand dopers on 10,000 square miles of interior Alaska.

"Before we drive 20 miles out to my house,"

says Roger, "why don't we go over to a friend's place? Sort of a blind pig for potheads. It's not as swank as that fellow Crosby in *High Times*, but we can get stoned."

Second Avenue is where the Saturday-night action is in Fairbanks. Its fleshpots and watering holes boom in the arctic night, and so do the after-hours clubs that feature vodka, air-lifted Coors beer and good dope.

We park two blocks from the Avenue. Our destination is an old frame building marked "Thorum's Hide and Supply" in faded paint. We step inside an anteroom that is freezing cold. Rank hides, stuffed animals and barrels of animal glue are scattered around.

A limping man bursts through in a side door and slaps hands with Roger and Ivan. Nordhoff acknowledges the writer from San Francisco. We are taken into the inner sanctum, a rough-hewn warehouse with exposed beams, a Franklin stove provides warmth. Bare lights gleam. Seated Indian style among the stacks of hides, the barrels and boxes of provisions, is the evening's gathering. A huge bucket of Olympia cans chills in the center, the emphasis neatly stacked in one corner.

"Kind of cold in here," I venture.

"Yes, sir, cold air keeps dope fresher and it's going to keep my establishment fresh," declares my host.

Nordhoff carefully cleans out the bowl of a fossilized walrus tusk pipe and fills it with green leaf. The buds are huge, the size of a Mammoth's paw. He carefully picks one apart and crumbles it.

"Matanuska Thunderfuck," he declares, firing it up. "The finest pot grown in the 50 states." The weed burns slowly, evenly, showing its good breeding, and the taste is smooth and full, with an authoritative bite.

"I've got to admit it. I never smoked domestic this good. How do you do it?"

"This weed?" bellows Nordhoff. "This weed is so strong it grows through the snow to find the sun. It's growing period is only five months long, counting the snow time, and it grows eight feet high. Farmers in the Valley plant it alongside patches of cabbage so big it takes two men to carry them, tomatoes so big you have to cut them off with a chain saw."

After we get mellow, I run out my first question to the Alaskan dopers. "What do you think about Alaska being the first state to go legal?"

Faces all around break into smiles. "We think it's going to be real good for the state," says Nordhoff.

"Alaska's always been the frontier of freedom," puts in a student-looking type.

"But sale is still illegal," I remind them.

"That's true. But how can they make that stick? I mean, if dope is legal, how can selling it be illegal?"

"That's right," injects a grizzled freak in seatkin. "After all, if one ounce is legal, why not ten pounds. I've been a dealer here since '71, and legalization won't change shit for me, except more business."

"Let me tell you," says the student. "People in Alaska breathed a sigh of relief on May 27. Until now, the average person has been at the mercy of the state troopers. With legal weed we've got some kind of protection."

"It's gonna be a boom, I tell ya. A fuckin' gold rush," put in a slicked-up dude in ivory jewelry. "We can't bring dope up here fast enough."

"You tell the *High Times* readers that every freak in Alaska welcomes you, but bring your own dope," laughs Nordhoff.

"He's right," explains Roger. "Dope up here runs to \$300 and \$400 a pound for Mexican—\$30 to \$50 an ounce. And in some places, five

## **"Matanuska Thunderfuck!" roars Nordhoff, firing the pipe. "The finest pot in the 50 states."**

Colombian will easily go for \$150 an ounce when it's available."

"The profits must be tremendous."

"They are." A man puffing away at a monstrous plug of hemp leans over the conifer table-top and eyeballs me. John Beaver is a flyer known in Fairbanks as one of the top jute jockeys in the state. "I just completed a milk run from Juneau. Strange things are afoot."

Nordhoff is all ears, and Roger quickly downs his tumbler of vodka. Two women in the corner rebut the advances of a tableful of Anchorage dealers, blissfully ignorant of the unfolding story.

"I was doing a deal at Olaf's ranch." He smiles at Nordhoff, who acknowledges the smile with a knowing nod. "Everyone in Juneau was talking about some California dealers who were planning to drop in."

"California dealers?" asks Roger. "Shouldn't they be at the beach this time of year, trying to hang ten or something?"

John looks solemn now. "No man, these cats plan to move into a nice legal market."

Nordhoff and Roger assume a rather desperate men. "Fuck it," says Nordhoff. "I'd move back to Vancouver before I'd let some carpetbagging surfers from Laguna Beach with wax under their fingernails move into my territory."

Listen you guys," Ivan says, "my wife's cousin tells me that there's some kind of holy oil being dealt in the snow plains, something that makes hash oil look like bear beer. If I could only convince him to turn us onto it, we could protect ourselves."

"Lots of luck Ivan," whispers Nordhoff. "The people at Olaf's ranch were saying that your cousin is about to make a deal with the surfers."

Ivan looks hurt.

\*\*\*

May 30 is a cool spring day in the Alaskan interior. The trees cast long shadows across the blue-green clearing that surrounds Roger and Ivan's two-story spruce lodge. My friends are skinning a moose hung upside down from a log tripod.

"We kill only what we need," explains Ivan, shielding his pipeful of Matanuska.

"We downed this Charlie a couple of weeks ago," says Roger. "Kept it frozen until we could get stoned enough to stand the smell of cleaning it and turning it into food and clothes." He swats at a fat-sized tundra mosquito and returns to his messy work.

An hour later, exhausted, I follow my hosts to the lake and their floatplane moored there. The Cessna 185 represents several years of saving and forethought on Roger's part. With the profits from his Colorado dealings and some of his wife's life insurance money, he bought the red and white plane and outfitted it for long hauls and heavy cargo.

But worry is now eating at the edges of Roger's security. To the Alaskan flying dealer who rides the updrafts of America's highest peaks and for months braves the white cold death of the Great Land, the new pot laws have brought both joy and fear.

"We've been supplying this territory for five years, Blair. I feel just like Nordhoff. I'd move to Canada before seeing Alaska annexed by a bunch of Laguna Beach carpetbaggers!" He looks over his shoulder at the five bales of Matanuska weed piled neatly in the rear. Then he smiles.

Ivan lights up another joint and settles into his seat as we taxi across the clear water and prepare to take off.

"I never got tired of this land, myself," he says. "Now that dope is legal I plan to do my best to make Alaska the finest place in the world to be high." It was Ivan who discovered the secret that made him and Roger the airborne dealers of the Arctic Circle. "When I was flying for the oil company out of Barrow, I covered at least a million miles of tundra. And I was flying stoned. Then, one day flying to Kaktovik, it hit me. Permafrost!"

"The tundra sweeps from Mt. McKinley to the snow deserts, and underneath it is a natural refrigerator for hundreds of pounds of dope. We cut away the topsoil and dig cellars into the sandwich of ice underneath. In late April we hop north and dig up the goods for summer."

Ivan was ready for a change when his brainstorm struck. A pilot in the early days of oil exploration, he took to running weed on a free-lance basis from Anchorage to Nome. There he met and married Kikita, an Eskimo girl who'd left the family igloo for the neon of the city. Their love was the stuff of Hollywood romances. It was Kikita who taught Ivan to love Alaska.

Roger is pointing southeast toward the wide Yukon River as we dip through passes in the White Mountains that were cut with God's own hand into solid granite. "Down there the pipeline is being laid. With it comes billions of dollars and thousands of dopers. Governor Hammond, the Supreme Court and the legislators had it together. The economy here sucks right now and waiting for next year's boom can make voters pretty restless. The tundra doesn't look so monotonous when you're behind some good Colombian."

"That's right," adds Ivan. "Legalize marijuana and open a whole new experiment. Everybody's high, the state gets together. There is one minor hitch, though. That's the arrival of some unwanted businessmen."

Roger isn't smiling any more, and the plane falls quickly in the direction of a thin line of Caribou wandering down from the high slopes. Ivan rummages in his rucksack and pulls out a gleaming .44 autmag. As the plane levels off at antler height, scattering the animals, he opens a vent window and takes careful aim at an old, weary beast who is barely staggering away. With one blast, Ivan downs it. I'm horrified.

"What the hell was that—I thought you only killed what you needed?" I ask angrily.

"I needed target practice," mutters Ivan.

"He did that old fellow a favor, Blair. Up here only the strong survive. For now," Roger looks me in the face.

The aircraft pitches north by northwest and aims toward Prudhoe, a frozen frontier town of the future Alaska, an ice-age outpost with electricity and fat pay checks.

Far behind us are the fertile valleys of Matanuska, the grocery basket of Alaska. Ahead of us is where the test is to come. The new cities on the arctic plains will temper their development with marijuana smoked freely. For Roger and Ivan, the future is not in the coastal cities—there, the foothold of the south already grown, the streets are swelling with an injection of pot-hungry adventurers and free spirits, all eager to buy a snowmobile and sev-

(continued on page 63)



# The Golden Age of Cocaine Wine

The Tonic of Popes and  
Presidents that Made  
the Gay Nineties  
Bubble



By John Groff



# VIN MARIANI

Jeremy B. Wood

## Destiny placed in Mariani's hands a small brochure on coca.

Three centuries after the European discovery of coca leaves, their amazing properties were still generally unknown. Then, in 1859, Paolo Mantegazza, an eminent Italian neurologist, published *On the Hygienic and Medicinal Virtues of Coca*. This monograph extolled the virtues of coca in the practice of medicine and inspired widespread interest in coca leaves.

By the mid-1860s, Europe and America were deluged with cocaine preparations, and a great social experiment of freely experienced cocaine was under way. By the 1890s coca was enjoying a phenomenal popularity, available everywhere in an astonishing variety of forms: tonics, elixirs, wines, liquors, lozenges, teas, cheroots and more. The leading figures of the Victorian age — doctors, scientists, churchmen, prominent politicians, artists, singers, composers, even kings and queens — enjoyed coca and publicly endorsed it with enthusiasm. Surely coca was a major stimulant of gaiety in the Gay Nineties.

The man behind this phenomenon was Angelo Mariani, a Parisian pharmacist whose *spécialité* was an exquisite coca wine

called *Vin Mariani à la Coca du Pérou*. Born in 1839 in Corsica, from a long line of physicians and chemists, young Angelo was studying pharmacy in Paris just as the coca fad began. As a student Mariani dreamed of someday creating a great *spécialité*. Destiny placed in his hands a small brochure on coca. He plunged into experiments mixing coca with alcohol and eventually came up with a "tonic" mixture of fine Bordeaux red wine liberally laced with an extract of carefully selected coca leaves.

Around this time Dr. Charles Fauvel, a noted throat specialist, befriended Mariani. Nearly all of Fauvel's patients were opera stars, the Nineties' equivalent of today's rock stars. Fauvel was convinced that coca wine had a soothing, tensing effect on the vocal cords, and one day sent a rasping vocalist to Mariani.

"It is excellent," said the star after sipping a sample. "You will send me a dozen bottles."

The opera star's order forced Mariani to begin production. With Fauvel's recommendation, his coca elixir was soon the rage among opera stars. So Mariani opened a

small apothecary shop, where he sold nothing but his specialty, coca wine in seventeen-ounce (half-liter) bottles. According to Dr. W. Golden Mortimer, master historian of coca, Vin Mariani was the first and only coca preparation to accurately reproduce the taste and effects of the fresh coca leaves of Peru. Dr. Mortimer dedicated his history of coca use to Mariani, "A Recognized Exponent of the 'Divine Plant' and the first to render coca available to the world."

To Dr. Mortimer, Mariani's refreshment was a miracle. In his words, "the wonderful qualities of Coca remained locked as a scientific mystery unsolvable by the multitude until it was finally released from its enchanted spell as through some magic touch of a modern Merlin."

Mariani, in *Coca and Its Therapeutic Applications*, wrote, "Vin Mariani contains the soluble parts of the Coca plant. The combination of Coca, with the tannin and slight traces of iron which this wine naturally contains, is pronounced the most efficacious of tonics."

"The fresh Coca leaves that we employ after careful selection, come from three different sources and are of incomparable quality. It is this that gives to our wine that special taste and agreeable aroma which renders it so acceptable to the sick."

"It is likewise to the combination and preparing of these three varieties of Coca leaf in our wine that we can attribute this important fact: during more than thirty years, no matter in how large doses taken, Vin Mariani has never produced *cocainism*, nor any other unpleasant effects."

"Vin Mariani is a diffusible tonic, the action of which is immediate. This action, instead of being localized on a single organ, the stomach, spreads to the whole system. Taken into the circulation, it awakens in its course the retarded functions of every organ, and this is owing to the presence in our preparation of the volatile principles of the plant."

With magic in every bottle of his wine and his own charismatic personality, Mariani soon found himself surrounded by a sizable constellation of stars and influential people from virtually every sector of society.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS OF WALES

It is well known that the Princess of Wales derived increased strength of brains and nerves from Vin Mariani, during her last great trials. *London Court Journal*, Jan. 12, 1895

Engravings from *Les Figures Contemporaines*,



## To survive the coming apocalypse, Parisians relaxed with Vin Mariani

Mariani's wine flowed in the veins of royalty and anarchy, patent and doctor, genius and general, popes and rabbis, atheists and mystics, Decadent artists and performers of every persuasion and perversion.

Pans in the Nineties witnessed the flourishes of the electric light, *les Décadents*, impressionist and symbolist poetry, and drugs. The Decadents, as they unabashedly liked to call themselves, formed an esthetic subculture of a few thousand artists and intellectuals, many of them popular musicians and performers. Describing the group in *Dreamers of Decadence*, Philippe Julian compares their peculiar appearance and use of ether and morphine to the lifestyle of today's "hippies." Sarah Bernhardt was without question the most immortal of the Decadents, and Vin Mariani wine permeated her circle as much as the Decadent philosophy.

But Vin Mariani was praised by dedicated Decadents and vociferous anti-Decadents alike. By the 1890s, Mariani's wine had overflowed the cup of arts and letters into the arena of politics and power. It was a decade of agonizing political turbulence. Philippe Julian writes: "The Church was losing many of its faithful . . . the bourgeoisie, terrified by the Commune, was finding it impossible to recapture the sense of security it had known in the middle of the century; while high society felt ashamed of having enjoyed itself too much under the Second Empire. . . . As the century drew toward its close, a feeling of uneasiness became apparent in every class of society. . . . There was a fear of the end of civilization, a sort of millennium whose destructive forces would no longer be the angels of the Apocalypse, but either Socialism or the Machine, or the Yellow Peril."

To survive, Parisian politicians relaxed with Vin Mariani. Amid the fear and loathing of the decade came the notorious Dreyfus Affair,

the Watergate of 1894. Notable figures on both sides of the case were Vin Mariani m-bibers, including Anatole France, Emile Zola, Manuel Prévost and Henri Rochefort.

When Mariani died the newspapers listed advertising innovations as his most important contribution to history. Yet his main technique came about entirely by accident when he began to receive numerous spontaneous endorsements from prominent personalities of the day.

In 1895, the publication of the first volume of *Les Figures Contemporaines* sent shock waves through the advertising world. Thir-



Leo XIII, 1877-1903

### His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.



TRANSLATION OF LETTER  
FROM HIS EXCELLENCE  
CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

Rome, January 2, 1898.

"It has pleased His Holiness to instruct me to transmit in his august name his thanks to Monsieur Mariani, and to testify again in a special manner his gratitude. His Holiness has even deigned to offer Monsieur Mariani a Gold Medal bearing his venerable image."

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

teen handsome editions of Vin Mariani endorsements were printed on the finest paper and included a delicately etched portrait of each notable, together with a short biography and some personal expression of gratitude to Mariani—a poem, a sketch, a few stanzas of musical composition, a bit of prose. These endorsements were never paid or bargained for in any way.

Strangely enough, Vin Mariani was so well established by then that it needed no endorsements, since Mariani did not care to woo a larger mass market. The great pharmacist refused to expand operations beyond the limits of his personal supervision. In truth, the wine earned its reputation solely on its own merits—consistently high quality, reliable effectiveness and an instantly recognizable sensation on the tongue.



EXECUTIVE MARSHAL,  
WASHINGTON

William T. Hurler  
June 14-1898

Yet Mariani was barraged with so many endorsements that he had to limit their inclusion in his album. Naturally enough, Mariani's tonic was also drunk and lauded by major religious leaders. Dr. Mortimer remarks that Pope Leo XII maintained his ascetic retirement with a never-empty vial of Vin Mariani strung from his neck. Plus X, several cardinals and prelates of other faiths, and even the Grand Rabbi of France are included among *Les Figures Contemporaines*. "A modern prayer 'We no longer say 'Hail Mary,' we say 'Hail Mariani!'" wrote playwright Emile Fabre in his own endorsement.

In their turn, European royalty joined in the praise. The kings of Spain, Greece, Serbia, Sweden and Norway, the Prince of Morocco and the Shah of Persia all drank coca wine and endorsed it. Queen Victoria asked for and received a complete set of *Les Figures Contemporaines*, which she cherished.

Meanwhile, stateside, Vin Mariani easily found its way to the Oval Office. President McKinley's personal secretary, John A. Porter, sent Mariani a thank-you note "on the President's behalf." The sculptor who created the Statue of Liberty, Frederic-Auguste Bartholdi, loved Mariani's wine too.

Perhaps even more astounding to some Americans, Thomas Edison also endorsed Vin Mariani. Edison almost went to South America once, but missed the boat in New Orleans. Who knows what the inventor of motion pictures and the phonograph might have gotten into had he made that boat?

Here are but a few of the accolades offered to Mariani and his wine.

**Thomas Alva Edison:** "Monsieur Mariani, I take pleasure in sending you one of my photographs for publication in your Album. Yours very truly."

**Sarah Bernhardt (actress):** "I have been delighted to find Vin Mariani in all the large cities of the United States, and it has, as always, largely helped to give me that strength so necessary in the performance of the arduous duties which I have imposed upon myself."



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE CZAR OF  
RUSSIA

In consequence of the benefits obtained from Vin Mariani by the Emperor and Empress, a great demand for this tonic has sprung up in Russia.—From the Court Journal, Jan. 12, 1895.

from the Collection of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library



**Sully-Prudhomme** (poet, philosopher)  
"You rejuvenate faces by at least a quarter of a century

**Edmond Rostand** (playwright, author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*): "I always keep a flask on my work table

**Camille Flammarion** (founder of the French Society of Astronomers): "Solar rays in bottles "

**Anatole France**: "It is true that Mariani's coca wine . . . spreads a subtle fire through the organism "

**Charles Gounod** (composer of symphonies and operas): "To my good friend Mariani, beneficial revealer of this admirable coca wine from Peru, which has so often restored my strength.

**Louis Bleriot** (the first aviator to fly the English Channel, in 1909): "I took the precaution of bringing a small flask of Mariani wine along with me, and it was a great help. Its energetic action sustained me during the crossing of the Channel.

In truth, Vin Mariani is perfect, gives us health, drives away the blues, and is of such excellent quality that whoever tastes it might almost desire to be forever debilitated and depressed thus to have a pretext to drink it

VICTORIEN SARDOU

**Émile Bergerat** (poet, dramatist): "One glass of Coca Wine for an article, and two glasses for an aquarelle—that's my dosage. But the real genius is at the bottom of the bottle."

**Lillian Russell** (actress): "I have found Vin Mariani a pleasant stimulating tonic, and I constantly recommend it to my fellow artists."

**Alexandre Dumas fils**: "Mariani, your sweet flasks delight my mouth."

**Jules Verne**: "Since a single bottle of Mariani's extraordinary coca wine guarantees a lifetime of a hundred years, I shall be obliged to live until the year 2700! Well, I have no objections! Yours very gratefully."

**H.G. Wells** drew two little cartoons of himself before (slouching and depressed) and after (radiant and elated) drinking Mariani's wine



Emile Zola

**D**espite the widespread popularity Vin Mariani enjoyed in its day and the thousands of famous people who endorsed its use, the fine wine is utterly forgotten today. Among the other coca-drinking lights of the *fin-de-siècle* period were playwrights Henrik Ibsen, and Victorien Sardou,

### President McKinley's personal secretary sent Dr. Mariani a thank-you note on the President's behalf.

actress Lillian Russell, opera stars Augusta Holmes and Enrico Caruso, artists Auguste Rodin and Felicien Rops, composer Camille Saint-Saens, and William Butler Yeats's peripatetic lover Maud Gonne

How did Mariani live with this incredible success? What did he do with all the money? Always the gourmet and fond of throwing large dinner parties, Mariani entertained a salon of notables in his lavish Valescure villa with its Edenesque grounds. He cultivated coca plants "simply for amusement" in a greenhouse at his Neuilly residence. The ceiling of the living room was reserved for an allegory painted by his friend Eugène Courbin: *The Goddess Bringing the Branch of Coca to Europe*

In all his business affairs — he made a fortune almost in spite of himself — Mariani was the ideal coke dealer. Georges Regnal, who published a biographical sketch of Mariani, describes him well

"There was never any sign of servility in this shop. One felt that the 'dealer' did not exist, only a man who spontaneously empathized with even the slightest problem of whoever entered his threshold

"In the evenings and on holidays, once his storefront was closed, he would go back upstairs to his home and become once again the enchanted wanderer, the lover of the beauty of life. Forever distracted by something or other, he would smoke on the terrace among his roses, leaf through books classify-



It is exquisite in taste — Vin Mariani — is health — the elixir of life.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

ing the works of the poet and the artist he could have become himself had he chosen to express himself so. Already he preferred to remain the discrete amateur. Already he was buying the canvases of heavily indebted painters . . . and always enlarging his hospitality "

Dubbed the "Propagator of Coca" in his own time, Mariani became a living legend. But the secret formula for Vin Mariani died with him in 1914, ironically the same year that Congress in the United States passed the Harrison Narcotics Act, making cocaine illegal

Today another coca-derived drink, a pale imitation of Vin Mariani, sets the pace of the modern age. We are told to relax, "pause" and "refresh" with mass marketing's answer to Angelo Mariani's bracing elixir. Here's to the Parisian pharmacist and a time when things did go better. ■



Mariani, your wine is digestive, comforting and tonic; I always have a bottle handy to my work table.

EDMOND ROSTAND.



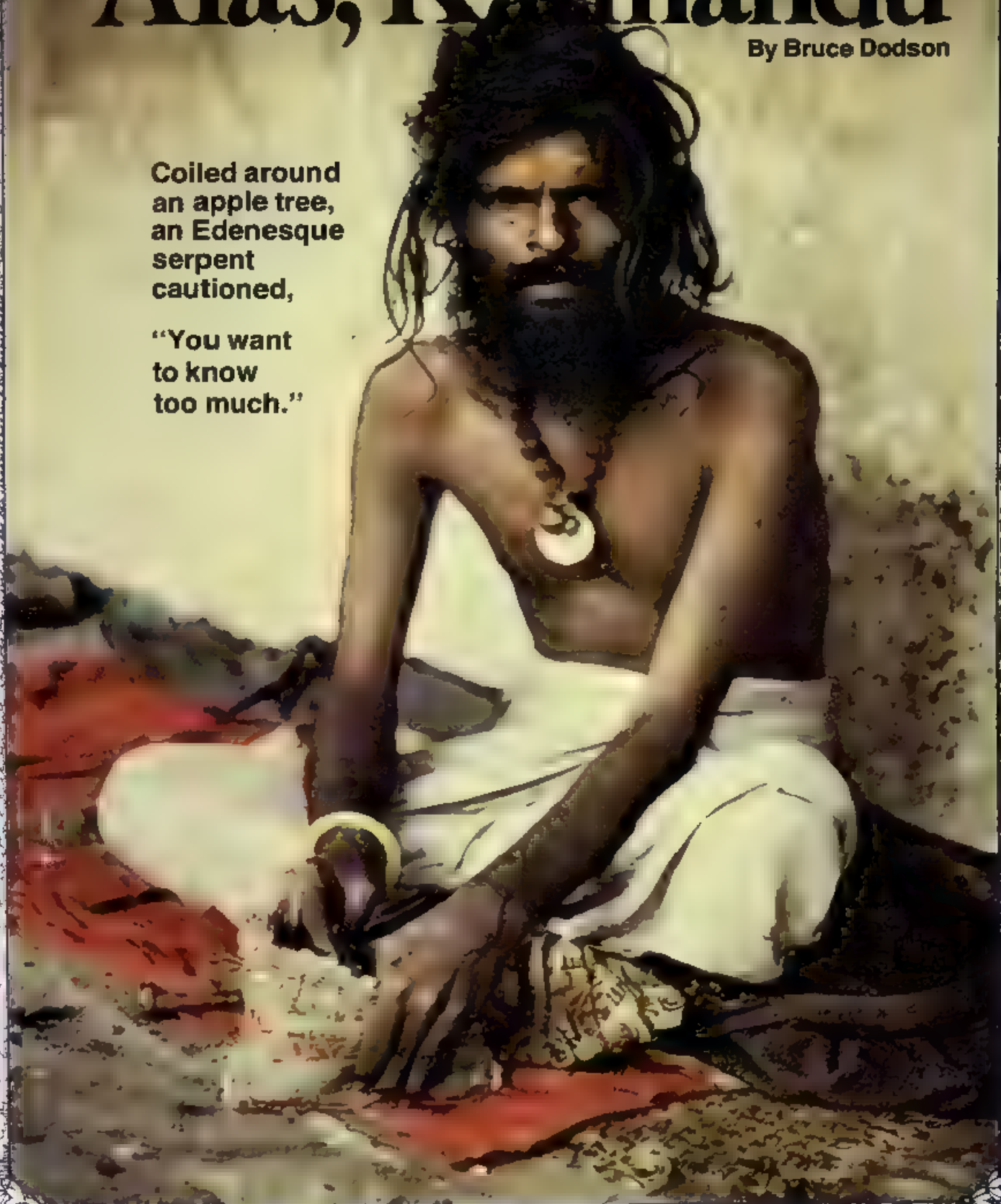
The Passing of the Hash Dens of Nepal

# Alas, Katmandu

By Bruce Dodson

Coiled around  
an apple tree,  
an Edenesque  
serpent  
cautioned,

"You want  
to know  
too much."





I went to Katmandu to witness the end of an era. Under pressure from the Western democracies, Nepal was preparing to outlaw its centuries-old trade in marijuana. Soon, the Eden Hashish Center, the Hashish Bazaar, the Jupiter Hashish Center and dozens of other flourishing small-family cannabis merchants would be closed for the last time. So, in the spring of 1973, I embarked at Kennedy International Airport in New York. Flying nonstop, I passed through two sunsets in the thirty-one-hour trip to New Delhi, India. After a meal of mulligatawny soup and brinjals (eggplant) at Mrs. Colosco's famous "guest house," 8 Janpath Lane, I returned to the airport for the four-hour hop by turboprop to old Katmandu town.

The teeming streets of Katmandu grow dirtier and dustier as you approach the center of town and, entering the inner city, you are crowded by the maze of shopkeepers' stalls and tenements stacked against the jostling traffic of men and beasts. In the evening, dim kerosene lanterns cast meager light over the doorways and windows.

I checked into the Snowview, a hotel remarkable in Katmandu for its twenty rooms, each with a bathroom, hot and cold running water and a metal roof that amplifies weather as the season dictates. During the rainy season the roof makes a din like a thousand demons with submachine guns. I left the Snowview almost immediately to visit one of Katmandu's most famous smoke shops.

A cab deposited me at the mouth of a narrow passageway littered with human and animal feces. A dirty sign proclaimed the Cabin Restaurant. Inside, behind a candy-store glass counter, sat Krishnora Rana, the owner, flipping through an ancient copy of *Time*. On one wall, a psychedelic mural of an Edenesque serpent had been painted by a happy American customer. Coiled around an apple tree, the snake cautioned, "You want to know too much."

I ordered two hash cigarettes — a house specialty — and a Coke. The crowd was average: several Americans, a Japanese, some Australians and two young Nepalese, looking like Saigon pimps in flashy shirts, knobby cufflinks and Japanese wristwatches. Everyone was smoking from chillums; occasionally a smoker would burst into a coughing fit, and sparks of smoke and flame would erupt from his vicinity like a *petit* Vesuvius. As I finished my first cigarette an argument broke out between some Japanese and an Australian. They were at odds over the relative







## INN - EDEN HASHISH CENTRE HASHISH MENU

FIRST QUALITY HASH	FIRST QUALITY GANJA
1. ARKANT CHARES (HASHISH)	1. ALIBOM GANJA
2. PARVATI CHARES (HASHISH)	2. TAMI FLOWER-TOPS
3. ATTAR	3. GREEN GANJA
4. TEMPLE BALLS	4. TIGER-TAIL
	5. MOUNTAIN FLOWER-TOPS

**AND ALSO AVAILABLE**  
HASHISH OIL  
&  
HASHISH Cakes

**THE OLDEST & MOST  
DEALER OF HASHISH IN KATHMANDU**

699-378

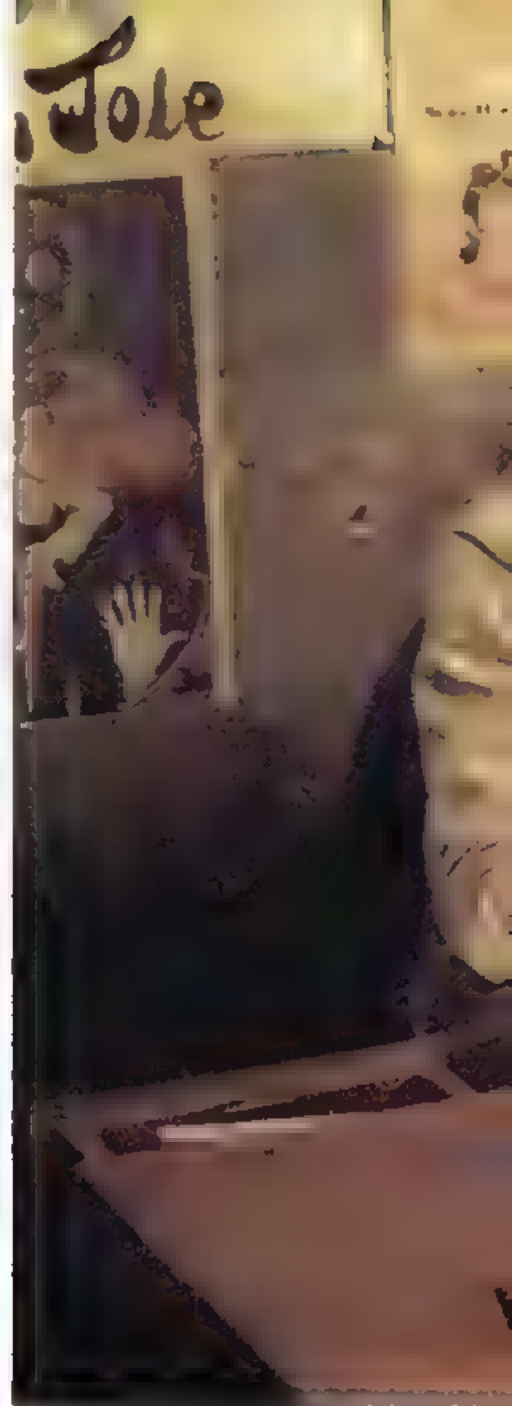
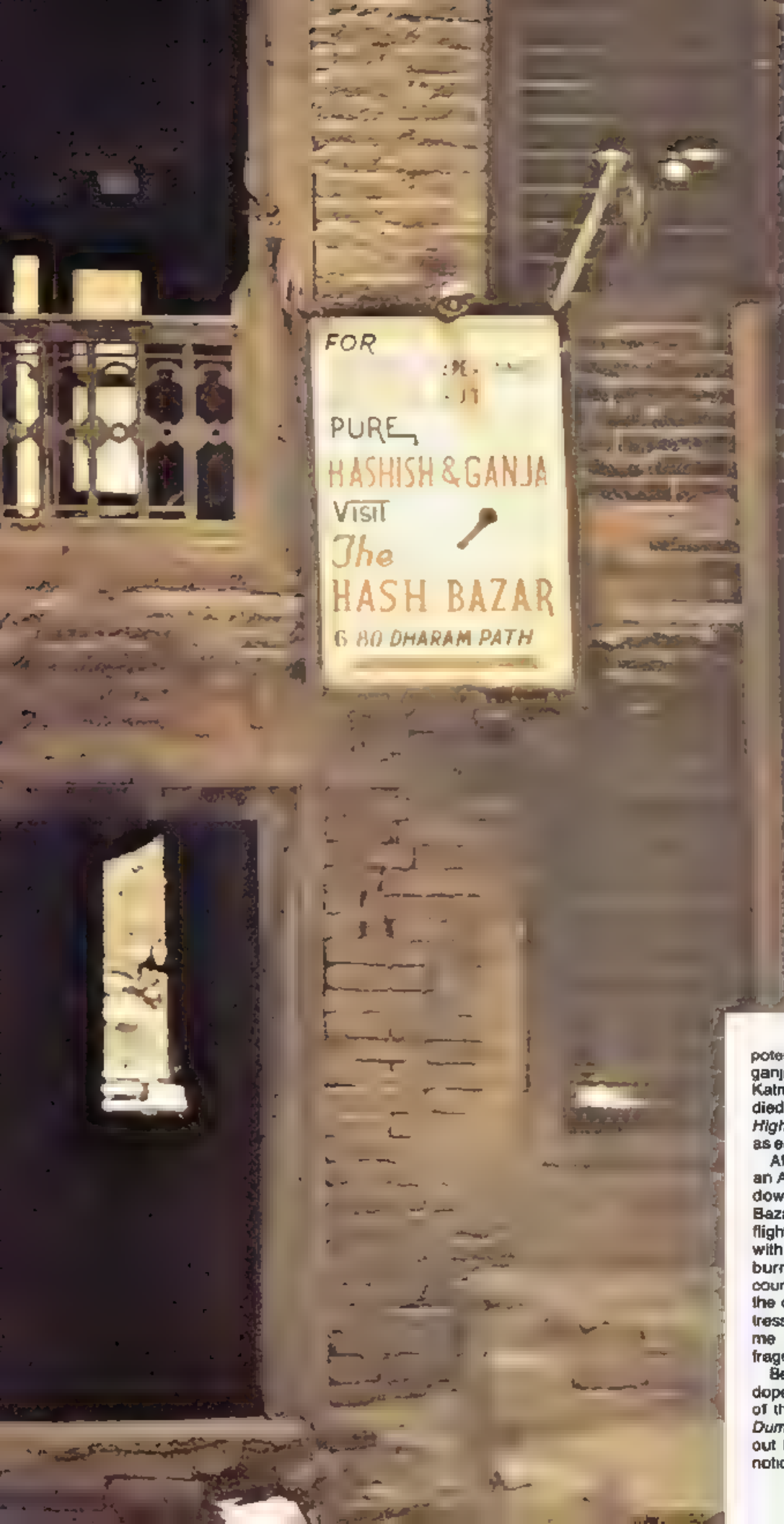
### Cabin Restaurant

CHINESE TIBETAN  
NEPALESE AND  
WESTERN FOOD  
AVA LABLE

**CABIN EXCLUSIVE**  
HASHISH CAKES, HASHISH  
CIGARETTE AND OIL  
AVA LABLE AT  
THE COUNTER

LATEST PRE-RECORDED TAPES  
FLOWN IN MONTHLY  
HAPPY ANDY TALK BY BLANK  
NIGHT

PHONE: 3784, 3785, 3786  
NEAR- GRAND WOOL CENTRE  
Your Home Kulture Runa  
KATHMANDU



potencies of mountain flower tops and green ganja — the two most popular smokes in Katmandu. But the tumult and the shouting died as someone flipped on a cassette of *Highway 61 Revisited*, and time slipped past as easily as if it had ceased to exist.

After a day of the usual sightseeing, I had an American meal at the hotel, then ambled down Dharma Path to the nearby Hash Bazaar. Across a brick courtyard and up a flight of stairs, I found a long, narrow room with wooden benches and a sprinkling of burn-scarred coffee tables. Behind the counter at the end of the room lay "Uncle," the old Nepalese proprietor, on a dirty mattress. He recommended his hash oil, passing me a Marlboro smeared liberally with the fragrant goo.

Beneath a poster boosting an Indian-made dope flick, Uncle explained the new problem of the Nepalese hash merchant. Films like *Dum Maro* ("You Smoke") are being cranked out by New Delhi film moguls with an evil notion. Packaging antidope propaganda in





the B-film style, they've created a fear of dope that has spread like wildfire through India and Nepal.

"These movies very bad for hashish business," Uncle explained. "People start to get very upset. Before, no one bother, no one care. Now many people think hashish business is bad thing. Soon I have to close Hash Bazaar." Moments later I watched Uncle sell an English couple a book called *My Travels in Nepal*. It was a handsome volume that would have fetched at least thirty dollars in America, and inside the elaborate covers were two sheets of hashish weighing exactly eight ounces apiece. The price tag was \$180.00. They also bought a plastic belt filled with hash oil at the same price. All the lucky purchasers had to do was walk their purchases through Nepalese and English customs. Uncle was very optimistic about their prospects, of course.

The climax of my tour was a visit to Pashupatinah, two miles east of Katmandu by bus. The center of

Nepalese Buddhism, Pashupatinah is as holy as the Ganges. Here are Nepal's oldest temples and *ghats*, columbariums where the dead are ritually cremated. Ganga-smoking holy men live and meditate here in one-man temples that dot the hills on both sides of the Bagmati River. The hills are sacred, dedicated to Lord Shiva, the patron saint of Nepal. Shiva himself delivered the mountains from the grip of a vicious demon menace 14,000 years ago.

One Shivite holy man motioned to me as I made my way along the banks of the Bagmati. He wore a tattered loincloth, and at his side hung a small bag of ganja. His hair was matted. When I admitted to him that I smoked, he pulled out his chillum and declared, "This is good ganga." He lit the pipe and passed it. After puffing on the upright cylinder with as much adroitness as any Western klutz will ever muster, I passed it to another holy man. Suddenly the first holy man screamed at a burning *ghat* — "Maya! Finish Maya!"

As if in final salute to my friend, one leg of the smoldering corpse began to rise slowly, stiffly from the ashes. As I watched, fascinated, it disintegrated into gray powder and fell onto the *ghat*.

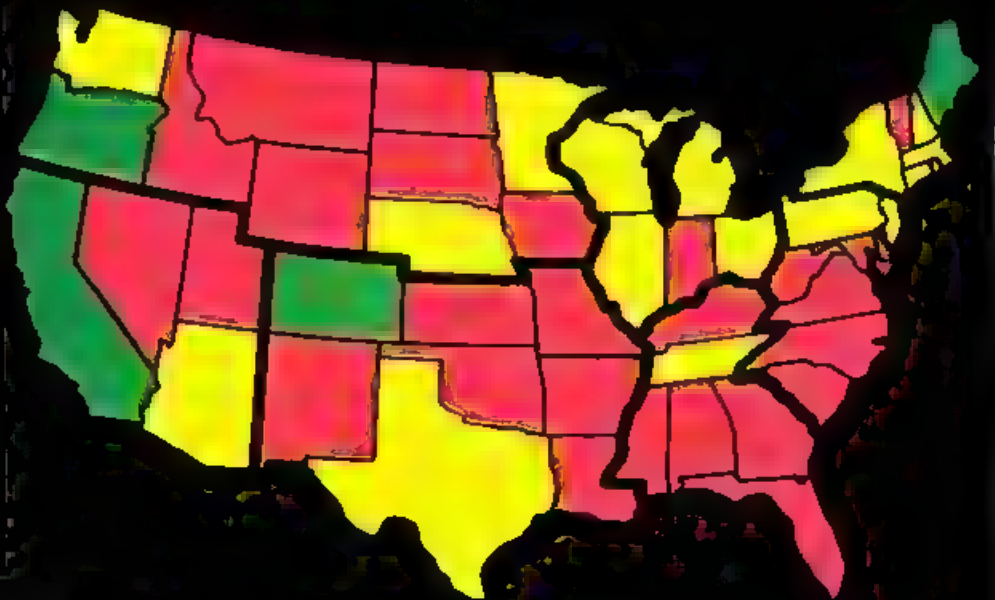
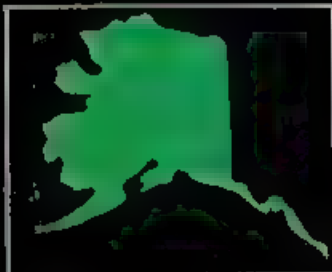
The Shivite refilled his pipe, reciting in a high, singsong voice:

*Dum maro dum, mit jay gum  
Aolo subah sham  
Hare Krishna, hare ram*

You smoke and smoke  
Your mind is in cosmic consciousness  
You always see reality.

In August, 1973, Nepal declared marijuana and hashish illegal. The government decree cited "recognition of international responsibilities." But while the hashish shops are closed, perhaps forever, their aromatic interiors plunged into darkness and their festive signs dismantled, smoke is still abundant in Nepal, and easy to find. ☐

# REEFER REFORM COMES TO AMERICA



Red: reform not foreseen this year

Yellow: reform delayed but pending, or modified penalties on the books

Green: reform bills passed

By Frank Floramonti

## A State-by-State Wrap-up of the Latest Gains and Losses

**1975** is the year of marijuana reform consciousness. The public and political moods are signaling green for pot activism in many states. Decriminalization bills have been introduced in 14 states and the District of Columbia. Hearings have been held or scheduled in ten of these, and in six states—Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Washington—the bills have been voted out of committee and only await floor action.

But passing a controversial reefer reform law is a slow, tortuous process involving many public hearings, an avalanche of press releases and much back-room horse trading. That decriminalization has come to a vote in six states, with favorable committee action in 12 states, represents a tremendous step forward.

In many cases, key legislators are now pub-

licly committed to making reefer reform a top priority. In private they are negotiating the necessary votes to bring it about. Little doubt exists that changes in marijuana legislation are inevitable.

What is uncertain, however, is just how soon. The answer in every state is the general public. When legislators think it will be good for their political future, then there will be reefer reform.

Penalties for marijuana use and possession are being modified and lessened state by state. However, completely legal marijuana is not expected to become a reality for some time. In only one state has the constitutional right to smoke pot been established,

*Frank Floramonti is the legislative counsel for the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws.*

and there sale is still considered a criminal offense. What follows are the latest developments in reefer reform.

### Alaska

The most exciting development in the evolving process of marijuana law reform occurred in America's last frontier, Alaska. On May 27, Alaska became the first state to establish the constitutional right to smoke and possess marijuana in the privacy of one's home, in the case of *Ravin v. Alaska*. The decision of the Alaska Supreme Court came shortly after the Alaska legislature passed an Oregon-style decriminalization bill.

Combined, these two developments eliminate entirely fines, arrests, arrest records and jail sentences for possession, in private, of small amounts of marijuana. The stash, says the Alaska court, is protected



## For Colorado lawmen, the romance, fulfillment and joy is gone from harassing private marijuana smokers.

within the constitutional right to privacy. The police may not search a person's car or home looking for marijuana. However, the court specified that the state retains the right to control the sale, the public possession and public use of marijuana. Thus, after September 1, 1975, smoking on the street and driving an automobile with marijuana on one's person will become non-jail misdemeanors punishable by a maximum fine of \$1,000.

Senator Terry Miller (R.—Fairbanks) sponsored the Alaska bill, which passed the Alaska state senate by a vote of 11 to 9. Antimarijuana forces imported as a witness Dr. Harvey Powelson of Berkeley, an antimarijuana propagandist who has dubbed marijuana "the most dangerous drug we must contend with," claiming that dope smoking leads to "a deterioration in body and mental functioning which is difficult and perhaps impossible to reverse."

At the request of NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws), Dr. Thomas Ungerleider, of the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, and the Honorable J. Pat Horton, district attorney from Eugene, Oregon, flew to Juneau to provide a balanced view. Horton presented a comprehensive analysis of the Oregon decriminalization experience since October 1973. He was careful to stress the value of grass reform from a law enforcement perspective.

S350 was finally passed by the house. Senator Miller said approval of the legislation "signaled the end of the war between the generations in Alaska."

Within a month after Alaska's successes three other states — Maine, California, and Colorado — made significant breakthroughs.

### Maine

On June 18, Maine's James B. Longley, the only governor in the nation elected as an independent, signed into law a bill abolishing criminal penalties and jail sentences for the possession of small amounts of marijuana. As of March 1, 1976, persons found in the Pine Tree State with less than 1½ ounces of marijuana will face a fine of \$200, with a traffic-type citation instead of an arrest. Misdemeanor rather than felony penalties apply to larger amounts. Maine's approach is modeled after the Oregon civil-fine legislation.

### California

Three years after California voters rejected decriminalization in a statewide referendum by a 2-to-1 margin, Governor Edmund G. Brown signed a measure providing for a \$100 maximum fine for possession of less than one ounce of marijuana. A mandatory citation system will be used, eliminating most of the 100,000 felony marijuana arrests per year in California. Under the new law, no distinction will be made between prior and first offenders — persons arrested earlier on marijuana charges will be subject to no more than a \$100 fine. Possession for personal use of quantities greater than one ounce will now face a maximum misdemeanor penalty of six months in jail or a \$500 fine.

### Colorado

Colorado proved the importance of having a local marijuana reform advocate to assist the legislature.

The scenario began early in the legislative session when Colorado state Representative Charles Howe (D.—Boulder) sponsored legislation mandating a \$100 fine for possession of under an ounce of marijuana. An additional provision spares offenders who sign a summons a trip to jail. The revised bill provides that nonpublic transfers of an ounce of marijuana for no money would also be citation offenses.

As amended by a house-senate conference committee, the bill also makes first-offense possession of over an ounce a misdemeanor punishable by a maximum \$500 fine or one year in jail. Subsequent offenses are felonies carrying fines between \$500 and \$2,000 and maximum penitentiary terms of one to 14 years. Sale of marijuana is also punishable by a maximum prison sentence of one to 14 years or a \$1,000 fine. A mandatory minimum term of three years for sale was sought but rejected. The final element of the compromise needed to capture two essential votes establishes stiff penalties (three to 15 years, \$15,000 fine) for dispensing marijuana to persons under 18 years of age by persons over 18, with a mandatory three-year term for a second conviction for sale to a minor.

Of more immediate concern to most marijuana smokers are provisions limiting the penalty for public display or consumption of an ounce or less to 15 days in jail or a \$100 fine. Both public and nonpublic possession are considered petty offenses.

Said NORML's Colorado coordinator James Moore of the new law: "I don't expect we'll see any more busting down doors to give \$100 tickets to people with a little grass in their house. The romance, fulfillment and joy are gone from harassing private marijuana smokers."

### Minnesota

In several other states, marijuana legislation fell victim to political events. In Minnesota a novel approach to pot reform was making considerable headway. Unfortunately, it was tangled in an end-of-session log jam, and legislative leaders decided that other bills, mostly involving state expenditures, took priority over marijuana rights.

The Minnesota reform bill would have made possession of less than an ounce of marijuana a civil offense punishable by a \$50 fine or an optional drug-education program. Second offenders within a two-year period would receive a maximum \$100 fine or, as an alternative, could choose to take a "chemical-dependency-evaluation" test. This legislation passed the Minnesota house of representatives by an easy 84-to-45 vote and was accepted by the senate judiciary committee in a 9-to-4 vote. Then the bill ran into trouble with modification. Next session, maybe.

### Connecticut

Pot law reform attempts in Connecticut ended with the bitter accusation that de-

criminalization was sacrificed to political ambition. Senator Lawrence De Nardis (R.—Hamden) leveled the charge at Ella T. Grasso. De Nardis, an influential Republican, has introduced legislation that attaches no penalty whatsoever to possession of marijuana in private and a \$50 civil fine to public use.

After the bill passed the senate judiciary committee by a surprisingly wide 8-to-2 margin, Governor Grasso, looking to a vice-presidential nomination in 1976, put the heat on to kill the legislation. In addition, she appointed a commissioner of state police who announced his opposition to the bill the day he was appointed.

### Massachusetts

Massachusetts also came up a loser on reform. Seven marijuana bills were introduced and favorable action was taken on three bills. Of the three reform bills, one would have totally decriminalized possession of any amount of marijuana in private, a second would have totally decriminalized possession of up to an ounce, and a third would have made possession a civil offense punishable by a \$50 fine, with defendants given a citation returnable within 21 days. People caught with marijuana could simply mail in their summons with the appropriate fine. The civil-fine bill had the strongest sponsorship, so it was decided to concentrate lobbying efforts on this measure.

However, for the first time in any state, organized opposition surfaced in the form of a group known as Citizens for the Prevention of Drug Abuse. They sought a minimum jail sentence for marijuana possession and circulated an inflammatory *Reader's Digest* article to all members of the Massachusetts house.

The civil-fine bill was ultimately reconsidered, amended and defeated. After the vote, NORML worker Marsha Samuels said, "It's like hitting your head against a brick wall. Legislators seem to vote against decriminalization just because they're scared, not because people actually think it's good to arrest and send to jail young marijuana smokers."

### New Hampshire

In New Hampshire, a maximum \$100 civil-fine proposal was gavelled through the house of representatives without a vote. Virtually no opposition was noted, but the bill lost in a vote on the senate floor.

### Arizona

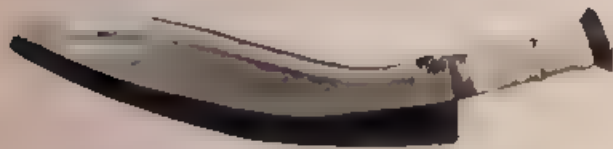
Arizona, home of senator Barry Goldwater and an entry point for large quantities of Mexican marijuana, retains one of the stiffest marijuana laws in the United States.

Hard-line conservative philosophy has until recently been the dominant public attitude in the Grand Canyon State, and the possibilities for marijuana law reform have looked dim. A bill was introduced making marijuana possession a civil offense punishable by a \$100 fine. The bill was amended to retain a misdemeanor status for possession, with jail sentences eliminated for first offenders and a maximum fine between \$100 and \$300.

(continued on page 63)

# The Assassin

## Red Lebanese Hash Oil



The crusaders who braved the sands and sun of the Holy Land to drive the armies of Saladin the Magnificent from Jerusalem were beset by a host of natural enemies: heat, diseases climatic and social, the unpredictable dust storms and the legendary cruelties of the Saracens themselves. Against all these perils, measures could be taken, but against the mysterious Assassins there was no defense save flight.

Renegade Moslems, the Assassins swore undying allegiance to Allah and to the bandit prince and prophet Hassan Ibn Sabbah, the Old Man of the Mountain. It was his sacrament, hashish, from which they took their name Hashishins, later corrupted by European tongues to "Assassins."

Inside his rock-bound fortress, lazing amidst all manner of pleasures, Hassan Ibn Sabbah instructed his loyal followers in the ways of intrigue and the three pillars of Islam: sodomy, *houris* and hashish.

Intoxicated with the rich dark smoke, the Assassins would assemble at dusk, when the Old Man of the Mountain would bless their robes and daggers and send them forth on their merciless errands.

Today, the Assassin slays more sweetly. Highly refined and purified cherry-red Lebanese hashish oil, this modern killer does its terrible deed quickly. From hidden laboratories across the sea comes this Arabian oil. To fall under its spell is a fearsome experience. ■



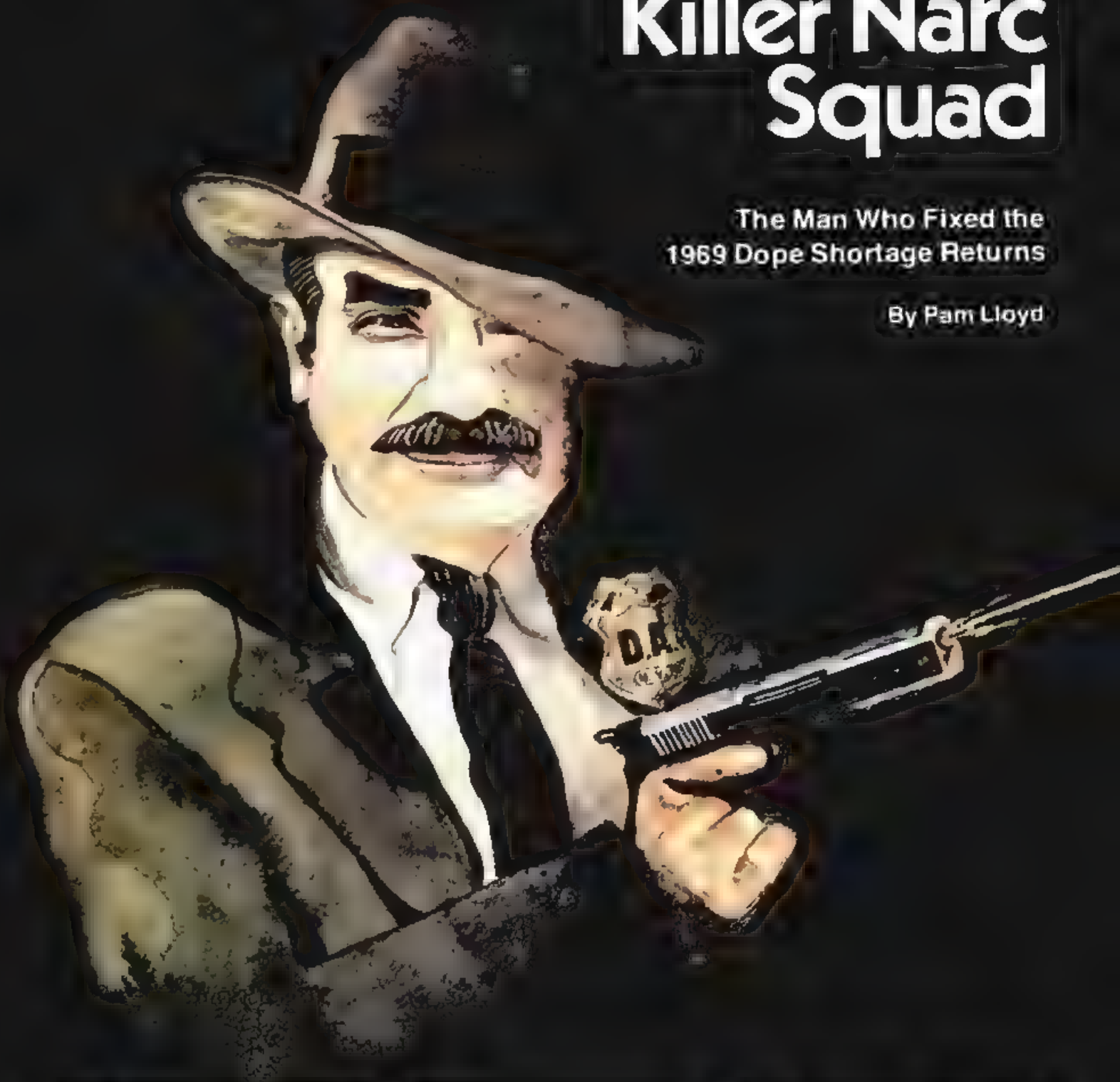




# G. Gordon Liddy's Killer Narc Squad

The Man Who Fixed the  
1969 Dope Shortage Returns

By Pam Lloyd



**B**y the end of the 1960s it had become evident that the existing drug enforcement efforts were inadequate against the spread of dope. In that turbulent decade, dope use had become so commonplace that the laws were openly defied at rock festivals like Monterey Pop and Woodstock, at peace demonstrations and in public parks every Sunday.

The grainy public health films about "H" and "boo" couldn't compete with the Technicolor image of children joyfully smoking grass. The puritans were losing the war against dope.

The newly installed Nixon regime, eager to consolidate its shaky power with more law-and-order, decided to crack down on dope in a dramatic way.

As with most policy under Nixon, his subordinates were willing to go to any lengths, break any laws and kill any number of people to achieve their political and philosophical goals.

The chief of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD) at the time was John Ingersoll, a colorless bureaucrat ill-disposed to Nixon's ex-



trame measures. An outside hit man was called for, someone willing to do a dirty job with enthusiasm. G. Gordon Liddy was the man. But only recently has it been uncovered just how far his narcotics enforcement enthusiasm went. The perilous implications of this heretofore secret chapter in American history are frightening, sobering and, hopefully, instructive.

As followers of Watergate know, G. Gordon Liddy started his career as an FBI man but in the mid-Sixties became assistant to the D.A. for Dutchess County, New York, site of the Millbrook estate, where Tim Leary and other acid voyagers were then living. To a conservative like G. Gordon Liddy, Tim Leary was a dangerous man. In due course, Liddy found reason to stage an armed raid on the Millbrook commune. Leary was busted for the first time.

The chief evidence against Leary consisted of a used Kleenex into which a minute quantity of LSD-25 had been exhaled, along with a dollop of mucouslike effluvia. Just whose nasal passages provided the state's incriminating evidence was never satisfactorily established, and the case was eventually dropped.

On the basis of his Leary-raided notoriety, Liddy ran for Congress in 1968. Liddy campaign literature featured a photograph of the candidate shining a police spotlight onto a crowd of blacks, and the slogan, "Gordon Liddy doesn't bail them out—he puts them in."

The voters were not quite ready for Liddy that year, but he received the loser's payoff—a post in Washington as "law enforcement advisor" at the Treasury Department. With his credentials as the man who busted Leary, Liddy was soon working closely with Egli Krogh, the White House narcotics law enforcement coordinator.

When Attorney General John Mitchell created the new President's Narcotics, Marihuana and Dangerous Drugs Task Force early in 1969, it was Krogh who appointed Liddy to the prestigious group as a representative of the Treasury Department. The Task Force was to activate Liddy's brainchild, Operation Intercept.

The most ambitious attempt ever mounted by the American government to choke off the flow of marijuana from Mexico began on September 21, 1969.

Administered by Liddy on location in Mexico City, Operation Intercept made intensive checks of every vehicle crossing the border. The results were giant pile-ups of traffic, outrage among Mexican border merchants and almost universal bad publicity. And, as detailed in Lawrence A. Gooberman's sociological study *Operation Intercept: The Multiple Consequences of Public Policy*, the shortage of marijuana caused many young drug users to switch to hard drugs. Operation Intercept was an unmitigated

failure, and emphasis was shifted to paying the Mexican government to find and burn the grass in the fields—a policy that continues to this day under the name Operation Cooperation.

**D**uring 1969, representatives of the State, Treasury and Justice departments, the CIA, Customs, BNDD and FDA began a series of secret meetings that were to last two years. One of the topics of discussion, reported columnist Jack Anderson earlier this year, was the deployment of killer narcotics squads around the world. The CIA was to administer plans to cold-bloodedly assassinate, with neither arrest nor trial, a list of alleged drug smugglers in Burma, France, Lebanon and Turkey.

Liddy, who packed a gun at these meetings, was so enamored of the scheme that he recommended using killer narc squads both abroad and in the U.S. The interagency group allegedly rejected Liddy's proposal, but the CIA has since been charged with perpetrating the assassination of a smuggler in New Haven, Connecticut, and Anderson has reportedly uncovered further interagency plans to hire criminals to sabotage dope operations.

In June 1971, after plotting these dirty dope tricks under Treasury auspices,



**G. Gordon Liddy was an outside hit man, willing to do a dirty job with enthusiasm**

Liddy was fired from the department for making an inflammatory speech against gun control at a convention of the National Rifle Association. Liddy's flamboyant embarrassed the Nixon regime but did not disqualify him from more clandestine activities.

On July 19, following Krogh's advice, White House Domestic Advisor John Erlichman hired Liddy to work for the new Special Investigations Unit, later to become popularly known as the White House Plumbers. At the same time that his pal and narcotics advisor officially joined his staff, Egli Krogh began laying the groundwork for the White House's Office of Drug Abuse Law Enforcement (ODALE). The nature of the new agency became clear early in the planning stages. Nick Pileggi has reported in *New York* magazine that on July 27, 1971, Krogh informed a doctor who had

refused to support the new drug program that ODALE would "destroy" its opponents. It seems that in Krogh, Liddy had finally found a receptive ear for the killer narc squad concept. ODALE would be the prototype.

BNDD Director Ingersoll found out about the ODALE squad only days before Nixon announced it to the public. Ingersoll was to resign in 1973, charging interference from Erlichman.

Myles Amborse, a former Customs commissioner and Liddy pal, was appointed to head up ODALE, which went into operation in January 1972, with several hundred agents infiltrated into 33 U.S. cities and supported by the ongoing investigations of 33 grand juries. From its inception, ODALE's agents—some of them transferred from other agencies, others fresh from college and with scant eight-week training courses—employed Gestapo tactics, smashing doors in without warrants, aiming guns at their victims. ODALE agents raided the homes of many innocent people, having gotten the addresses wrong, and various lawsuits are still pending as a result.

White House interest in testing the killer narc squad waned after June 17, 1972, the day Liddy himself was busted for the burglary of the Democratic Campaign Headquarters. But even this did not end Liddy's antinarcotics activities. One week after the Watergate burglary, his agents allegedly stole documents from the office of the attorney for Scott Camil, a defendant in the Gainesville trial of antiwar Vietnam veterans charged with conspiracy in connection with the Miami Democratic and Republican conventions that summer. Subsequently, in March 1975, Camil was shot in the back by Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) agents who then removed Camil's notes on the Gainesville trial from his house. The two incidents may not be unrelated, Liddy's break-ins and aborted plans to kidnap radicals during the political conventions typified the Nixon administration's *modus operandi*.

ODALE was finally disbanded in June 1973, and most of its agents reverted to their former agencies or were assigned to the OEA, Nixon's next attempt at a drug superagency. Now the DEA is being charged by Senator Henry Jackson's Senate Investigating Committee with "the wounding and killing of innocent citizens, and torture of foreign and American citizens abroad." As more pot-laden airplanes fall from the sky, as increasing numbers of dope dealers are gunned down without trial, as boats are sunk at sea merely for refusing Coast Guard boardings, the fear spreads that Liddy's killer narc squad idea has spawned a policy of genocide for America's dope traders—a modern witch hunt for modern witch doctors. Responsible citizens can only hope that the specter of Liddy will be lifted and deaths on both sides will end soon. □

# JOHNNY BOB DISCOVERS DOPE

*Start  
here at  
Aunt Bessie's*



## W R C A F

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BRITISH COLUMBIA  
CANADA

try our special sauce on everything  
please pay when served

*Stole  
Pontiac  
here*

*GOT  
BUST  
HE*







# I was sixteen

when I decided to leave the reservation. I went down to Charlotte City, where my cousin had his fish boat, and I said, "Cousin, give me a ride to Vancouver." My cousin, for all that he beat his wife, was a pretty good man.

He said, "Johnny, I can't give you a ride to Vancouver, but I can give you a ride to Bella Coola. That is on the mainland, Johnny, and connected by and with many great cities."

That same afternoon my cousin dropped me off on the dock at Bella Coola. First thing I saw was the liquor store. Fuckin' near about the last thing I remember seeing too. I went in and bought a bottle of Colona dry red wine. They say this wine is made from animal skins and aged in a tank car on an abandoned railway siding. Who cares, when they are the only wine company with the decency to put a hand grip on the bottle? I drank this wine, and then, may the Lord have mercy on my soul, I stole another man's Pontiac.

They say, the white people in Bella Coola, that Indians and liquor don't mix. I don't know about that, but I do know that we mix a lot better than Pontiacs and telephone poles, which do not mix at all. I woke up in the Bella Coola jail charged with stealing another man's Pontiac. I tried to put a brave face on things, but all the time guilt was gnawing away inside me like a rat in a root cellar.

I appeared before his Honor the judge. This man was a judge because he owned a supermarket; this is something I've noticed about judges in many places. His Honor told me that I was a disgrace to all my people. He doesn't know my aunt Bessy. I could never be a disgrace to her, since she is already a disgrace for chopping a hole in the side of her stove with an ax (she is a strong woman) and letting the fire spill onto the shack floor so that she could spend the winter at the priest's house, where there was a television and canned food.

His Honor the judge went on to ask me what my ambition in life was—so many Indians have no ambition, it's part of their problem, he said—and he encouraged me to be frank. I told him. I want to be the first Canadian Indian astronaut, and if I couldn't be that I'd like to drink a case of Molson's beer in the back seat of a Pontiac with his daughter.

His Honor decided that I was a bad Indian and that it would be best if I and the rest of mankind parted ways for a while, and so he sentenced me to six months in the big-time prison for wild Indians at Prince George.

(continued on next page)

COMMUNE  
OF THE 71

(WHERE I)

A Canadian Tale  
by Johnny Bob

as told to Ted Mann

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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

## I smoked much of this marijuana and felt not the slightest desire to steal a Pontiac.

That was my first big trip. Police car to Prince George. I guess it was about five hundred miles of very bad road. On the way the police officers and I saw several bears and a good many moose and deer. Once when we saw a very big grizzly bear I explained to Officer Clark, who was driving, that I was a member of the bear clan and shared many qualities with the grizzly bear. He said that my shirt might stick as high but he had never heard of a grizzly bear getting drunk and wiping out an honest workingman's Pontiac. Officer McCarthy called me a fuckin' savage and asked me if I hadn't ever heard of Christianity? He wasn't up to much, that man.

About halfway to Prince George we picked up another Indian, who turned out to be a distant cousin of mine. He was about to begin a ten-year sentence for maliciously running over a white man's cattle in his pickup truck. Officer Clark bought a bottle of whisky at the Alexis Creek Hotel, and he gave us a few drinks as we continued on our way. Unfortunately I had a chance to drink only a few shots before my cousin broke the bottle off on the door handle and attempted to put it to good use on the exposed throat of Officer McCarthy, who had just made some chance comment about Indian women's cunts smelling like the Skeena River after the salmon spawn. So they beat up my cousin and tightened his handcuffs till his hands turned blue, and they wouldn't talk to me at all, even though all I'd done was shout, "Let's have his yellow scalp for the clothesline."

The next six months were dull and tedious. Everybody does the same thing in jail: makes daggers in the metal workshop and beats off Johnny Cash never came to our prison, and neither did anybody else with three cents in his pocket. When the day of my release rolled around the warden had a little talk with me. He said he hoped he would never see me back in jail again. I said, "You're right, sir. I've learned my lesson. The life of crime is not for me. Most likely, sir, I will be on a bus heading for Harvard this very afternoon. I will become either a specialist in metallurgy or a constitutional lawyer. You know, sir—whatever the guy sitting next to me on the bus thinks best."

By three o'clock I was one drunk Indian, sitting by the pool table in the Fort Hotel. I was explaining to a white man named Big Wave Dave the importance of Franz Boas. I was just about to tell him Boas discovered the Nootka when somebody hit him over the head with a pool cue. This Dave was a cut above your average white man, so I pretended to fall forward and prevented the white man who had attacked him from kicking him in the face. Big Wave Dave staggered to his feet clutching a marble ashtray, and as I hurried out the door I was pleased to see him laying waste to the teeth of the man who had attacked him. But I didn't hang around, since Indians found at such disturbances are likely to be charged with murder, kidnapping or caters.

I decided that I had best go to Vancouver and see what there was to see before the people locked me up again. Twelve o'clock saw Johnny Bob running for a freight train. I got into the third car and found white man Big Wave Dave already there. He had considerable wine and some stuff I had never seen before called marijuana.

"Had to leave town," he said. "Couple of waiters got a mouthful of ashtray when they got too close on the backswing. One bastard fell through a plate-glass window. Bad business—I'm quite unhappy. I think most people in this world have some good about them. Well, except for one guy I know who doesn't have any good about him at all... but I'll take care of him when I get back home. Want some wine? Here, smoke some of this. It's dope. Just smoke it like a cigarette."

I took a few puffs, hoping it would not have me stealing Pontiacs. (It is a thing Johnny Bob has since noticed in many parts of the world, liquor is named after what it has made a man do. In Nova Scotia I have drunk old porch climber, in Louisiana I once drank Shreveport window breaker. I have never drunk Dallas dog-fuckin' whisky, though I met a man who did and who confessed he was no exception to the rule.)

Over the twelve-hour train trip Dave and I smoked much of this dope, and I felt not the slightest desire to steal a Pontiac. On the other hand, neither did I see the face of God, as Big Wave Dave claimed to. Toward morning he confessed that he didn't believe in God. I told him I didn't believe the Great Raven made the world.

"No no," he said. "They say God made the world in seven days and on the seventh day he said 'Let there be light.' Well, that means he built the whole goddamn thing in the dark... and they say he was all alone out there for a while... well, he must have been a lonesome cocksucker... and where'd he come from? It's like I was telling you, I can't stand these Holy Joes. They're just not what you would call an intelligent group of people. I was talking to one of them the other day. We were talking about some guy who tried to steal something. This Holy Joe says, 'That's one thing they teach you in the army. They teach you to hate thieves.'"

"Well, I didn't say anything, but there are a few other things they teach you in the army, like how to take a shit while standing at attention. The fuckin' army, I ask you?"

It was early morning when the train pulled into the freight yard in Vancouver.

At five-thirty in the morning the freight yards were a beautiful sight. Since that morning I have been many places in this world and perhaps the next, but never have I seen a freight yard to rival Vancouver's. A little bit of mist drifting around and tufts of yellowy green grass growing up between the ties of an unused siding. At the far end of the yard near the watchman's shed, an engine shunted a couple of loaded boxcars about. What were they full of, those boxcars? Transistor radios? We didn't have much time for such thoughts, though, because the local train pig chose that moment to come barreling out of his shed, blowing his whistle and waving his flashlight around like he was landing a couple of squadrons of Hurricanes in a storm.

"Fuck that," said Big Wave Dave, "the guy must be crazy."

We ran across the yard as fast as we could, with the yard bull bellowing behind us. We must have run all the way to Pender Street before we stopped. The yard bull was gone. Big Wave Dave said he saw him puking on an

(continued on page 56)





High Style

# Needleworks

Whether you're fixing a hole or stitching a slash, only the needleworker knows when to turn off, turn in, drop one, purl two for a few years maybe you will be able to buy these clothes at Penney's. Meanwhile you'll have to make your own, as these people did. The following finery is some of the best from the Marin County set. The devil does find work for idle hands, as these heavenly creations show. Rich or poor, pass the eye of your needle through a pair of Levi's and raise your fashion spirit.

Photographs by  
Jerry Weinbach





**(Top center)** The lady inhabits a Gioconda smile of impenetrable unearthliness and a dreamy mandala by Marilyn Gould, expert embroiderer.

**(Top right)** The more traditional motifs on the facing page are shirted symbols of stonedom by numinous needlefreak Shelley Sheltren.

**(Bottom left)** Here sits Wilder Bentley in his new improved Harris tweed. Wilder scored the jacket from Goodwill, then applied a sewing kit from Kress's and simple ingenuity to transform it into a personal statement.



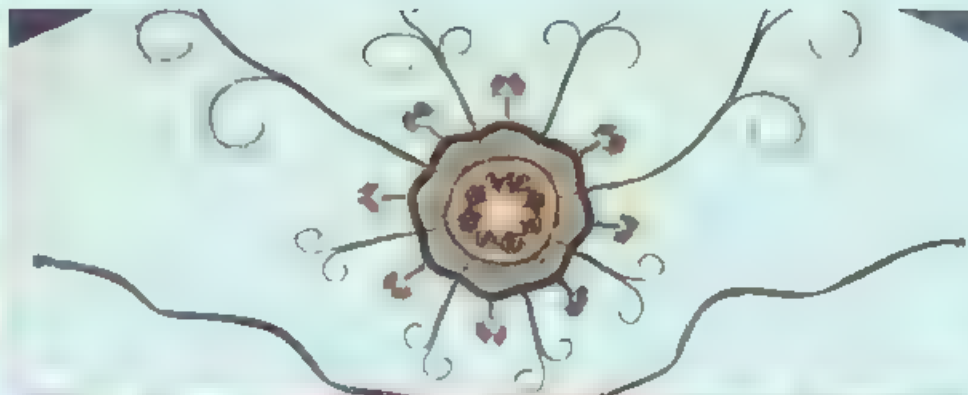
From *Yahweh Funk & Post*  
published by SC & Shaw Press

Copy gh 9 4  
by Alexandre Jacopetti  
and Jerry Wainwright

**(Bottom right)** Bill Sapio employed an Algerian eye-stitch in his wild, wild vest. Snappy.

**(Left)** The fancy foot at right is that of Alexandra Jacopetti, who says the design "came to me at orgasm and I was just able to make it to the pencil . . . I first sketched out the bare outlines, then took up a needle and thread to catch the spirit."







**(Left)** Blazed out in blue batik is Elia Haworth. She and her celestial serape were made in the last promotion of the blessed. It's painted with promises of life everlasting; the kind of dud that takes a long time to make, but worth handing on for generations.

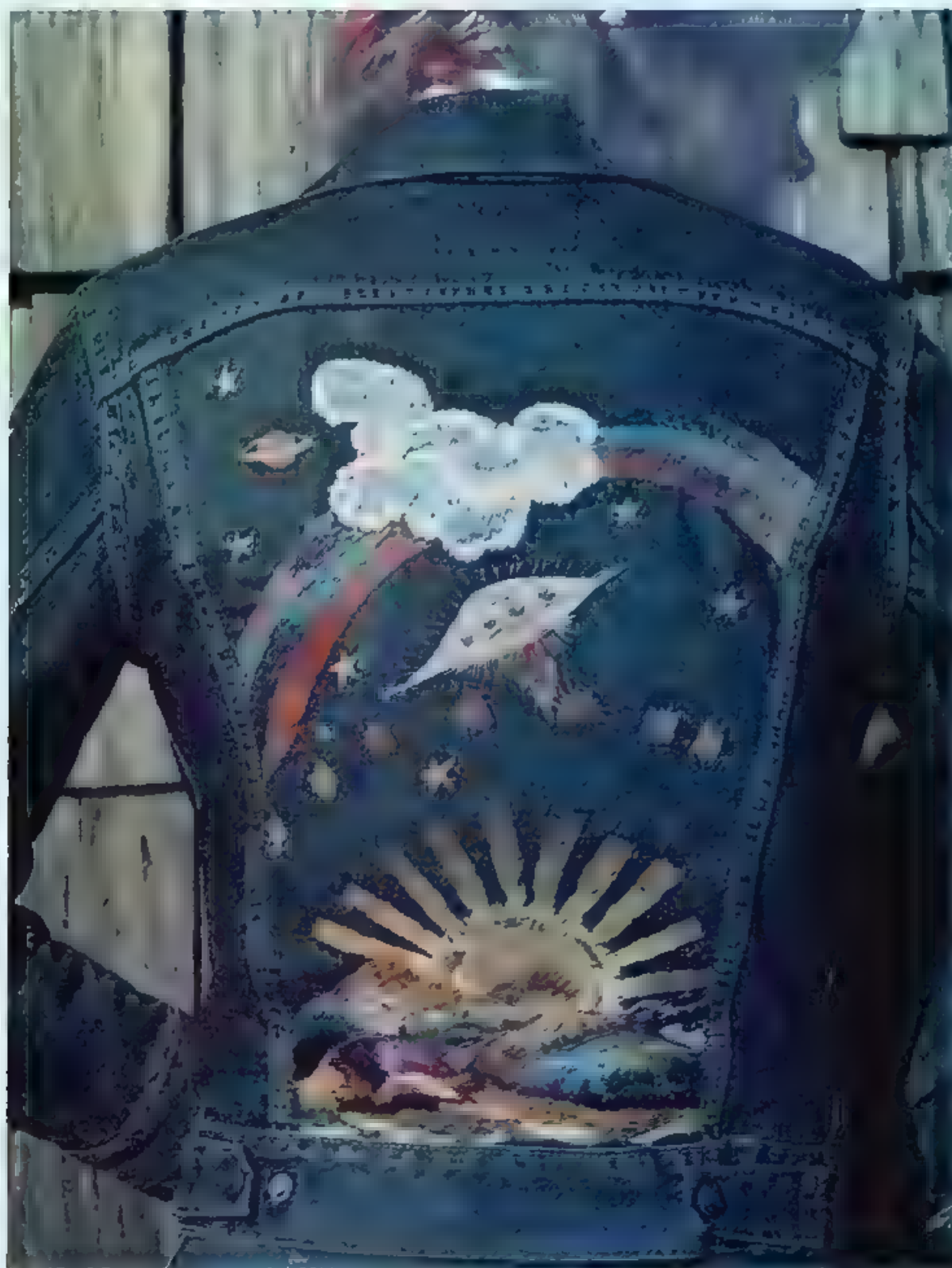
**(Top)** Mary Virginia Patton's double-exposed drapery is a fitting filigree for duds on dolls.

**(Right)** Equally ethereal is Pat Haines's rain-bowed raiment. Pat, by the way, made the first jeans skirt in the area, in 1969.

**(Below)** The anonymous acid arbor is available nowhere. And everywhere.







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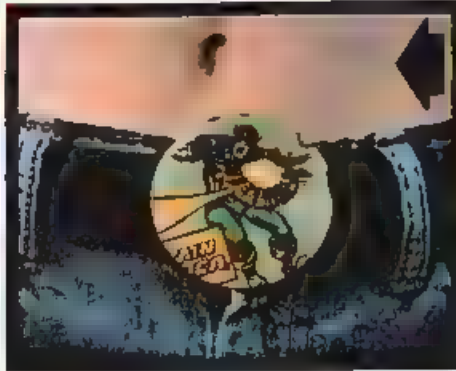
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# High Style

Waistco

From the confines of New York's Greenwich Village, our intrepid band of Superheroes rushes to join their comrades in the most exciting hold-ups yet conceived. Meanwhile, Spiderman is in a thrill-packed spot and needs help.



"Holy stash, Captain America, this is a tight one!"  
Zap! "Right, Spidey! You tie up that big fellow while we hold up these villains."



"Oh no ... a street hassler! Only the Hulk can protect her."



Click! Victory!  
"Remember, mister, everything has a catch! Even a belt."

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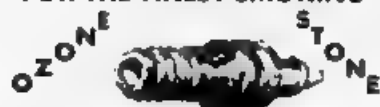
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# JOHNNY BOB DISCOVERS DOPE

(continued from page 48)

oil drum when he looked back.

"Too goddamn fat to run that shit problem the big fuckin' garbage can. Probably drunk too. Guys that work on the railroad are worse bums than the guys that ride freight trains and I oughta know, I done both."

There weren't many buses running at that hour, so we started walking up Granville Street toward Fourth Avenue. When we were about halfway there, a bus did come along. We got on and sat in the back.

Dave said, "Hey, you know that bus driver had some beads on? Even the straight people are starting to pick up the vibes." We were the only people on the bus, something I have never gotten used to. To this day if I am alone on a bus I hear vague murmurings, and against my will I begin to question the value of existence. I believe I am hearing the ghosts of assholes. If a real asshole dies, his ghost is going to pick some place like a bus to hang around. You have to be an Indian to understand.

Dave and I got off the bus at Bay Street. He explained to me that we were going to the Commune of the Seven Raids. He said that a lot of people lived there, a lot of very hip people, and if I wanted to I could live there too. That was fine with me. I knew I had to find a place quickly, because my uncle Billy Two Jobs had told me that if Indians don't find a place to stay in Vancouver the police find one for them.

Screaming Jimmy Diesel, the country-and-western singer—maybe you've heard of him—was watching TV when we walked in the door. "Hey Dave," he said without turning around, "that Captain Kirk has a pretty good job. Gets to kiss all those screwy-lookin' space broads. . . . Hey, will ya look at that phony-lookin' monster—Jeez Christ, if something like that came to my door on Halloween I'd have it bobbing for apples and doing tricks for the company. . . . Come on, you fucking scummy monster, rip her dress off."

Dave introduced me, and Screaming Jimmy Diesel turned around to have a look. He squinted and said, "What are you, some kind of Indian or something?"

I said yes, I was a Nootka Indian. "Have you ever heard of Franz Boas?" I said. "He discovered the Nootka."

Never heard of no Franz Boas. Still. I haven't heard of everybody. Where have you guys been? Prince George eh? Fuck city. I'd rather live in a sewer and eat turds off the end of a stick. Did you sell any dope up there? I hear they pay twenty a tab for acid. At least that's what the Bug said before he got busted. He phoned the other night. He was calling from the doctor's office in the jail while the doc was out of the room. It seems as how he'll be away for six months. He was really making money before he got nailed though. He took twenty tabs of that greasy purple dog poison, cut them into quarters, capped them and sold them as two-hit caps for twenty-five apiece. Those fuckers in Prince George probably think a good trip is when you get a chance to puke before you're paralyzed. The only reason the Bug got busted was because he laid a tab of real good acid on this fifteen-year-old chick and she dropped it before she went to run a bakery booth at the Lions' Club fund raiser. She couldn't make change for one of her father's friends, so she freaked out and started screaming she was dead, high on

acid, and that the Bug had given her the tab as a reward for a fine blow job. The cops picked up Bug at the Greyhound station, which is kind of lucky because the chick's old man blew his mind on cheap rye that night and blasted a few holes in the window of the health-food co-op with his moose rifle. I'll tell you one thing though, since the Bug's been gone the quality of dope in this town has gone up two hundred percent easy. So your name's Johnny Bob eh? Ever do any speed, Johnny? Here, try these. What the hell, take them all."

I took the pills with a glass of wine. Dave said that he was tired and was going to go to bed and offered to show me my room. I said I was tired too and could certainly use some sleep. This made Screaming Jimmy Diesel laugh, but I paid no attention, since I had decided that he was bailing about two hundred in the sanity department. My room had a sheet hanging over the doorway, and inside was a green spotlight and a poster of a skull. The mattress had a couple of sleeping bags on it, and there were a few books scattered around. Dave said that it used to be the Bug's room and left. I lay down and tried to sleep, but I kept tossing and turning. Finally I decided the skull was making me nervous, so I ripped down the poster, stomped it up a bit and threw it out the window. I lay down again and found I still couldn't sleep. It made me very angry. I knew I should be sleeping, but I couldn't.

**My uncle said he didn't like  
talking to the animals,  
because they were stupid.  
All they talked about was  
where to find some nuts or  
who was fucking whom.**

Later, Screaming Jimmy Diesel explained it to me this way. "It's the pills. They'll keep you awake. You could drink a case of beer, beat off a thousand times and read Eisenhower's biography and you would still be awake. They're heap strong medicine, hah-hah. Some scientist invented them to keep him on his feet between trips to the refrigerator. . . . hah-hah. Say, what kind of dope do you Indians go for?"

I said that mostly we went for red wine because it was cheap and plentiful in the Queen Charlottes and gave a better grade of hangover than beer.

"How about smoking dope. You got any smoking dope in the Queen Charlottes? Any acid? Meth?"

I told him we had some meth, but a cousin of mine drank it and it put him in the ground.

"Not the same stuff," said Diesel. "Meth's speed, like those pills I gave you. Your cousin must have been into some weird kind of Indian bath-tub dope. . . . Do you know why we're called the Commune of the Seven Raids? Because we're right next to the Commune of the Seven Truths, that's why. That place is fuckin' weird. The guys that live there figure that each one of them represents a different truth. There's seven of them. Not a single broad. . . . can you imagine? They're



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something like monks, only they dance around nude in the back yard, and they're building a space-ship landing platform out in the country some place. Hey you gotta meet these guys, they're really weird. Listen, I'll phone them up."

Diesel got up and walked to the phone. "You'll really get a kick out of these guys," he said dialing. "Hello? Who's this... hey Parkland, how are you doing, man? Listen, I've got a guy over here that really wants to meet you. He's an Indian... He's really into that kind of stuff. His father was a medicine man or something. Hell no, I'm not stoned, I'm off the stuff completely after what happened to Snake Fraser... yeah, he thought he was a Chevrolet and tried to ram a cop car that was speeding down Fourth... Sure, come on over."

Diesel hung up. "He's coming right over," he said.

We sat there for a few minutes, Diesel going on about how weird these guys were and how they never ate meat or even fish, and me with my head spinning slowly. The front door opened, and a tall thin man with brown hair and mustache glided into the room. He didn't say a word. Just glided in like a paper airplane and sat cross-legged on the floor by the television.

Diesel turned off the TV and said, "Parkland, this is Johnny Bob."

I nodded politely to him and he bowed slowly from the hips.

"You're a very strong person," he said. I didn't say anything, and, for a time, neither did he. "Is it true," he said, "that if Indians take LSD nothing happens to them?"

If I had known what LSD was like then, I would have been pissed at him for suggesting such a thing. As it was, I said I didn't know about LSD but this "speed" sure messed Indians around.

He appeared slightly startled but soon recovered and began rocking back and forth chanting. Then he stopped suddenly and said, "White people really don't know what it is to be spiritually in tune. They have no sense of the universe. I mean, they come along and mess up the Indians without even realizing that the Indians are really a beautiful, natural people...."

(Johnny Bob must interrupt to say that he has been watching television in New York and has seen several Indians cry when unthinking white people throw garbage at their feet. This scene is followed by a message to the white people to have respect for the land and its natural beauty. It says nothing about having respect for the Indians standing by the roadside. What a bunch of dog shit. They've never seen the pile of bean cans and salmon bones outside Aunt Bessy Bob's window.)

Then this fellow asked me if I knew how to speak to the animals. I said that I didn't but that my uncle did. My uncle said he didn't like talking to the animals, because they were stupid. All they talked about was where to find some nuts or who was fucking whom. I told him so, and he started rocking and chanting again. Just like a senile person. Then he stopped and asked me if I would show him the way. I was feeling really spaced out, so I just got up really slowly, led him to the door, pressed his hand three times and left him out on the porch, closing the door carefully behind me.

This is just one of many stories I have to tell. If you liked this story please send a postcard to the editors of *High Times* and tell them you want to hear more Johnny Bob stories!

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# Interview

(continued from page 17)

ultimate causes of disease

**High Times:** How does that change anybody's everyday health?

**Well:** When you begin to think this way about the physical agents of illness, treatment becomes less a matter of trying to combat their action than it is a matter of learning how to control the internal mechanisms of the body. These two possible ways of dealing with disease are analogous to the two methods of dealing with the drug problem.

**High Times:** In what way?

**Well:** You can try to wipe drugs out, or you can work to improve relations with them. It's the same with germs.

**High Times:** How has your disease theory been working out?

**Well:** Pretty well. I'm generally pretty healthy.

You know, I think that getting high in a good way is an essential part of learning to control disease. When you're high you are using your mind in an expanded way, and it's through such expanded consciousness that you learn to run your body smoothly.

**High Times:** Another one of your theories is that the things you take into your body can have highly variable effects. One example you give is refined sugar.

**Well:** I really became interested in sugar when I was in Latin America hanging around the sugar fields. You know, you do raw sugar and it tastes slightly funny and you don't want to eat that much of it. On the other hand, refined sugar contains only the sweet essence of the original stuff.

**High Times:** What's wrong with that?

**Well:** Just this. You lose that taste which signals your body not to overdo it. The refining wipes it out. Now, I'm not sure just how bad white sugar is for people, although many

say it's terrible. But I do know that if only raw sugar were available, total sugar consumption would be a tiny fraction of what it is now.

**High Times:** But can't the body learn new signals?

**Well:** If you just look at the way white sugar behaves in our society, you realize that the body hasn't adjusted yet.

**High Times:** Has sugar been misbehaving in our society?

**Well:** Yes. People are addicted to sugar—it would be very hard for most people to substantially reduce the huge amount of it in their diets.

**High Times:** Are there other such culprits in our diet?

**Well:** Take something like the flour we consume. A lot of digestive illnesses may be a consequence of eating white bread. White flour lacks the germ of the whole grain. When you eat it your intestines don't have enough bran to work on. Refined foods are so easy to take into the body that you get hooked on them and don't like the natural versions.

**High Times:** But haven't we seen a move away from all those things?

**Well:** Yes. More and more people today are exploring their environment and learning to use what nature provides. I think it's a good trend. As I said earlier, I think people who grow their own drugs or gather them are closer to their drugs and benefit more.

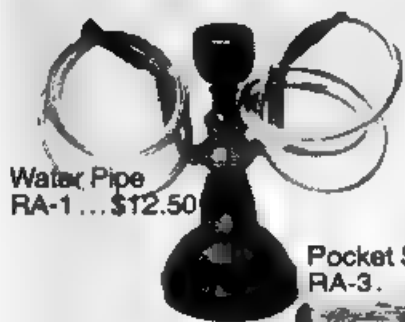
**High Times:** What are you doing now?

**Well:** Living in Oregon. I travel some, give a few lectures to make some money, and I'm trying to set up an experimental practice in preventive medicine based on teaching about diet, natural drugs, massage and other simple techniques. You know, there's a lot happening in Oregon. Some very interesting mushrooms up here.

**High Times:** How do you think a magazine like *High Times* can be useful in "solving" the "drug problem"?

**Well:** I think that the free dissemination of information is valuable in itself. Any accurate information you print about what drugs are and what they do and how people react to them is all part of the education that will help solve the drug problem. Once they have that information, people can learn through their own experiences how to use drugs responsibly. ■

## PIPES & ACCESSORIES FROM



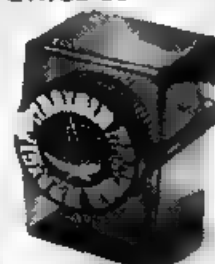
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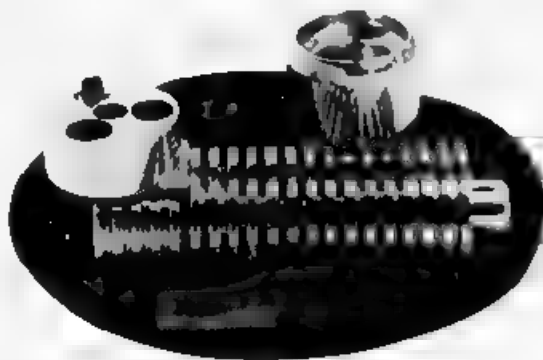
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# DOPE RIDER

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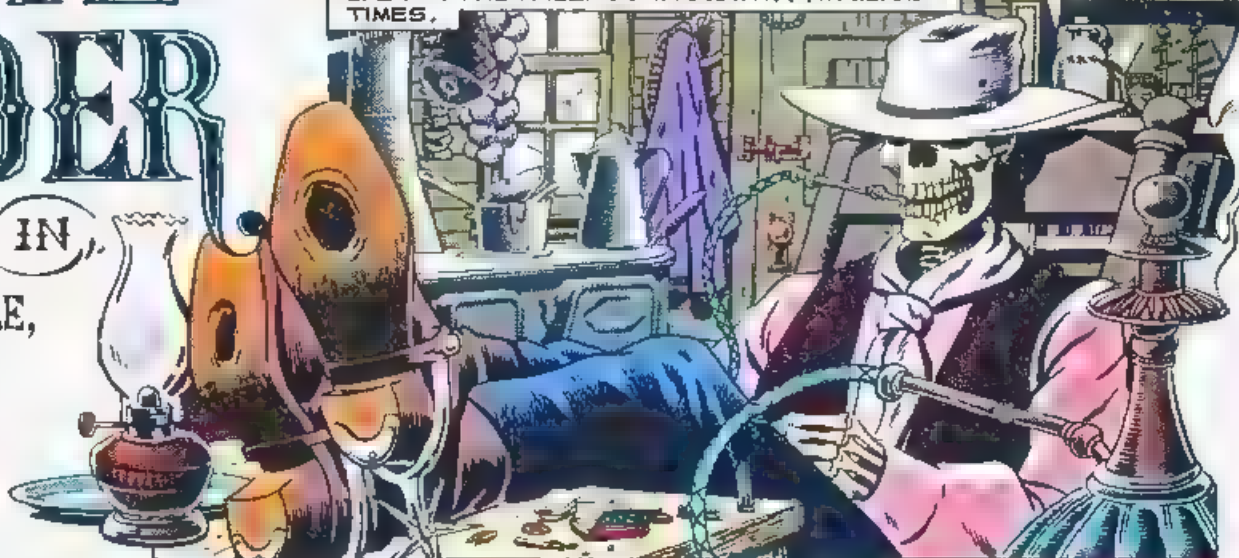
"MEANWHILE,  
BACK AT  
THE  
RANCH..."

THE LEAN RANGER  
RIDES AGAIN

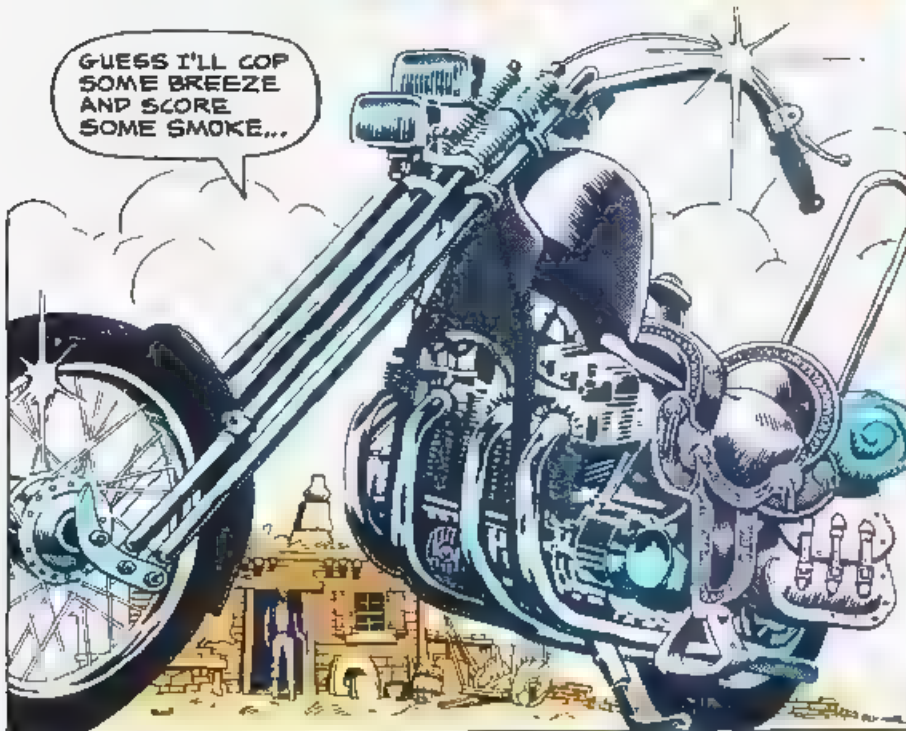
FOR TOM CONROY

ANOTHER NIGHT HAS PASSED, ANOTHER DAWN  
BROKEN... ANOTHER DAY TO ASK YOURSELF... "WHY?"  
FOR DOPE RIDER, TO WHOM THE YESTERDAYS  
SEEM ENDLESS AND THE TOMORROWS NUMBER-  
ED, THERE IS NO EASY ANSWER... JUST A STALE  
TASTE IN HIS MOUTH AND THE WEARY EYES OF  
ONE WHO HAS FACED-DOWN DEATH A THOUSAND  
TIMES.

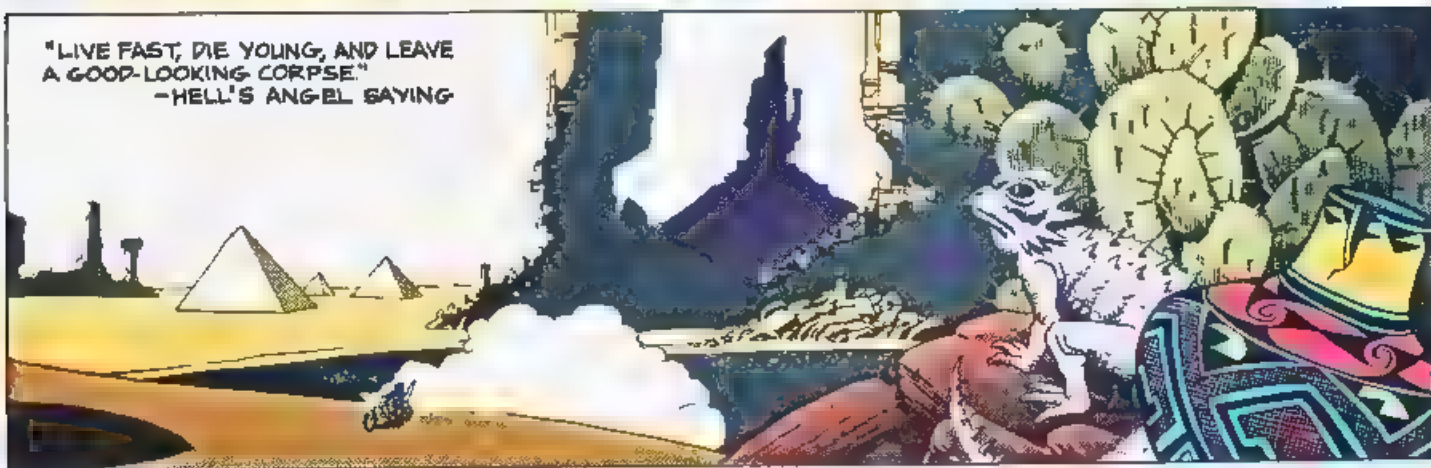
IT BEATS  
WORKIN'



GUESS I'LL COP  
SOME BREEZE  
AND SCORE  
SOME SMOKE...



"LIVE FAST, DIE YOUNG, AND LEAVE  
A GOOD-LOOKING CORPSE"  
-HELL'S ANGEL SAYING







HIGH ABOVE THE DESERT FLOOR, THE BLIND SENTINEL MAINTAINS HIS CEASELESS VIGIL.

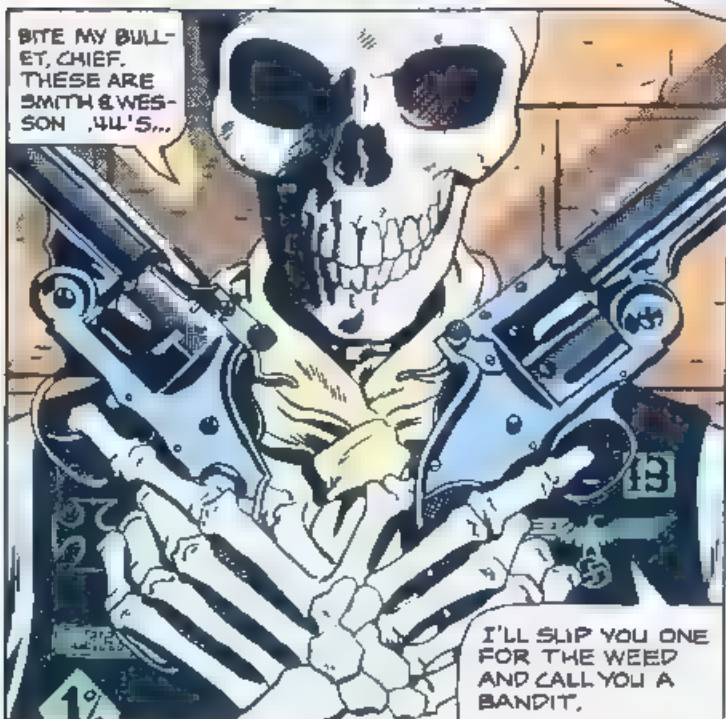


AFTER COUNTLESS UNTOLD ADVENTURES, DOPE RIDER REACHES THE FORGOTTEN CITY OF THE LITTLE-KNOWN "TRIBE-WITH-NO-NAME", SOMEWHERE IN THE LOST MOUNTAINS



I'VE GOT A KILO OF HOME-GROWN THAT YOU MIGHT FIND AMUSING... IT'LL COST YOU TWO PISTOLS

BITE MY BULLET, CHIEF. THESE ARE SMITH & WESSON '44'S...

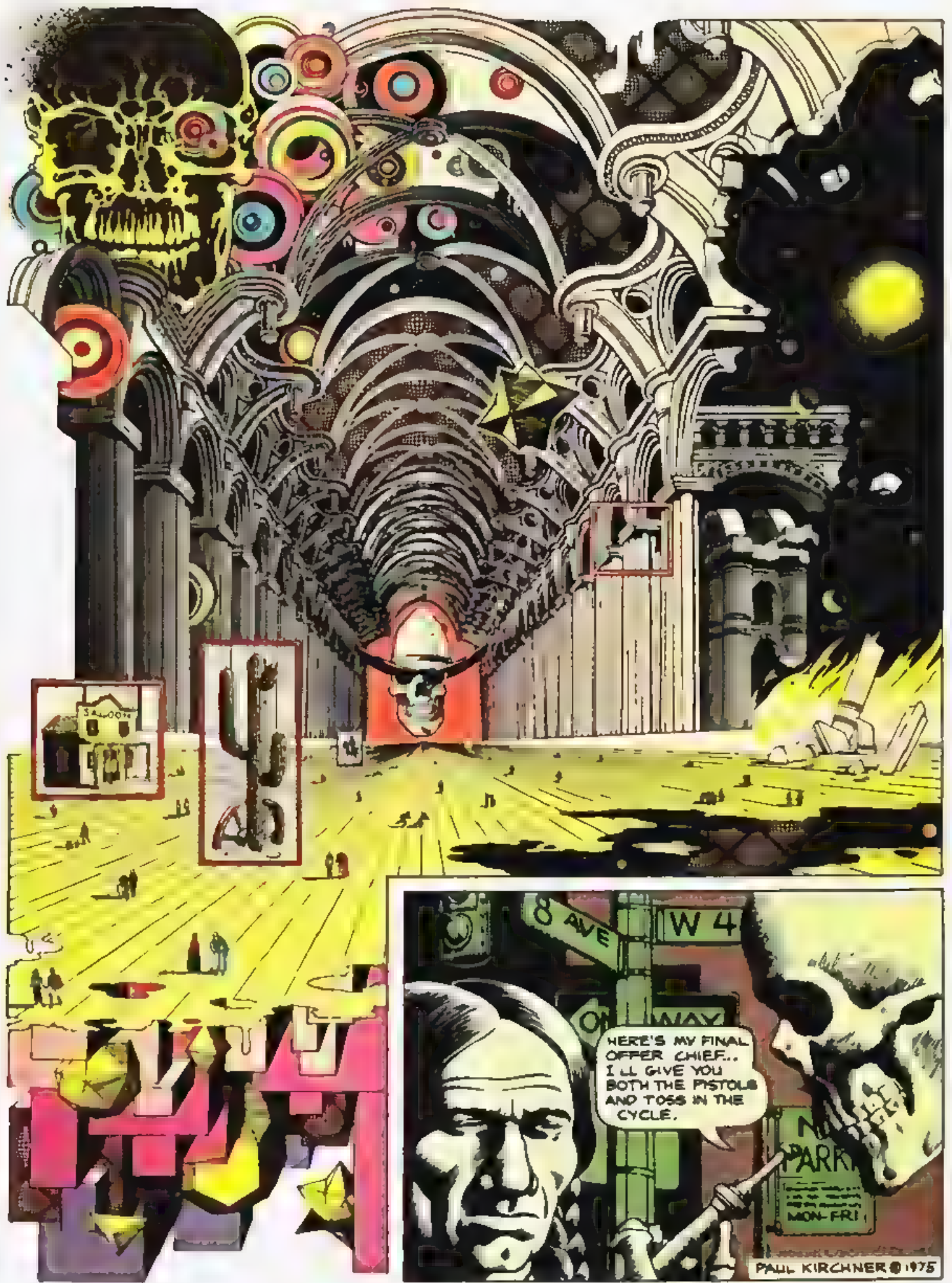


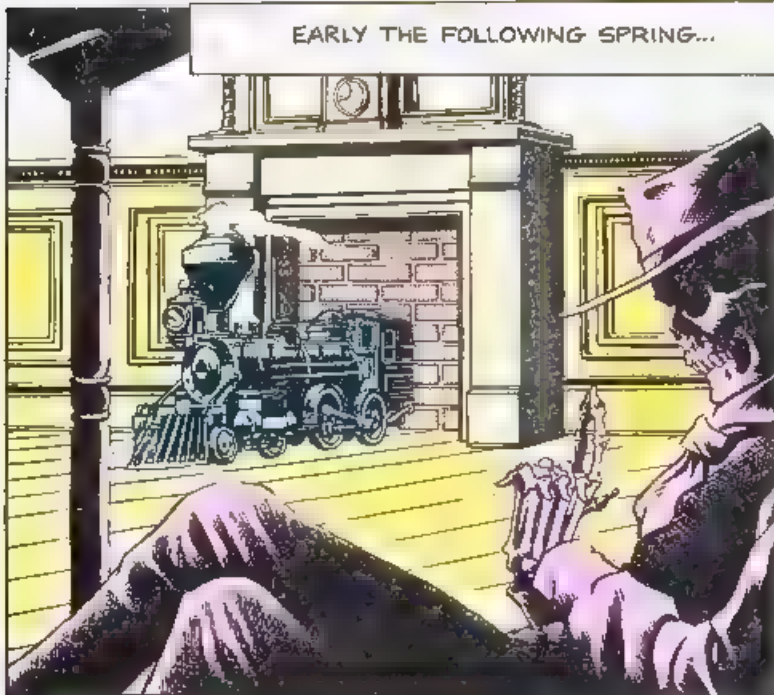
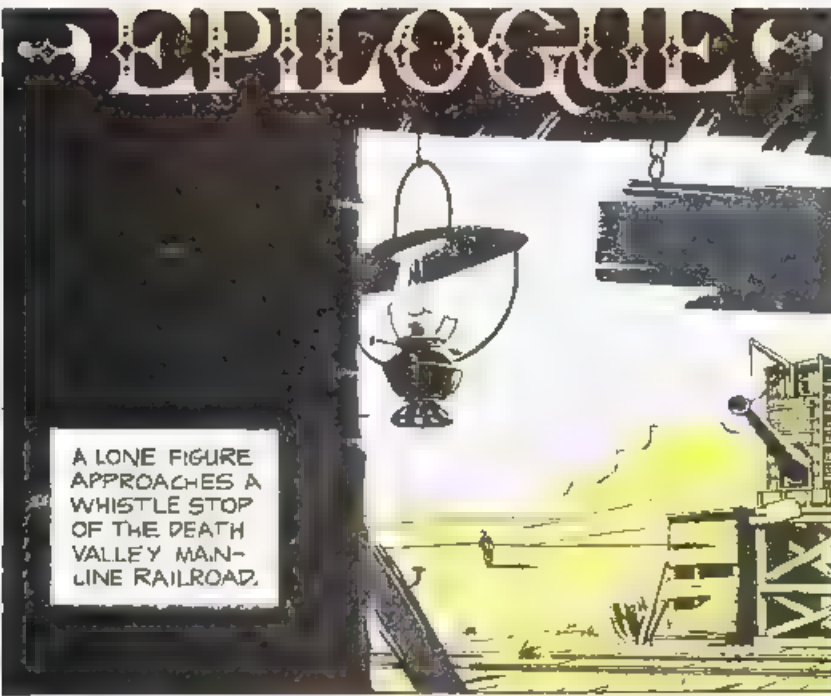
I'LL SLIP YOU ONE FOR THE WEED AND CALL YOU A BANDIT.

HAVE A TASTE AND THEN WE'LL TALK TURKEY...













## NEED FOR REFORM COMES TO AMERICA

(continued from page 41)

The bill was killed for the session, but nevertheless, a key vote was provided in the senate by Robert Hungerford (R - Scottsdale), a conservative who talked in favor of pot reform on the grounds that government has no right to interfere with private behavior. This view represents true conservative philosophy and has gained momentum among many public officials who may dislike marijuana but who dislike government interference even more.

### New York

Since enactment of the notorious Rockefeller Drug Law, interest in marijuana reform has been growing. Before passage of the Rockefeller law and its extremely harsh mandatory penalties for drug possession, very few people realized how severe New York's marijuana laws were. Actually, the Rockefeller law made only a minor change in marijuana laws that were already among the stiffest in the country. Possession of any amount of marijuana is currently a misdemeanor punishable by a year in prison; possession of

Carey admitted that he was dropping plans to urge decriminalization because of the opposition from the senate Republican leadership. He chose to ignore a decriminalization recommendation advanced by his own law enforcement task force, headed by former chief assistant district attorney for Manhattan, Alfred J. Scott.

### The Nation

On Capitol Hill, attention is finally focusing on the need to revise federal marijuana laws. Senator Jacob Javits (R - N.Y.) has for the past three years cosponsored legislation to decriminalize possession of up to three ounces of marijuana. Senator Javits and Representative Ed Koch (D - N.Y.) have reintroduced the bill this year, and it is joined by another proposal, the Marijuana Control Act of 1975. Cosponsoring the bills in the Senate are Jacob Javits, Allan Cranston (D - Calif.), Edward Brooke (R - Mass.), and Gaylord Nelson (D - Wis.). In the House of Representatives, 17 members joined with Representative Koch in cosponsoring an identical bill.

## The Justice Department shift to decriminalization may signal another, larger shift toward reform.

more than 1/4 ounce of marijuana is a felony punishable by seven years. Possession of over an ounce of marijuana or sale are felonies punishable by 15 years, the same as grand larceny, robbery, forgery, arson and manslaughter. Few people ever receive the maximum jail sentences, but reform is understandably a hot issue.

Three significant marijuana bills were introduced in the New York legislature this past year. One, sponsored by Sen. Franz Leichter (D - Manhattan) and Assemblyman Alan Hevesi (D - Queens) calls for the legal sale of marijuana through state licensed liquor stores. A state nonnarcotic drug advisory council would decide the appropriate methods of packaging and selling marijuana. Advertising would be prohibited under Leichter's bill, but the state would levy a tax on each unit sold.

Two other bills call for total marijuana decriminalization. The first, sponsored by state Senator Roy Goodman (R - Manhattan) and Assemblyman Richard Gottfried (D - Manhattan), would legalize private possession of up to 4 ounces of marijuana while establishing a \$50 fine for public dope smoking. The second bill, introduced by Assemblyman H.J. Miller (D - Queens), would decriminalize possession of up to an ounce of marijuana.

All this activity has yet to produce legislative action. Governor Hugh Carey failed to submit compromise legislation that could satisfy conservative legislators. Finally as the legislative session neared its close,

The Senate Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee, chaired by Senator Birch Bayh (D - Ind.) held hearings on the Javits bill, with Senator Bayh using the occasion to voice his support for decriminalization. The subcommittee focused on the mechanics of a civil citation system. Pat Horton was again called from Oregon to illuminate the senators. NORML director Keith Stroup testified in favor of the legislation, observing that "sky diving, drinking alcohol, smoking cigarettes and overeating are but some of the high-risk activities people engage in every day. Yet they remain free from arrest. But the 13 million persons who regularly smoke marijuana are still classified as 'criminals' by the federal government and 48 of the 50 states."

A third witness offered the most significant testimony. Donald E. Miller, chief counsel of the beleaguered Drug Enforcement Administration, indicated that the once-demented Justice Department was in the process of changing its anti-marijuana stance toward a milder approach. This apparent shift to decriminalization in the Justice Department cannot be underestimated. It may signal another, larger move toward reform. Says Stroup, "Should the Attorney General or, better still, President Ford go on record in favor of a civil citation system as opposed to criminal arrest of marijuana smokers, not only would federal legislation be enacted in the future, but a large number of state legislatures would then feel free to move ahead with decriminalization."

It's only a matter of time. ■

## North To Alaska

(continued from page 30)

eral acres of virgin forest. For the most part, they are white, the children of middle-class privilege. But behind the spiritual growth of Alaska lies the mystic animus of the Eskimos.

An Eskimo named Nitumee heads a commune near Prudhoe Bay. That's where we're headed. "They're so far from normal transport, they sometimes have to smoke their snowshoe straps to get high," jokes Ivan.

As we are making our approach, in the dusky blue afterglow, just below the electric flickering of a nascent aurora, I see a dozen figures in parkas waving torches from a field to our left. I notice another lot of people gathered to our right around another plane. Roger spies the plane and curses.

"Fuck, it's finally happened. The rush is on." Shaking his head and squeezing hard on the joy stick, he slides our plane in.

This is the home of the Children of the Fake. Nitumee is a pal of Ivan's from his LSD days in Nome, and the commune is based upon a hippie variant of the strange Eskimo religion. More Children are expected since the Supreme Court ruling, and this summer's order for dope is going to be much larger than last year's. There's much at stake for Roger and Ivan.

Under the preternaturally pale glow of the sky, hooded figures bearing flame approach my companions and mutter greetings in a strange tongue. Ivan translates: others have arrived offering good smoke and a new deal must be made.

Roger spits into the air. Fire is in his eyes as Ivan continues with the bad news. "All these people are mighty stoned on something."

And mighty happy, it seemed. At the top of the earth they live, shortwave radios crackling through long winter nights to the music of rock and roll. They make their own songs with tin cans and seal bone drums. Their eyes fill at evening with polar stars, 50-degree-below-zero air freezing the pot smoke before their faces, shattering the residue of the last high before it leaves the mouth. They are indeed happy, and Roger's anger seems oddly out of place, his fear of strangers an intrusion.

Sky boys from Frisco are inside Nitumee's right now. Seems they're getting high and waiting for us," says Ivan. "They say they're part of a big syndicate, The Brotherhood of Eternal Glow."

Roger pulls a hip flask and takes a long puff, then hands it to me. "Well at least we won't freeze," he offers.

This was the Alaskan experience in a nutshell. The native dealers might very well be stranded on a melting ice floe. Unable to supply fast enough and in variety, because of their distance from the major distribution points, my friends may have flown inland for nothing. The Children were now in a position to barter for better dope. Roger and Ivan feel betrayed. Nitumee has been a special customer; life and limb have been risked every June for five years to service his community.

Inside the igloo several parkaed Children sit in a circle before a whalebone table.

"There's the owners of that Twin Otter we spotted on the other field," Roger nods his head in the direction of two long-haired men dressed in buckskin jackets adorned with silver tassled clamps and colorful Indian-blanket stripes. Both are dressed to the nines in turquoise and silver squash-blossom

(continued on page 66)

# the Sexual Effects of Marijuana

This movie has about a nickel bag's worth of sex and a roachful of info on marijuana, but a ton of fun. It makes no sense whatsoever and was probably filmed on somebody's lunch hour, but it's definitely entertaining.

The film opens at a dull party. Then someone breaks out the marijuana and immediately there's an orgy. A disembodied voice utters a few inane profundities about the difference between juice and boo, and the movie's off on a wild series of unrelated sequences.

Next, a voice recounts studies done on American soldiers in the Panama Canal Zone who picked up the habit of smoking during World War Two. What's funny is that this sequence is padded with pictures of dough-boys slogging back from the Marne in their World War One soup hats. Cut. More fuck shots.

Fiorello La Guardia, mayor of New York City in the Forties, is the next authority cited. La Guardia, who read the Sunday comics over the radio—reportedly while stoned on weed copped in Harlem—is described as the force behind the one marijuana research study that was favorable to marijuana, the La Guardia Report. But his Honor never says

anything on his own behalf. His lips move in some old newsreel footage, and a voice comes on saying marijuana is good, marijuana does not harm the body, marijuana can cause good sex etc. Cut. More fuck shots.

Suddenly, there is the actual footage of Lee Harvey Oswald taking it in the gut. It happens quick and comes from nowhere. The Voice comes on over the frozen frame of Oswald and Ruby and declares that if these men had smoked marijuana their lives might have been different. Right. Cut. More sex.

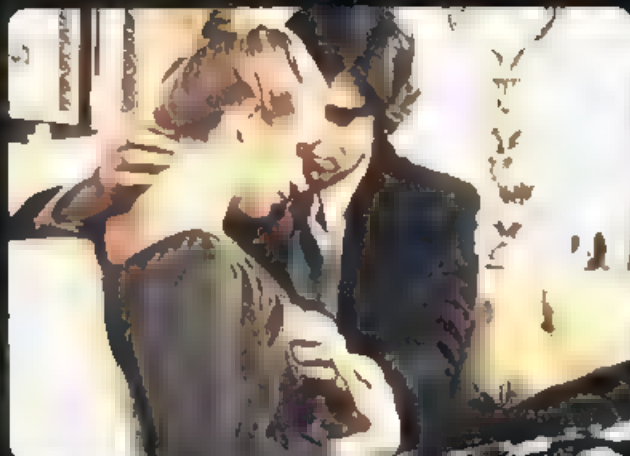
The historical hokum is accompanied by pseudo-documentary explorations of the effects of marijuana on sex—the fuck shots. A typical sequence involves a new groom carrying his bride across the threshold, but when the swain approaches with an erect cock his torrid bride turns away. He asks a friend what to do, and the friend turns the groom on to



marijuana. The trick is how to dose her. So next evening the groom whips up some marijuana cookies. As they are sitting down to a roast, he brightly says, "I've got an idea. Why don't we eat some cookies first." The next shot is a lot of suction and urgent flesh.

Another couple is a sweet virgin teen-queen hippy and a black right-on student demonstrator. Together (and alone) they pace up and down with a picket sign that says something like "Liberate the Bronx Zoo." After pounding the sidewalk a bit, the black guy sits down. "Demonstratin' sho is hard," he says, mopping his brow. "Want to smoke some mary jane?" he adds slyly. An instant later his long dong is filling the screen as they make stoned love.

Mixed in with all this are bits of dementia like footage of a "group therapy session," which has gotting to do with anything and is



totally dull. The Voice tells us that this is the kind of place where people smoke pot.

Another couple includes porn star Johnny (12 inches) Wadd. Johnny is a businessman dictating to his leggy secretary. During a break, the wanton steno lights a joint. Wadd is astonished; he had always been an ale man. But he gladly takes a puff. Instantly the clothes are off and Wadd is up to his hilt.

And so it goes. This movie is so stupid it puts you on the floor with laughter. One incident seems to sum it up. Outside a Hollywood theater, a man is interviewing a dwarf in a cowboy outfit. The interviewer produces a joint and asks the dwarf if he recognizes it. The dwarf sniffs it, eyeballs it, sniffs again, hums, stammers and does nothing but look three feet tall. He finally acknowledges that it looks like "reefer." And has he ever smoked the stuff? Yes, indeed, the little man answers, he smoked it 30 years ago and got so hungry he ate several meals of steak, beer, ice cream, sausage, you name it. But he's never touched the stuff since. As he ends his confession, a total stranger passing by stops, grabs the dwarf's nose and twists it. The stranger then casually walks on. This is what happens if you don't smoke dope for 30 years. ■

**Suddenly, in the middle of fuck shots, there is the actual footage of Lee Harvey Oswald taking it in the gut.**



# North To Alaska

(continued from page 63)

amulets. Patchouli scent mingles with blubber smoke and marijuana odor as the men approach, speaking with a tall Eskimo whose middle age has definitely been tempered with good dope. His eyes twinkle like a snowy owl's, his shoulders are draped with an ermine shawl, and on his fingers twinkle rings of an unspeakable green hue. (I have heard rumors of fantastic jade deposits in the arctic mountains.)

It is a few seconds before we are noticed by the trio. Both of the strangers are tan and fit looking, but have the air of men not used to fighting for their gains. "Nitumee and his new friends," snorts Roger.

Nitumee speaks. "What's happening, my dog children?"

"I think we're about to get the shaft, chief," answers Ivan. I could tell the smiles at the edges of our rivals' mouths had worn Ivan's patience. "Where you fellows from?" he asks Nitumee's companions.

"Anchorage now, brother, but formerly San Francisco. It got a little hot down there, you know. Lots of heat." The man who speaks is thin, wearing a blond ponytail clinched with a suede thong. His companion sits by my side and extends his hand.

"That's what we're offering," he says, handing me a joint.

The Eskimo turns to Roger and begins to speak. "The Children have been offered two new kinds of smoke. By our friends Fat Bobby and Eric." The strangers nod smoothly at Roger and Ivan.

"I don't think that any Afghani oil can be as good as the Oil of Pangutka," objects Ivan quickly. Nitumee leans forward slowly. Ivan, for all his rough exterior, is by blood and love a child of the snow—he has expanded his mind chemically under the midnight sun and is a man to be listened to.

"What's that?" Nitumee asks quietly.

"The Oil of Pangutka, something that few men ever dreamed existed. My cousin Inkat told me about it the last time I saw him." Nitumee's eyes narrow slightly at mention of Ivan's Eskimo cousin. A brief twitch of recognition passes over the faces of Eric and Fat Bobby.

"What about this mysterious oil?" asks Nitumee. Ivan passes a joint across the whalebone table; down its side is a thin, amber line of what looks like hash oil.

"Here, let's smoke some of this Matanuska that Inkat treated with the Oil of Pangutka while I'll tell you what he told me." Outside the sled dogs bark at the strange scents wafted by the arctic wind from inside the igloo.

"Long ago, thousands of years, Alaska was a green and fertile land where a few of our ancestors made their home. Then came the days of moving mountains and hills of ice, bitter winds, snow . . ."

Nitumee flaps his hand, nervously protesting, his attitude far less serene than minutes before. "Can this mush, Ivan. What about the Oil of Pangutka?"

"Have patience, chief, this is a mighty story. I know this, that down in the great caves of the north a freezing took place, so that today men find blocks of solid water with beasts inside them. Then it was that the vast plain of Pangutka, a field overripe with the

our approval. They, too, have braved the north in their airplanes to serve us."

The two tokes I take from the beemered joint have me swimming in a placid green ether listening to the wise words of this strange man wearing ermine, jade and mail-order socks. Putaloo is stunning: the lustre of her black hair, her oriental features and smooth skin have me staring stupidly. Snowmobiles hum in the distance, grow closer, then are silenced as Children return from the day's expeditions.

"I have had you smoke of each other's goods. Then I have seen the miraculous power of Ivan's oil. I have decided to buy my old friends' smoke this time. With the promise from them that they will bring the Oil of Pangutka here for the Children. Your cousin Inkat would not object to sharing his blessing with his brothers, would he?"

"I don't see why not," says Ivan.

"Then I will buy from you this time. The next purchase shall be from both our California friends. After that we will, all of us, do business together as fellow Alaskans. Is that not correct, Eric?"

The tan dealer smiles and shrugs. "Sure." With the new laws and new Children expected to flock north, there would be room and peace for everyone, especially the Brotherhood of Eternal Glove.

The Californians lean over with open hands to shake. This impressive oil has everyone brimming with good spirit. The young girl can wait no longer and Roger's arms are full of gleaming hair and white fur.

"This is all for the best, men," says Fat Bobby, his tan face wrinkling in a big smile. "As soon as we smoked your Matanuska,

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**"Hash oil!" screams Fat Bobby. "Oceans of it! All we have to do is sink some hash oil wells."**

---

"Mexican." The blond dude grins, "Guerrero, to be exact, and it's the finest available north of Hermosillo."

**T**he pomade on Nitumee's shoulder-length hair is luminous under the green glow and smells slightly of salmon; his neck and wrists are heaped with jewelry of ivory and jade. He stretches out on his polar bear rug and continues.

"I will try to reason this matter out, for we are faced with a new age and new decisions must be made." His tone is reminiscent of down-home politicians, but the tattered gray sharkskin god's eye behind him convinces me more is at stake than a paving contract. "The Children have been offered a very fine Mexican smoke, for if you have breathed deeply of it you know it is good."

The man is on target. Roger's mouth has set in an amazed O despite his attempts to keep straight.

"They asked us the equivalent of \$200 in our goods per pound of herb, a price we told them was too high, did we not, Eric?" The blond San Franciscan nods affably, too affably, I think. Ivan and Roger are losing their stunned looks, and now the color is returning to their leathery faces. "It's a very good weed at that price," offers Roger.

"It is and so also is their hashish oil from Afghanistan," replies Nitumee, crushing one half of Roger's Rippent smile.

godly smoking plant, fell beneath the rushing snow, and there it has remained at the peak of its ripeness, through all the ages until now. The heaviness of the glacier earth has weighed upon it, so that the verdant field of herb has become a deep pool of magic."

The angel of silence flew over us. Fat Bobby's eyes bulge and he grabs Roger's sleeve; he is almost hysterical.

"Do you know what he's telling us? Hash oil! Natural hash oil fields under the snow! Oceans of it. All we have to do is tap it, sink a few hash oil wells. . ."

Roger smacks him swiftly. "Be quiet you fool! Ivan, is this oil accessible?"

Nitumee meanwhile summons a girl I'd seen peeking at Roger, and who sits next to Roger.

"Here, Putaloo, come sit with us and smoke this magical oil that our old friend Ivan has brought us. Let's see what its properties are." As she lights the long number with a glowing coal from the ceremonial fire, her large dark eyes stay fixed on Roger. Passing the lit joint to him, she squeezes his thumb.

"My daughter Putaloo has made a choice and so have I," he says. "Until now we have done business with only you, Roger and Ivan, and we have been well served. Indeed, the smoke from Matanuska is among the finest to dance the seal dance to. However, Eric and Fat Bobby also have a holy plant that finds

along with that oil, we knew it was wiser to join forces than to hassle."

Nitumee clucks approvingly. "That has always been the way of the Eskimo. Before the white men came north to our land, we stayed high upon the many fruits of the tundra."

The Children of the Flake now stand about us. Happiness is in their faces.

"When we are together again in three months," says Nitumee joyfully, "there will be many more Children."

**B**oth planes have been readied when we stand and make our way to the exit of the igloo. Roger and Putaloo saunter arm in arm. They have made their arrangements, and the Eskimo beauty is going with us.

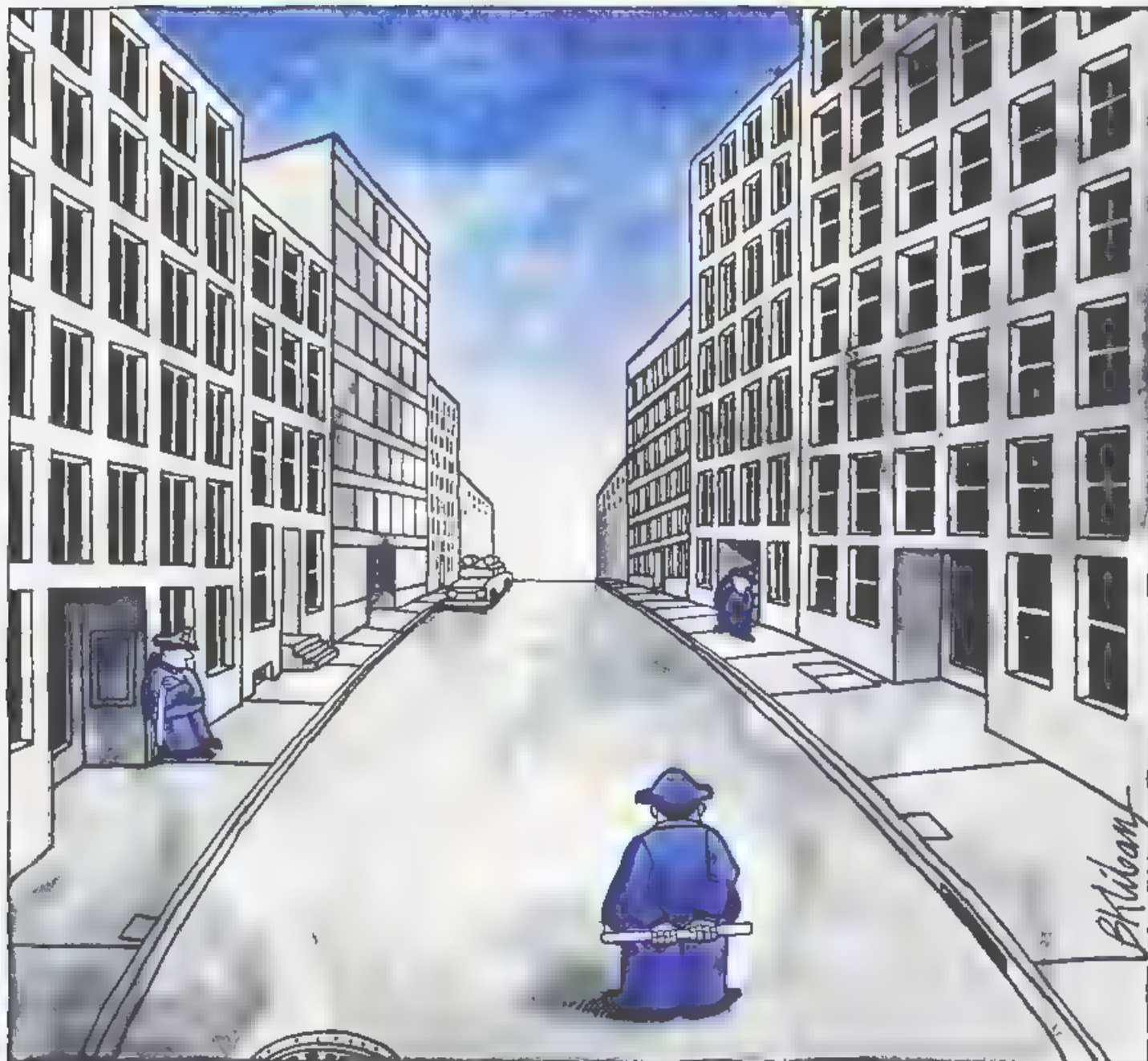
We trail the Californians' sleek Twin Otter until it outdistances us. About an hour later, as we approach Fairbanks, Roger asks Ivan, "Man, I've gotta know—is this 'Oil of Pangutka' riff on the level?"

"Well," says Ivan, pausing. "Maybe. I mean, whatever it is, my cousin has it, right? And if it isn't we still made our sale to the Children of the Flake."

"I guess you're right, Ivan. But it could have been some kind of psychedelic shot. And what about that joint? Was that the real Oil of Pangutka?"

"Who knows," says Ivan, looking out the Plexiglas window. "It might have been." □





Enough people were arrested for marijuana in 1973 to empty the whole city of St. Paul, Minnesota. Don't you think it's time we stopped?



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## Court Restrains Skin Searches

Cynthia Barrett, of Portland, Oregon, has been awarded \$1 500 in the out-of-court settlement of a \$25,000 suit she brought against county commissioners and police when she was forced to submit to a vaginal smear and blood test after being arrested for jaywalking. Barrett, who was also awarded an official apology from the county commissioners, charged authorities with "excessive touching, amounting to battery," after she was booked on the jaywalking charge because she couldn't pay the fine.

In a similar case, Donna Micallef, of New York, recently filed a \$1 million class-action suit against five policemen and a jail matron

because she was subjected to a vaginal and rectal search after being booked for nonpayment of a traffic fine. The suit seeks a restraining order to prevent such skin searches in minor arrest cases.

## Pot Tests Challenged

The most common tests used by police in determining if a substance is marijuana are so inconclusive that licorice, catnip and nutmeg will all give positive results, according to a Rutgers University researcher.

"Trading speed for accuracy, state and federal crime laboratories currently use three ambiguous tests," said associate professor of chemistry Stan S. Hall, "that can give posi-

tive results on many common household items."

One test, the Duquenois-Levine spot test, involves mixing the suspected contraband with a liquid. If the liquid turns purple, the substance could be marijuana — or henna, or mint plants, or licorice, according to Hall. "The funny thing is that nobody really knows what causes the [purple] color. It's a real black magic kind of test."

Another test involves looking at the material under a microscope. The technician seeking the tiny glandular and crystalline hairs that characterize pot. Hall points out that lavender, catnip, oregano and mint all have tiny hairs that could be confused with those of marijuana, rendering the test meaningless.

## Bank Records Protected

The California Supreme Court has ruled that turning bank records over to law enforcement officials without "the scrutiny of a neutral magistrate" violates a person's reasonable expectation of privacy. Police who want to examine the bank records of a person or a business must now first obtain a warrant or court order.

This ruling is the first to categorically state that cops cannot have automatic access to a bank's records in building a case against one of its customers. Justice Stanley Mosk wrote that there is no justification "for such a sweeping exploratory invasion into an individual's privacy," since bank records provide "a virtual current biography of the depositor's personal affairs, opinions, habits, and associations."

## Illinois Agents Rebuked

An elite group of Illinois narcotics agents has been warned to shift their energies from making marijuana arrests to pursuing hard-drug peddlers or face a cutback in federal funds.

The warning, from David Fogel, executive director of Governor Walker's law enforcement commission, was aimed at Illinois's six regional Metropolitan Enforcement Groups (MEGs), with 100 undercover agents in 18 counties. A year ago, a University of Illinois criminologist studied the Cook County MEG and described it as a "failure" that wastes money on expensive private autos, offices and spy equipment for narcs who primarily arrest only minor pot peddlers.

Despite the fact that the units have used up \$4 million since 1970, over half of the 1,125 MEG arrests last year took in marijuana violators or people present where marijuana was used.

## Narc's Perjury Fouls Conviction

The conviction in Vermont of a former undercover narcotics agent on four counts of perjury will likely result in the review of up to 600 arrests made during the cop's six years on the force and in millions of dollars in suits

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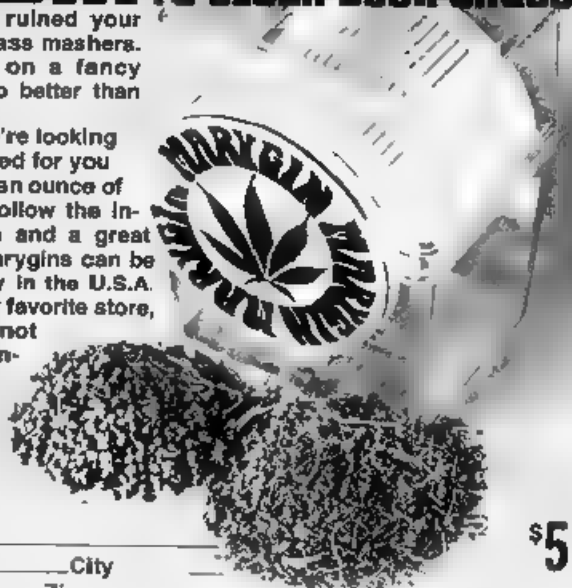
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against state law enforcement officials

Agent Paul D. Lawrence, 30, first aroused attention when defense attorneys handling cases resulting from Lawrence's arrests found that a large percentage of their clients who said they were not guilty easily passed the detector tests. The lawyers complained to the state defender general's office, which authorized an investigation of Mr. Lawrence by Champlain Security Systems, a private company whose 30-page report indicated that Lawrence planted drugs, made conflicting statements under oath, beat up speeding motorists and took women to dinner on police expense accounts. This report was given in February 1974 to then Attorney General Chaney, who allowed Lawrence to continue on his beat.

On May 12, Lawrence was convicted of two counts of perjury resulting from his contention in court that he was discharged from the Army because of appendicitis. The record shows Lawrence was actually discharged because of character defects and apathy. Lawrence now faces two more charges, each of two

counts, for larceny and false report stemming from instances in which Lawrence allegedly pocketed "buy money" given to him to purchase drugs and falsified reports to cover the theft.

## Utah Outlaws Plastic Pot

The state attorney general's office in Utah has ruled that pot is illegal there—even if it has been encased in plastic. Attorney General Vernon B. Romney issued this opinion after Richard McDonough started selling plastic-covered pot at a Salt Lake City gas station.

Romney said, "Distributors and manufacturers of such products often justify the products' legality by reference to informal letters from federal agencies which state that under federal law marijuana encased in plastic is destroyed." Regardless of what federal law or regulation such letters refer to, there is no such exception under the Utah Controlled Substances Act.

## DEA Victim Sues

A New York man who was shot in the head by narcotics agents in a case of mistaken identity last year has filed a \$100.5 million suit against the federal government. The U.S. attorney's reply to the suit charges that the plaintiff "acted dangerously and placed the agents in sudden and imminent peril" and his negligence necessitated the shooting.

On February 28, 1974, Carmine P. Ricca and his wife Christine were driving in Kearny, New Jersey, when their car was stopped by five DEA agents in civilian attire. Within a few minutes, two agents were hit by Ricca's car and a bullet was lodged in Ricca's head.

Ricca's suit claims that the agents "abruptly and without warning" cut off his car, failed to identify themselves, and cursed and yelled at the couple in the car. At some point, Ricca's car lurched forward, striking two agents, and someone yelled "Shoot him." A bullet was then fired from a .38-caliber pistol into the upper left of Ricca's face. ■

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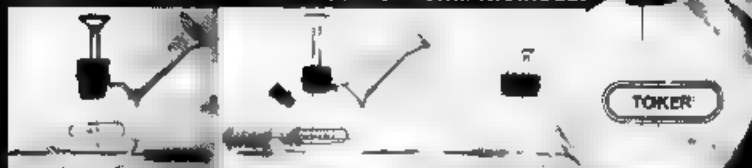
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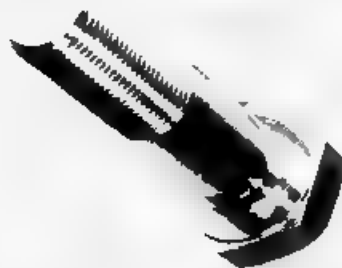
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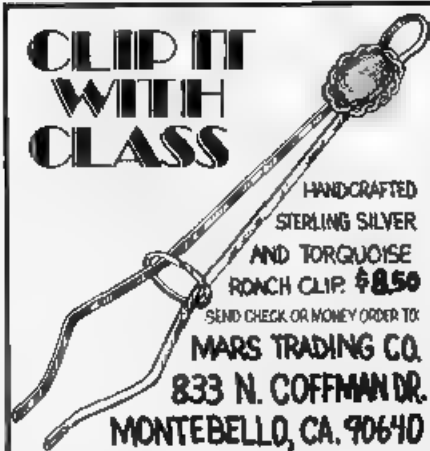
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# Health

## THC Fumes Hazard to Pilots

Flyers and narcs both warn that the biggest  
danger in the aero-smuggling of marijuana  
may come from the pot itself. The moist baies  
of weed spontaneously oxidize much as wet  
hay does, filling the craft with intense heat  
and even more intense THC fumes, which  
may overcome the pilot, resulting in a crash.

## Caffeine Counteracts Cannabis

The findings of four University of Arizona sci-  
entists suggest that if you're high on grass  
and want to straighten out, the best thing to  
do is a lot of Colombian — coffee. Graduate  
student Byron Jones and Drs. Laird, Consroe  
and Picchioni of the department of phar-  
macology and toxicology report that rabbits  
stoned on large amounts of THC quickly re-  
turn to normal behavior after being given a  
good dose of caffeine.

The researchers said that soon after the  
experimental animals were given intraven-  
ous injections of THC they sprawled on the  
bottom of their cages and gave off "sleepy"  
brain waves. "You might call them zonked,"  
said Jones. But within minutes of administra-  
tion of a good deal of caffeine the rabbits  
resumed their hopping and exploratory be-  
havior, producing "alert" waves.

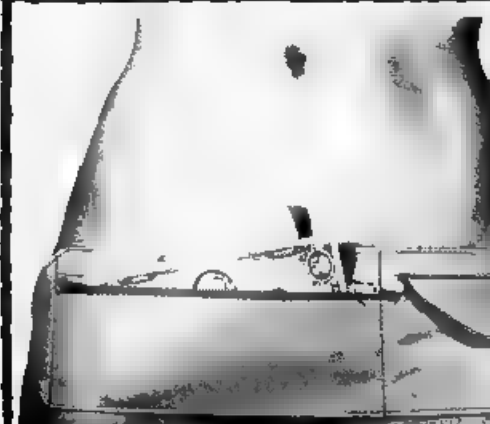
But why swill a dozen cups of coffee when  
a few lines of coke or some ups will stimulate  
you as well? According to Jones, THC-  
stoned rabbits given cocaine or metham-  
phetamine showed disturbed behavior —  
staggering, violent shaking, engaging in re-  
petitive acts, sometimes running in circles.

## Pot Smoking Stops Delinquency

Two surveys of American teenagers taken  
five years apart, indicate that the sharp in-  
crease in marijuana use in recent years is  
probably responsible for the waning of  
juvenile delinquency in the United States.

The surveys, conducted in 1967 and 1972  
by the Institute for Social Research in Ann  
Arbor, Michigan, indicate that only 2 per cent  
of U.S. teenagers between 13 and 16 years of  
age were turning on during the "Summer of  
Love," while a half-decade later a full 20 per  
cent of American adolescence was smoking  
grass. Concomitant with dope's spread have  
been dramatic decreases in car stealing,  
trespassing, gang fighting and breaking and  
entering by that age group.

Rather than seeing the statistics as indicat-  
ing a change in behavior brought about by  
pot, Martin Gold of the research center sug-  
gests that pot smoking has simply replaced  
hooliganism as the way teenagers satisfy  
their need for high jinks. According to Gold,  
"Some youngsters are more motivated than  
others to participate in deviant acts, and  
which kind of act does not seem to matter so  
much as its deviant stamp." Gold opined that



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the upsurge in marijuana use can be attributed to "a great, albeit tacit, tolerance by their parents," who began to see through the horror stories. "In short," Gold said, "science and experience had eroded the marijuana stereotype."

## THC Blunts Withdrawal Symptoms

Three New York University School of Medicine researchers have found marijuana to be effective in blocking the symptoms of morphine withdrawal. Writing in *Science* magazine, the research team says that the THC they gave to morphine-addicted rats apparently completely blocked the painful symptoms of withdrawal. They suggest that the marijuana extract might be useful in helping human addicts through withdrawal from opiates.

## Psychedelic Research Favored by Scientists

Walter Houston Clark and three colleagues from Harvard have analyzed the results of a questionnaire printed in *Behavior Today* and the *Newsletter of the Association for Humanistic Psychology* requesting information from scientists who had done, were doing or were interested in research using LSD-like mind-revealing drugs. It was found that researchers rate the research possibilities of the drugs highly. 33 per cent believed it would lead to a "breakthrough" in any of several areas, while another 32 per cent rated the promise of such research as "high." Only 6 per cent gave it a "negative" or "neutral" rating. Prospects for a breakthrough were thought to be best in the fields of mental health (36 per cent) and religion (34 per cent).

The respondents found government red tape the biggest obstacle to such research. Clark and his colleagues suggest that "both the government and other sources of public funding should consider seriously the easing of the way toward careful, deliberate, and imaginative investigation of knowledge through the mind-revealing drugs."

## "Rejuvenation Drug" Tested

After years of debate, the U. S. Food and Drug Administration has begun licensing tests on a drug that has the reputation of being a veritable "fountain of youth." A wonder drug called Gerovital has, since its development by a Rumanian doctor in 1951, been prescribed abroad for the perennial problems of gray hair, wrinkles, memory loss, rheumatism, impotence and depression. In the United States, smuggling keeps a black-market operation going.

Dr. Frank Hayes of the FDA says that the first tests on Gerovital indicate that it does work—at least in curing depression—and he admits that there are reports of the drug's turning gray hair dark again. ☐

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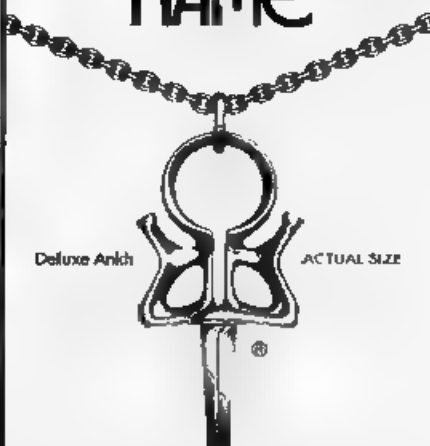
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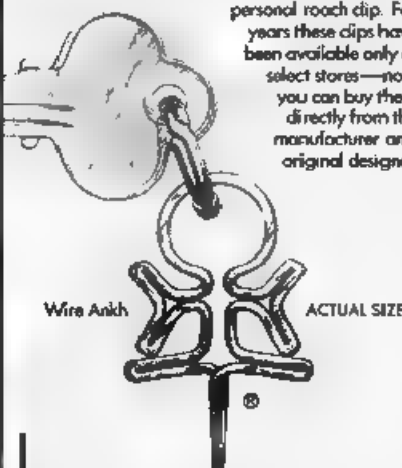
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# Records

**YAMASHTA RAINDOG, by Stomu Yamashta (Island ILPS 9319).** Thirty years



after World War Two as German rock bands hurl Teutonic riffs across the Atlantic, the Japanese are beginning to stir. It's not enough to manufacture the radios, they want to make the music too. They ask themselves why their only stateside hit since Pearl Harbor has been Kyu Sakamoto's "Sukiyaki." It's enough to make an honorable musician commit hara-kari.

Stomu Yamashta develops a music that is both Japanese and in a high idiom. A talented percussionist with large ambitions, Yamashta has been a cult figure among political heads in Japan and France since 1971. His stage production, *The Man from the East*, performed by the Red Buddha Theater group along with The Edge, some British rockers, was acclaimed. An attempt to capture the new awareness of postwar Japanese youth, it was *Hair* in a kimono. But after a seven-month run in France, it went the way of the Mitsubishi Zero.

*Raindog* is Yamashta in control of himself and completely at peace. No more academic experiments with wooden clappers, gongs, fiddles and flutes that never quite coalesced. His voice is like Stevie Winwood's, and his performance on *Raindog* is seductive. Repetition is his métier: a repetition continuously transformed and extended by electronic grunts, scrapes, yips and growls. I hate to say it, but they're electronic haikus: deceptively simple, deceptively complex.

What appear to be random snatches of Japanese sounds, like lone seagulls, tinkling bells, plucked strings and waing in the wind, blend at some inscrutable point to become rock. The most pointed example of Yamashta's new awareness of sound and his ability to plunge distinct elements together successfully is "Ishu," the last cut on *Raindog*. An ominous assemblage of electronic howls, bass, strings, bongos and child's song, it is in effect a statement about lost innocence and impending corruption. The album will be welcome news on most fronts.

—Ed Dwyer

**COFFEE & PEASANT CANTATAS, by Johann Sebastian Bach, Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Forster conducting (Seraphim Records).** "Just as the cat



always preys on the mouse," the Trio sings on this disc, "girls remain coffee lovers. The mother loves her customary coffee, and the grandmother drank it too. . . . So how can we condemn the daughters? Condemn them, that is, for the drinking of coffee, which in 1732 was regarded by Europeans as a drug suspiciously akin to opium and hashish. It was shipped in, after all, from the Orient

where the elephantine Soldan of Persia was known to sip it black from exquisitely dainty porcelain demitasse cups, between drags on his silver hookah and steaming goblets of roasted haunch of kidnaped Christian schoolgirls.

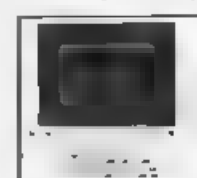
So this chum of Johann Sebastian Bach's, a certain Christian Friedrich Henrici (alias "Picander") composed this cantata to exhort young women to eschew the vile seductive poison. He wrote the words, that is, and you can just as well get along without them. The cantata takes the form of a dialog between a certain Herr Schliendrian and his dizzy daughter Lieschen, who is an unabashed caffeine addict. "If I can't drink my coffee three times a day," she freely admits, "I'll be like dried-up goat's flesh. Ah! Oh, how sweet the coffee tastes, nicer than a thousand kisses, mellow-er than wine. Coffee, coffee, I must have."

Old Schliendrian, "growing like a honey bear," threatens to suspend all her privileges and prerogatives—strolls on the walk, bonnet ribbons, watching passersby from the window—even "cnnolines," as are currently "fashionable"—but she's gotta have that old espresso. When he suggests coffee might interfere with *husband hunting*, however, she directly capitulates. "Well, coffee, there you can sit." Bach himself added an ending wherein the girl writes up a wedding contract that specifically "allows me to make coffee whenever I want." Evidently this type of badinage was accounted the very paradigm of wit around eighteenth-century Brandenburg.

Still, it sure beats any Joni Mitchell a bum. At least these people are singing perfectly incomprehensible German. Their voices and the music are entirely Bach, the sort of music that one moment has you cantering along the frosty autumn Rhine in an open chevrolet, and the next sets you down at a broad maple tabletop groaning under a load of knackwurst, zweibach and liebäurmilch. It sways like cypress boughs, this Bach music. It scampers like light on a bucket of water, and it swells and spills and gathers and rushes all around the room.

—Dean Latimer

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boy, is this the kind of music you can dance to? Well, no, but Vinton Wright's anthology of Colorado narrow-gauge stack music is as relevant to today's musical environment

as any tracks you care to lay. After all, jazz was born on the wrong side of the New Orleans depot, and New York culture trendies have staged grand opera in Grand Central. Rock songs themselves, as the Duke of Wellington (1769–1852) used to say of railways, only encourage the lower classes to move about needlessly. "Anyone who fails to invite these three engines and thirty three cars into his or her living room is missing a rare opportunity, not to mention the splendid booklet by



recording engineer Vinton Wright, who cut this disc in a moving caboose

Side One, "A Ride on the Train of Yesterday," is an abridged live recording of an actual three-hour trip from Durango to Tacoma, of which Wright writes: "From the middle of June to mid September the little train leaves Durango every morning at 9:15 for the leisurely 45-mile trip up the canyon. It does not arrive in Silverton till 12:40 P.M. This is less than 15 miles an hour but who cares?" My first sentiments precisely. But as the syn-copated chugging accelerates punctuated by whistle riffs, brake breaks, flange solos and the colorful off-mike interjections of the Colorado railmen, everyday reality recedes into the distance like Greta Garbo waving goodbye to the Trans-Siberian Express and the present moment merges with the eternal. You can almost count the telephone poles.

On Side Two, we listen to a condensed live recording of the odyssey of the aforementioned rolling stock as it ascends Cumbres Pass, on the Colorado-New Mexico border. Since Cumbres Pass was under four feet of snow at the time of recording (1958), the interjections of the Colorado railmen were probably even more colorful than usual, but they have been omitted in favor of the train sounds. Wright rises to a pitch of eloquence that defies paraphrase as he imaginatively recreates the snow-thwarted journey: "The train starts from Durango with two locomotives and 57 cars. They pull up at a grade. Second sequence leaves them at a crossing. Next they are ready to leave Chama, New Mexico, the two lead locomotives pull forward with the cars. When they reach the right spot the third locomotive whistles, they stop while the third couples onto the rear of the train. Here one can hear the wheels screeching as the flanges protest on the curves. "Who could fail to be moved by this domineering drone of percussive pistons, this lullaby of sibilant steam? This is an excellent record for boys of all ages and sexes."

—Eric Kibbler

**TIBETAN BELLS**, by Henry Wolff and Nancy Hennings with Drew Gladstone (Island Records SMAS-9313) The bells



made in Tibet have a centuries-old reputation for clear and sustained tones, and *Tibetan Bells* is probably the first recording ever made of these, the best bells Asia has to offer.

Western musicians present here, not the traditional Tibetan rings, but sound configurations of their own.

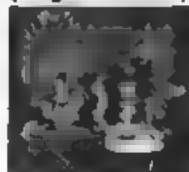
Unlike a lot of what you hear these days, the sounds on *Tibetan Bells* are not the result of studio button pushing or dial turning or even guys jumping up and down on ropes like the hunchback of Notre Dame. The studio serves merely as a vehicle to bring us these bells, which speak clearly for themselves.

The voices one hears range from the short-lived high pitch of "jingle bells" to the deeper, more enduring resonance of huge church bells. Between these campanological extremes are sounds that resemble those of many familiar Western instruments — triangles, electric wa-wa guitars, organs and tambourines. While much of the album may sound electronic, none of it is. Swarms of locusts, buzzing bees, speeding arrows and

bullets, whirling noises and eerily pleading human voices are likely objectifications of this music.

—Carol Belsky

**MUSIC FOR CHILDREN: The Chorus of the Children's Opera Group, England, (Angel Records, 1954) *Music for Children***



will take you some. These sweet, pure, aching voices just build little Romanesque cathedrals in your head all arching spires and lofting domes and concentric stained-glass windows of bright sound, worshipfully perfect. And the instrumentals! The kids play the instruments themselves, strictly percussion — xylophones and drums and triangles and such — all staccato tattoos and big round BOOMS and jagged little chimes, music that scampers laughing up to you throwing flowers and then grabs you tight and bends you over and whips you till the blood runs down your legs.

No, it's not a happy album. These are not happy kids. These kids are only five or six or seven, and they had to be tortured into doing this so ungodly perfectly. Every word comes through sharp as a rap on the knuckles, every syllable accented in utter conformance with the *Oxford English Dictionary*. This from brats still lisping in their everyday speech. And not only that, but of the three choirs on the record, one is the Italia Conti School, where English is a foreign language. What has this Orff ogre done to these little beggars to get them to sing with such inhuman precision and extraterrestrial love-iness?

The overwhelming impression of the album is one of evil — the kind of unreasoning, instinctual, wholehearted evil only children are capable of appreciating. Evil for its own sake. Pure evil. Most of the vocal selections are Anglo-Saxon nursery rhymes, chanted with bright whiplash sibilants and crooning, hypnotic vowels. The children's voices coax you back into the everlasting horror of entrapment and frustration that is Childhood, when Time moves so perishingly slowly. Thank God little kids are weaker than we are, or they'd kill us all.

*Oliver Cromwell is buried and dead*

*BURIED AND DEAD!!*

*A gnarled old apple-tree over his head.*

*OVER HIS HEAD!!*

This album brings it all back: the horrors of being small and confused all the time, and big people making you do what they want for no good reason. The most vengeful thing you are ever likely to hear is the "Ring-a-Ring-a-Rosey" on *Music for Children*.

*Ring-a-ring-a-rosy*

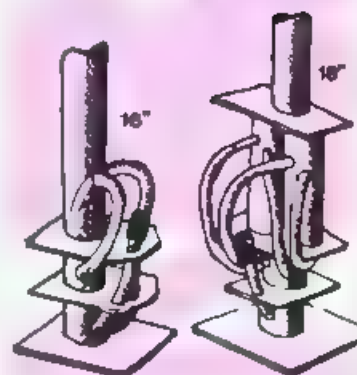
*A pocket full of posies*

*T'shoo! T'shoo!*

*We ALL FALL DOWN!!*

Repeated thrice. The rhyme dates from the Black Death of 1348, when you carried lilacs and garlic around with you to ward away the Plague stench until the bright rosy circles appeared around your cheeks and you felt dead coughing blood.

Now remember, these kids are our contemporaries. Where are they now, pray? Cultural standards having degenerated so pathetically in modern times, they certainly aren't going to hear themselves on the radio. We're really in for it. —Dean Latimer



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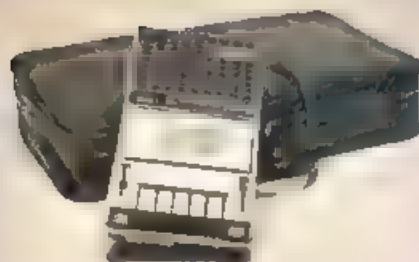
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The Willy Lomans of dope spend many deadly hours without the salvation of music in hotels — not to mention jail cells, where the only tune is the rasp of shiv on bone. Unlike most portable cassette players which sound like tin cans, the Superscope CS-200S stereo recorder has good treble and bass, and sounds good when you're high. Yes, the CS-200S can relieve the stress and strain of



waiting for hours, days, even years for your connection or the governor's pardon. Narcs will be happy to know it has two built-in mikes to record deals in stereo, but rock concerts are better. Some people say the resulting tapes are superior to commercial records. The CS-200S packs into a nifty attaché-style case that adds class to your act. Price is \$200, and you'll probably have to order it, since most stores don't carry it.



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About six years ago, *Village Voice* writer Howard Smith discovered that a mortician's aid could keep pot-heads out of jail. Ozium was then an aerosol sold to undertakers—it killed the smell of just-dead bodies, replacing it with the sweet smell of soap. Smith found that Ozium worked equally well on marijuana fumes and told his *Voice* readers the news, at which point the manufacturers of Ozium protested his endorsement. But soon they were thanking him as sales climbed to incredible heights.

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The next time you're at a party in California, complain of a headache. No doubt a well-meaning hippie lady will adorn your temples with an odoriferous concoction called Tiger Balm. Made in Singapore and something of an Oriental wonder grease, the secret recipe of camphor combined with the soothing application of fingers can be as effective as acupuncture. The Chinese poultice is becoming a smash in the West. Available from NALPAC Ltd., 2200 W. 11 Mile Rd., Berkeley, Md., 48072.



## Tanked Up

Dr. John Lilly, the man who talks to dolphins, invented the Sensory Deprivation Tank in 1954. The tank was carefully designed to eliminate all external stimuli that act as "programming" inputs to the brain: light, sound, temperature, gravity, touch, heat, etc. Inside the tank, layers and layers of old programs can be explored, recognized and dropped, and deeper levels of inner realities emerge into conscious awareness. Formerly this experience was available only at a few research centers. Now, the Samadhi Tank Co. offers a tank for the home. Veteran tankers say it's better than getting laid, and that's saying something. \$900 from Samadhi, 2123 Lake Shore, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039. Write for a free brochure.





#### Hop Heads

The all-American suds-n'-buds motif makes these beer-bottle bongs a cool headshop draw this year. And no wonder. Don't we all want to "beer here now"? Strictly for those of us who can dig the unique beauty of Heineken and Coors bottles, these pipes can be used in public taverns for clandestinely smoking dope between draughts of old frothingshosh. Pick up a sixpack from Stone Bleu, 801 Fourth St., S.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55414.



#### Mother Lude

When hip jewelers began offering gold and silver facsimiles of their 714 Quaaudes, the Rorer Corporation should have been elated. Instead, they slapped a cease and desist order on one New York company that had advertised the baubles at \$100 apiece. Thanks to the jewelers at First Design of Cleveland, Ohio, solid silver and gold 714s are available at \$65 and \$120 respectively. Fashioned to fit the neck of any teen queen, they come with matching chains of the appropriate ore. See your local pill pusher, or send to First Design, 12,000 Fairhill Road Suite 815A, Cleveland, Ohio 44120.

#### Good Sinews

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#### Sensense

When they had trouble in River City, it was the smell of Sen-Sen that doomed young sinners had on their breath. At pool hall or pot party, Sen-Sen can eliminate lingering dope breath in time for Thanksgiving dinner or that important job interview. Some compare the taste of the potent pellets to 6,000-year-old Egyptian mummy gauze, but others find it positively addicting. Unlike dope itself, Sen-Sen is easier to find in small dusty towns where the confectionary hasn't been replaced by a headshop. 15¢ a pack for a taste of a more innocent time.

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# Books

**SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: A BONDAGE OF OPIUM**, by Molly Lefebure (New York: Stein and Day, \$15.00)



The present study is an attempt to present Coleridge as it seems that he really was—a junkie," writes Molly Lefebure. In profuse medical and literary detail, she shows how laudanum, the alcoholic tincture of opium, influenced his verse, his philosophy and his private affairs: how it made him the garrulous old sage of Highgate and sped his final exit from this life of sorrow. She shows how "Kubla Khan" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," as well as the less popular but equally sublime metaphysical and nature poems, arose from his toxic psychoses, and how the corrosion of his native intellect led him to plagiarize the German Romantics—but even in this, Lefebure concludes, Coleridge achieved a triumph of synthesis and cultural interpenetration. He killed the eighteenth century in English letters as surely as Joyce was later said to have killed the nineteenth. Most important, she shows how Coleridge's morphine-reliant ways gave rise to one of the noblest and most coherent bodies of poetry and philosophy in the language, one of the crowning glories of what was, after all, an era of promiscuous self-expression. He might have done it without the opium, but he didn't.

A lifelong martyr to chills and rheumatic fevers, Coleridge began taking opium when he was twenty and continued until his death at sixty-three. He spent years inventing alibis for his addiction until, in 1816, he discarded his last vestige of shame and published the "Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan" and "The Pains of Sleep" in a volume frankly intended to exploit his reputation as a bohemian depraved and ruled by opium. This legend of Coleridge persists even today—while his relatively stolid friends Wordsworth and Lamb are by comparison unremembered—which is probably what he intended. The paradox also remains that none of today's junkies could have written Coleridge's best poem—at least not with a television set under each arm.

Lefebure is an exhilarating writer, but it is vexing that she stresses the horrors of dope overmuch while flatly underappreciating its compensations. She quotes, for example, a letter to Coleridge's patron, Tom Wedgwood, who had effortfully scored some precious East Indian bhang. Coleridge gaily bade him to bring it on up to his ivied retreat at Nether Stowey, along with an ample stash of "Hyoscyamine Pills, Hensbane, and Nephenthe."

The suggestion," says Lefebure drily, "that these two invalids were proposing to embark upon an extensive medical cure together can only be dismissed as impossibly naive." Alas, she fails also to discuss at any length the visits of Coleridge and Wordsworth to the Pneumatic Institute at Bristol, where they inspired countless atmospheres of nitrous oxide and other "factitious airs" under the

keen eyes of Sir Humphry Davy and the mad Dr. Thomas Beddoes. On the whole, however, *Coleridge: A Bondage of Opium* is a lively and much needed biography that confronts the central fact of his life for the first time in 150 years of Coleridge scholarship and controversy.

—Eric Kibble

**COCAINE PAPERS**, by Sigmund Freud, edited by Robert Byck (New York: Stonehill, \$14.95), and **COCAINE: ITS HISTORY, USES AND EFFECTS**, by Richard Ashley (New York, St. Martin's, \$7.95)



Just how much cocaine Sigmund Freud used, and for how long, has been debated over mirrors and smooth surfaces for years. As expected, *Cocaine Papers* places Freud firmly within what editor Byck calls the "great tradition of psychopharmacology—the try-maybe-fly tradition of dope tasting."

For the young ambitious Freud, cocaine was a godsend. His investigative means fit his ends *très* neatly, with plenty of coke to keep him refreshed. If his theories panned out—proving cocaine to be a valuable nervous tonic, a cure for morphine addiction, a digestive aid and an efficient anesthetic—his reputation would be assured. Freud's letters to his fiancée, Martha Bernays, make it clear that cocaine was to be the rock upon which Freud would build his career.

*Cocaine Papers* contains the written results of that tor. In size alone (338 pages) it testifies to cocaine's energizing properties for Freud, who spent at least ten years trying to snort his way to the fame and fortune he so coveted. In addition to the watershed article

"Über Coca," *Cocaine Papers* includes selections from Freud's personal letters effusively boosting cocaine, "On the General Effect of Cocaine," "Craving for and Fear of Cocaine," relevant selections from his autobiography and several cocaine dreams from the monumental *Interpretation of Dreams*. Byck has augmented Freudiana with E. Merck's "Cocaine and Its Salts" and Ernest Jones's remarks on Freud's "Cocaine Episode."



While staunchly advocating cocaine legalization, Richard Ashley never clouds his informative and well-written treatise. *Cocaine* moves quickly through the prehistory of cocaine use from the Incas to Tailorhankhead.

Ashley has a fluent handle on both cocaine lore and scientific evidence, and combines the two easily. Manco Capac, Coca-Cola, Sherlock Holmes, Cole Porter, Ryno's Fever-N-Catarrh Remedy (99 percent pure coke), the price of coke in 1906, coke-crazed darkies and the rate of detoxification are just a few of the touchstones in *Cocaine*.

*Cocaine* explains the different grades of cocaine, the tests for purity, and lists the current cocaine laws in the United States. Those



stories about Freud's nose operations? Cocaine schizophrenia? The ether wash? This book has everything the information-oriented flake freak should know —Ed Dwyer

**THE FRISCO KID**, by Jerry Kamstra (New York: Harper & Row, \$8.95) Out of the



pages of Jerry Kamstra's saga of the Old West rides the Frisco Kid. Back in the late Fifties boys were boys and would just as soon shoot you up as look at you, and there were adventures to be had in North Beach, San Francisco. The scene was immortalized by beat litterateurs Ginsberg, Kerouac and Ferlinghetti, but for lesser lights and deader beats getting laid and loaded was less creative than destructive.

The Kid is one such hanger-on, the perfect American antihero. He's doomed to failure in the attempt to rescue his lady love, Frankie, from the clutches of Milton, black pusherman deluxe. Front and center when the apple pie was handed out, the Kid employs old-fashioned morality and a certain charming romanticism in the clash. The Kid's shining knight cannot keep Frankie from a junkie's suicide.

All is not gloom and doom in Kamstra's first novel. The Kid's Cisco hangs out with many amusing Panchos. Shoeshine Devine, acid freak turned bootblack, with a Jesus theory to make Cardinal Spellman turn over in his grave if he was dead, Crazy Alex, whose psychotic speed rap would have put Joyce out of business if he was alive, Hube the Cube, meth head who tapes his door shut after locking it to prevent the escape of vibes.

Neither is *The Frisco Kid* all nostalgic reminiscence. Kamstra is at home with parody, and ably satirizes the typical 50s attitudes pervading even this hippest of sets. Little Joe's back-seat-Chevy cunt obsession-fear is worthy of David Eisenhower, and the brooding-artist image cultivated by many of the North Beach bohemians smacks of the most rigid Beta Theta Pi conformity.

Kamstra conveys his bittersweet memories of days gone by in a style that echoes at times the clipped masculine prose of Hemingway. Getting high and crashing in the North Beach of the Fifties has become an undeniable chapter in the American cultural heritage, one stop in the odyssey of the lone cowboy, forever riding into the sunset in search of happier trails. —Pam Lloyd

**MILLBROOK**, by Art Kleps (North Troy, Vermont: The Neo-American Church, \$9.95, paper) His Highness the Chief Boo Hoo



of the Neo-American Church doesn't do any crying, as might have been expected, in this account of his years with Timothy Leary at his Millbrook estate. Despite his falling-out with Leary, Kleps doesn't attempt to do a trash job.

Kleps emerges from the pages of this reminiscence sounding almost charming. He has retained his sense of humor and of failibility.

The Millbrook story is typically American and could be about the inner power struggles within any large corporation. That everyone in the boardroom was dropping acid and tinkering with the American consciousness just

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of racism, politics, greed and ignorance. The truth our society needs to make informed decisions about cocaine.

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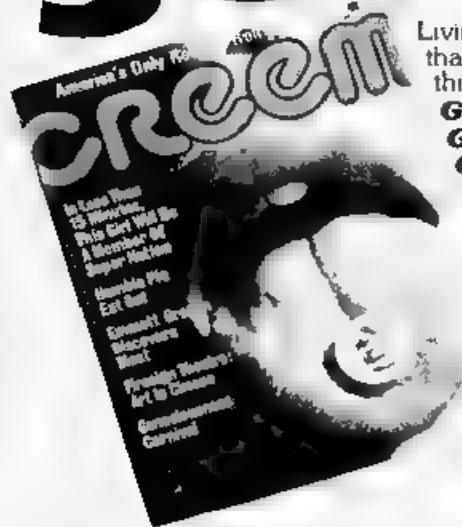
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adds immeasurable interest to the accounts.

Millbrook is printed in newspaper format—52 pages, three columns of very small print to the page—but once your eyes adjust, the narrative pulls you right into Millbrook and the lives of its comically human inhabitants. Kleps compares the 1967-68 scene at the Hitchcock estates to Disneyland, and the author, a bored American boy looking for romance, could hardly resist becoming a Mouseketeer, with Timothy Leary as Mickey. "When I discovered that a group of perfectly respectable intellectuals were taking LSD and psilocybin and apparently functioning with great practical efficiency at the same time, indeed, having a ball, setting forth on great adventures and taking over mansions in Dutchess County—I immediately concluded I was being chicken. These new people would doubtless be able to tell me what it was all about."

However, the young Kleps soon learns that all heroes possess mortal toes, which if stepped on bring out character elements like competitiveness, and publicity and power hunger. The young adventurer develops a sense of himself, which means his ego grows by leaps and bounds. But even at the end of the Millbrook trip Kleps is still wondering if he shouldn't have gone to Leary and made a deal, like let Kleps do the thinking behind the throne, and Leary can keep Mickey's ears.

Readers looking for the "real" Leary and glimpses into the power struggles at Millbrook won't be disappointed, but I think Millbrook is more valuable for other qualities. As an exemplary story of how idealistic cooperative endeavors can fall apart, it is instructive. Kleps's insights into and descriptions of the acid experience are excellent. But what I will remember from his version of Millbrook are the ludic portrayals of human idealists.

—Michael Perkins

**CREATIVE DREAMING**, by Patricia Garfield (New York: Simon and Schuster \$7.95) For most people, dreams are boring



affairs, humorless, repetitious and self-absorbed to the point of psychosis. So when you open this book and read "It is true. We can build into our dream world friendly images that will help us not only in our dreams but in our waking

life as well. We can make dream friends who will provide us with solutions to our problems," the natural impulse is to chuck it in between *The Power of Positive Thinking* and *Stalking the Wild Asparagus*.

Dr. Garfield suggests that the boredom of dreams is strictly a civilized phenomenon. Americans particularly are bound to have the same stupid, unchanging dream patterns all their lives, thanks probably to their notorious alienation from their deeper selves. On the other hand, the Senoi people of Malaysia have daily reviews of their dreams over breakfast and enjoy varied, colorful, action-packed fantasies every night.

Using the Senoi techniques plus yoga and whatnot, Dr. Garfield claims to have developed narrative control of her dreams. She not only enjoys them as participant and witness, but she also uses the celebrated intuitive powers of dreaming to aid her in waking life. Garfield insists she can even work up sexual dreams at will and enjoy full orgasms in exotic situations.



Thus the cure for nightmares, Dr. Garfield hints, is not to flee from them but to confront them, revile them and chase them away. The nightmare image, once vanquished, becomes your "dream friend," a source of energy and inspiration that had previously been hidden from you. There's nothing back there that isn't you, this nice lady observes, and you should be chummy with all of it. (Once in a while the nightmare may kill you, she says, and then the illumination is truly delightful.) Talk to your dreams, advises Garfield. In the haze of first awakening, call the critters back and interview them. You'll be surprised at what they have to say.

Dean Latimer

**THE STONED AGE: A HISTORY OF DRUGS IN AMERICA**, by John Rublowsky (New York: Putnam, \$6.95) Like George



Wallace, dope is acquiring a "creeping respectability." It embraces points dear to the liberal heart, among them common sense, the closing of the generation gap, racial harmony and the reclamation of public funds investi-

ed in drug-law enforcement. In short, dope is an acceptable subject for present-day social thought, always a fertile source of boredom. John Rublowsky is one of the windier of the new dope apologists, and his neurotic narcology is as self-serving and boring as the drugs-and-sex revolution rhubarb that has died so hard everywhere east of Berkeley. I may have to turn in my badge for saying so, but if Rublowsky is for dope, dope has had it.

Most of the ideas in *The Stoned Age* originated with persons other than its author. The research it contains can't have been anything more than a cursory visit to the encyclopedia. Rublowsky commits the hack dope writer's sin, the Muggles Fallacy: marijuana, he says, sometimes called "muggles," but by whom, where or why he knows not, nor does he suggest that it makes any difference. And this is pretty much the case with every other "fact" he adduces to pad out his "history." His grander pretenses are no better. Like the wolf or deer of the forest, the Indians were in harmony with nature, Rublowsky writes.

Shockingly obese himself, Rublowsky condemns honest American squares for their addictions to alcohol, tobacco, amphetamines and barbiturates but overlooks the whole national gluttony problem. Rum-maging through medical digests for some scientific justification for grass, he perverts the refusals of responsible researchers to commit themselves to hysterical propaganda, pro or con, into a convenient and meaningless falsehood: drugs are safe because nobody knows for sure that they aren't. What follows is a massive whitewash of all unorthodox highs, including heroin.

Rublowsky often sounds like the magistrate in Evelyn Waugh's shrill dystopian fable *Love in the Ruins*, telling his jurors that "it was a first principle of the New Law that no man could be held responsible for the consequences of his own acts." With one lofty gesture, Rublowsky absolves both the middle-class scions who flee to the reefer (I mean, to the muggles) and the dark votaries of the needle, and twitches the mantle of guilt over the shoulders of his own doddering generation.

—Eric Kibbler

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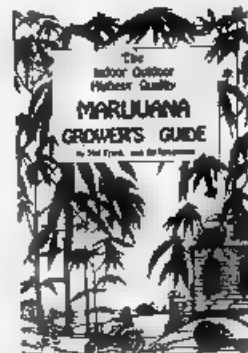
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# Trans-High Market Quotations

The prices listed are the latest available, but do not necessarily reflect average prices, only particular prices as reported to us. High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to.

## DOMESTIC

### NEW YORK-PHILADELPHIA BOSTON-BALTIMORE WASHINGTON, D.C.

Regular Mexican	all types	oz	\$15-25
Michoacan	good, scarce	lb	100-200
Mexican Guerrero	fresh, delicate	oz	20-35
Mexican		lb	250-300
Oaxacan	light taste, pale color dry	oz	25-30
Mexican	reddish, hand-packed buds	lb	35-40
Durango	dark wild, bales tops	oz	350-450
Mexican	green, picked	lb	600
Jamaican	too soon	oz	20-30
Colombian	spicy	lb	200-250
Gold Colombian	more earthy	oz	40-50
Red Colombian	all buds, loose	lb	375-475
Thai sticks	green, good, gold better	oz	35-50
Moroccan hash		lb	400-475
Blonde Lebanese		oz	35-55
Colombian hash		lb	450-550
Afghani patties		oz	30-60
Afghani hash oil		lb	500-600
Lebanese		oz	20-30
Colombian		lb	175-225
hash		oz	2200-3000
Afghani		lb	75-90
patties		oz	700-1000
Afghani hash oil		lb	85-100
hash oil		oz	1050-1300
Indian		lb	60-90
Green THC Cryst. THC LSD		oz	700-1000
714 Quaaludes		lb	85-100
Mexican bootleg		oz	1050-1300
Quaaludes		lb	700-1000
White crossroads		oz	125-150
Ups		lb	1500-2000
Dextroline		oz	100-200
Chinese opium		lb	20-30
Opium		oz	300-450
Payote		lb	40-50
Cocaine		oz	500-600
Psilocybin		lb	100-200

### ATLANTA-GAINESVILLE MIAMI-TAMPA NEW ORLEANS

Commercial Mexican	all types	oz	10-15
Top grade Mexican	Wonder buds reported in Gainesville	lb	70-150
Domestic	Green, "not too good"	oz	15-35
Domestic	Atchafalaya Basin, "grown"	lb	150-300
Colombian	coming back, little connoisseur though	oz	15-20
Jamaican	down in quality	lb	175-200
		oz	10-15
		lb	125
		oz	30-50
		lb	200-400
		oz	25-30
		lb	250-300

Exotic grasses and hashish

Cocaine	plentiful, good quality	gm	\$ 40-70
Ups	Black beauties	oz	900-1500
Ups	crosses	one	1
Quaaludes	pharmaceutical	one	50-70
LSD	windowpane	100	20-30
	microdot	one	20-25
	blotter	hit	1-4
		hit	150-3
		oz	100-200

fairly rare

### NASHVILLE-MOBILE CHARLESTON-MEMPHIS BIRMINGHAM-RALEIGH

Commercial Mexican	all types	oz	10-20
Top grade Mexican		lb	110-225
Mississippi	decent	oz	20-25
Mud grass	domestic	lb	175-275
Commercial Colombian	earthy loose, superior head	oz	10-15
Jamaican	coming back, still rare	lb	120-150
Top grade Colombian		oz	20-35
Hashish	not available	lb	280-400
White cross ups		one	25-30
Quaaludes		oz	250-350
Street downs		oz	35-60
THC		lb	350-600
LSD		one	20-25
Cocaine		oz	20
		one	2-4
		one	50-1
		hit	25-70
		hit	1-2
		hit	70-120
		hit	2-3
		hit	170-230
		gm	60-90
		oz	1200-1800

### CHICAGO-DETROIT ANN ARBOR-MADISON MILWAUKEE-COLUMBUS

Commercial Mexican	green but worthy	oz	10-20
Top-Grade Mexican		lb	90-200
Mexican	Michoacan, Guerrero	oz	15-25
Sinsemilla Jamaican	pale green	lb	150-250
Commercial Colombian	scarce	oz	35-50
Connors-seur Colombian		lb	200
Regular Colombian		oz	25-45
Panama red		lb	325-425
Domestic	red or gold, rare	oz	40-65
Thai sticks		lb	400-600
Nepalese hash	red or gold	oz	35-45
Blonde Lebanese hash		lb	350-450
Moroccan hash	rare, but around	oz	50-60
Afghani hash	some pretty good	lb	500-600
Honey oil	3 gms per stick	oz	10-20
THC—acetate red oil		one	50-150
Mexican grass oil		lb	18-25
Jamaican grass oil		lb	160-200
Psilocybin mushrooms		oz	130
PCP		lb	2000
MDA		oz	120-140
White cross ups		lb	1400-1500
Payote		oz	80
		lb	900-1000
		oz	140-150
		lb	1500-2000
		gm	20-25
		oz	450-600
		gm	40
		oz	900
		gm	10
		oz	250-350
		gm	20-25
		oz	450-600
		oz	25
		oz	13
		one	1
		100	40-80
		gm	40
		oz	900
		gm	25-30
		oz	600-800
		oz	25
		100	20-25
		one	25
		100	25-30
		oz	15-25



LSD	windowpane, blotter	hit	\$ 1-2
Mescaline	yellow tabs, mellow	hit	70-100
Cocaine		gm	1-2
		oz	70-100
		gm	55-85
		oz	1500-2000

### KANSAS CITY-LAWRENCE ST. LOUIS-OMAHA OKLAHOMA CITY

Commercial Mexican	all types	oz	10-15
Domestic		lb	100-150
Colombian	Tulsa tops good	oz	15-20
Colombian	brown, fresh tops	lb	175
Colombian	pale rose tops & bush	oz	25-35
Colombian	Blackbud rainbow	lb	270-400
Thai sticks	rare but available, green	oz	30-40
Nepalese hash	temple balls, small quantities	lb	300-450
Ups	crossroads, quality vases drastically	one	45-55
LSD	usual guises	hit	500-700
Psilocybin	buttons scarce	oz	25
Payote	bootleg, no good	one	180-220
Quaaludes	scarce	one	140-160
Cocaine		lb	1500-1700
		gm	15-22
		hit	150-2
		oz	70-120
		oz	20-25
		one	1-1 25
		one	1
		100	50
		gm	80-100
		oz	1300-2000

### AUSTIN-DALLAS ALBUQUERQUE-PHOENIX TAOS-HOUSTON-EL PASO

Regular Mexican	all types	oz	10-15
pol		lb	85-150
Oaxacan	individual sticks, nice	oz	20-30
Jamaican	only occasional	lb	150-250
Domestic	polyphoid mutants-good	oz	20-30
Colombian	lowland brown-green	lb	200-300
Colombian	scarce	oz	15-25
connors-seur		lb	150-300
Afghani hash	good—very scarce	oz	30-40
Psilocybin	mushrooms	lb	325-400
Opium		oz	50-70
LSD	scoring lab	one	500-700
LSD	pink tabs	hit	110-150
Payote		hit	1200-1700
Cocaine		hit	free-75
White cross ups		gm	12-25
		oz	250-400
		hit	2-4
		100	150-300
		hit	1-2
		100	70-150
		one	15-30
		gm	50-80
		oz	1100-1700
		one	20-30
		100	25

### SAN FRANCISCO-BERKELEY LOS ANGELES-SAN DIEGO DENVER-BOULDER

Commercial Mexican	Uniform bricks, some fall	oz	10-15
Top grade Mexican		lb	90-140
Pecwan	some Guerrero, Chiapas	oz	15-35
Green	L.A. area	lb	125-375
Colombian	domestic well liked	oz	10
commercial	gold better than red	lb	100
Hawaiian	Puma butter elephant, Hilo	gm	35-60
Afghani hash	black primo	oz	350-550
Shiva-shiva hash	pressed slabs	gm	15-20
Pakistani hash	brown, fresh, excellent	oz	250-350
Afghani hash	all night green and crumbly	lb	130-50
wholesale	dark green	oz	1400-1600
Afghani hash oil	patties, strong, mellowable	oz	170-200
Thai sticks	amber rotated, incredibly strong	gm	1800-2200
	gold, delicate	oz	110-130
		lb	1200-1400
		oz	140-160
		lb	1500-1700
		gm	25
		oz	400-500
		one	18-25



Cocaine	green, coarse good availability, quality	oz gm	\$ 180-230 50-100
LSD	all types available	hit 100	1-2 70-130
Peyote	buttons	one	15-50
Reds	good quality bootleg	one 100	1-2 75
<b>EUGENE-PORTLAND-SEATTLE BUTTE-FARGO-CHEYENNE</b>			
<b>BRITISH COLUMBIA</b>			
Commercial Mexican	fairly steady, good and fresh	oz lb	10-15 90-170
Top grade Mexican	Guerrero	oz	15-35
Commercial	Durango	lb	140-350
Colombian	brown buds, seedy but good	oz lb	50-75 550-700
Black hash	leone	oz lb	90 1000
Blonde hash	Lebanese or Pakistani	oz lb	120 1200-1500
Afghani hash	primo black	oz lb	150 1600-2000
Thai sticks	gold, green, resinous	one oz	18-25 175-200
Hash oil	indeterminate origin, good, thick black	gm oz	20-25 400-600
MDA	bad to O.K. quality	hit	5-10
LSD	blotter windowpane yellow rock	hit 100 gm	2-3 150-200 100
Cocaine	yellow rock	oz	1800-2200
Psilocybin	mushrooms	oz	15

## FOREIGN

<b>AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND</b>			
Mexican top grade	scarce	oz kilo	30-40 800-800
Domestic grass	large grown— fair quality	oz kilo	15-20 300-400
Congolese grass	chocolate	oz	50-60
Moroccan hash	brown-black brown	kilo oz	1000-1200 40-50
Lebanese hash	both red & blonde	kilo oz	800-900 40-50
Pakistani hash		kilo oz	850-950 45-55
Kashmiri hash		kilo oz	900-1200 50-60
Hash oil		kilo liter	1100-1300 3000
Chinese opium		gm oz	3 60
LSD		hit 100	2-4 125-200
Cocaine	some excellent, some bad	gm oz	50-100 1100-2000

## BANGKOK, THAILAND

Lowland grass		oz lb	3 30
Thai sticks		one oz	4-5 10
Burmese Shan opium		oz lb	100 100

## BOMBAY, INDIA

Afghani hash	2 year old water-press	oz kilo	12-15 250
Kashmir hash	mixed with ganga	oz kilo	15-20 300
Thai sticks		one oz	1-1.80 10-15
Kerala grass		10 gms lb	1 20
Cocaine	quality varies	gm oz	50-100 1100-2000
Opium	black tarry	gm oz	50 10

## HO CHI MINH CITY, VIETNAM

(new government halts on cleaning up Highlands grass Opium	scarce being stock- piled in face of uncertainty	including dope prices very unstable	
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## HONG KONG, CHINA

Thai grass		oz lb	50-100 500-950
Thai sticks		one oz	10-18 100-200
Mainland opium		oz lb	10-15 100-150
Heroin	pure, brown	oz lb	90-100 1000

## ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Cannabis indica		lb	2
Turkish hash	regular	oz lb	5 50
Antonia hash	black, potent	oz lb	8-10 100
Opium	scarce	oz lb	5-7 55
LSD	beats	hit 100	7-10 50-70

Turkish heroin	Greek refined	oz lb	\$ 100-150 1000-1500
<b>KABUL, AFGHANISTAN</b>			
Local hash	Kabul green	oz kilo	150-2 50-75
Water- press hash		oz kilo	1 25-50
Shroo hash		oz kilo	3-5 100-200
Zok hash	unavailable		
Hash oil	prime	liter oz kilo	600-800 3-6 100-200

## KATMANDU, NEPAL

(prices going up as value of U.S. dollar goes down)

Mustang grass		oz lb	1-50 15
Gurka grass	unbelievably potent	oz lb	1-50 15
Templa bolls hash	currently poor	oz lb	6 15
Local hash	quality poor to fair	oz kilo	13-15 150-250
Mustang hash	quality poor	oz kilo	11-13 125
Afghani hash	very rare	oz kilo	25-30 375
Gosain- kund hash	very good	oz kilo	15-20 275
Tantapani hash	red & soft— good quality	oz kilo	15-20 250
Buddha sticks		one oz	8-10 7-8
Indian opium	very tasty	oz kilo	150 8-10
Chinese opium		oz kilo	200 150
Hash oil		liter	400-800

## KINGSTON, JAMAICA

Jamaican grass	regular	oz lb	3-4 35-40
Lamba- bread grass	brown, pun- gent, overpow- ering	oz lb	6-7 60
Colb	superb	oz lb	4-5 40-50
Wild bushy grass	varies consid- erably	oz lb	1-2 20 or less
Local oil		gm oz	1-2 30
Cocaine		gm oz	25-50 500-800

## LONDON, ENGLAND

Commercial Co- lombian grass		oz lb	40-50 385-500
Red or gold Colombian Nigerian black grass		oz lb	50-100 450-900 80-130
Moroccan hash	very narcotic head	oz lb	700-1200 700-900
Afghani hash	quality going down	oz lb	60-80 70-90
Cocaine	brown, pretty good becoming very expensive	gm lb	750-950 80-140 1700-2800
Mexican qualitades		one 100	2-3 90-200
Domas- dinas	Spanish Quaaludes	one 100	1-2 50-75
LSD	blotter and tab	hit 100	2-5 70-300

## MARRAKECH, MOROCCO

Ril Moun- tain hash		oz kilo	7-8 150
Atlas Mountain hash		oz kilo	4 80
Kr	grown at 5000 feet	oz kilo	4-5 100
Kr	commercial	oz kilo	2-3 50

## MAZATLAN, MEXICO

Torreson Violet grass	seedy-psyche- delic	oz lb	3 30
Guadala- jara Green Oaxacan buds	varies with cul	oz lb	1-2 15-20
Yucatan	very good	oz lb	2-4 25 and up
Guerrero	excellent	oz lb	3-4 30-40
Cukcan	mountain grown	oz lb	4-6 40 and up
Opium	regular	oz lb	1-2 15-20
Mexican brown heroin	delightful	gm oz	1-2 40
Colombian cocaine		oz lb	500-800 5000
Oaxacan magic mushrooms		gm oz lb	30-60 800-1000 8000-8000
Nepalese hash		oz lb	4-5 30-50

## MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Nepalese hash		oz lb	80-90 900-1000
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Opated Indian hash		oz lb	\$ 70-80 800
Afghani hash		oz lb	85-95 1000
Cocaine	overpriced for quality	gm	80-110
Quaaludes	scarce	one	1800-2200
LSD	mostly blotter	hit 100	3-5 5-10 300-500

## MONTREAL, CANADA

Regular Mexican	all types	oz lb	20-25 200-250
Top grade Mexican		oz lb	25-35 250-350
Colombian	getting scarce	oz lb	35-70 350-700
Jamaican grass oil	not bad	gm oz	12-15 250-300
Honey oil	excellent	gm oz	25-30 500-600
Nepalese hash	temple balls	oz lb	140-160 1450-1700
Lebanese hash	blond, water pressed	oz lb	120-150 1400-1500
Afghani hash	dark rich taste	oz lb	130-150 1400-1550
LSD	windowpane, blotter	hit 100	1-2 40-120
Mandrax		one 100	2-3 100-150
Cocaine	getting better	gm oz	60-110 1800-2300

## MOSCOW, USSR

Irkutsk hash	good	oz lb	70-80 800
Tashkent hash	dark brown, sleepy head	oz lb	55-60 800-700
Nepalese hash	not worth the price	oz lb	170-190 2000
Steppe grass	not bad	oz lb	30-40 300-400
Siberian Albino grass	strange, de- bilitating	oz lb	60-75 600-800
Sugar cube LSD	Yugostavian origin—good	hit 100	8-10 50-70

## NAIROBI, KENYA

Congolese black grass	superb	oz lb	15 150
Kenya bush grass	very strong	oz lb	5-8 80
Savannah grass	dark brown, powerful	oz lb	6-7 70
Zaire black bang	excellent	oz lb	6-8 80
Yohimbine root	stimulant	oz lb	1 10-12

## RAWALPINDI, PAKISTAN

Gold seal green hash	getting scarcer	oz lb	2-3 30
Gold seal dark green		oz lb	5-6 60
Bhang tea	relaxing	glass oz	2 3-5
Opium		lb	35-55

## ROME, ITALY

Colombian grass		oz 100 gms	70-90 250
Lebanese hash	blonde	oz 100 gms	100 300
Afghani hash	black	oz 100 gms	100 270
Moroccan hash	Khatama	oz 100	100 260
LSD	violet pyramids	hit 100	5 350-400
LSD	gray window- pane	hit 100	4 300-350
Speed		gm oz	50 1000
Smack	Thailand white	gm oz	100 2000
Cocaine		gm oz	25 600-800

## TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

Lebanese hash	very good— blond	oz lb	60-70 700
Lebanese hash	excellent red	oz lb	60-75 800
Local hash	good	oz lb	35-50 400-600
Local grass	fair, scarce	oz lb	20 200-250
Mandrax		one 100	3 150-250

## VIENNA, AUSTRIA

Afghani hash		oz lb	70 800-900
Turkish hash		oz lb	70 800-900
Moroccan hash		oz lb	80 900-1000
LSD	scarce	hit	5
Cocaine	quality varies	gm oz	100-150 1800-2700

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DEALERS INQUIRE

## Other Scenes

### Fairy Magic

By John Wilcock

LONDON—The age-old history of magic is to a large extent also the study of drug experimentation, according to a provocative book just published in London. In *Drugs and Magic* (Panther Books), author George Andrews maintains that extrasensory perception and other telepathic thought transmissions often take place in trance states brought about by drugs.

One of the reasons witchcraft has been traditionally feared, he suggests, is because it involves the idea that one person can project a thought pattern onto the subconscious of another. "And yet people do not seem to have realized that this is precisely the same technique used in today's subliminal advertising," he emphasizes.

"Heavy trouble" is on its way for the world, George Andrews declares, and we'll have to learn to read the runes, the cosmic riddles in which the seed of the future is concealed. "The proper use of drugs is one of the riddles we must solve if we are to survive as a species," he says.

An old Breton folk song refers to "golden grass," a highly esteemed medicinal herb that gave the user, while asleep, the ability to understand the language of wolves, dogs and birds.

The South American narcotics, yage and ayahuasca, both hallucinogens with ritualistic significance, can profoundly rearrange one's senses. Yage, discussed by William Burroughs in *Naked Lunch*, is used by medicine men for treating illness, prognostications, naming the perpetrator of crimes and locating lost or stolen objects. The vine ayahuasca is distilled into a liquid, then drunk by the apprentice seer for months until he is able to "hear his own melody." He seeks to remember this tune, "for it will be the healing chant of his own practice."

Morocco's Lughari tribe, according to a book published in Paris in 1911, chew oja bulb, causing them to become "obsessed and frenzied," to show signs of dissociation and to make divinations. Australian aborigines chew picturi, a plant that grows three feet high and bears leaves that when dried and crushed are mixed with water in springs and used to stupefy drinking animals, making them easy to capture.

One of the active ingredients in the weirdly shaped mandrake root, renowned in magical lore, is scopol. The root is also known as the "twilight sleep drug." "One of the main key factors in astral travel is the ability to maintain awareness during twilight sleep state. If mandrake does this, it might explain its appearance in magical formulae from so many different cultures and historical periods."

In the opinion of many Egyptologists, mandrake may have been the substance from which Egyptians manufactured their so-called elixir of life. Cagliostro, financed and encouraged in his alchemical experiments in the 1780s by the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John on Malta, was said to have discovered this recipe for perpetual youth, which he called "the universal medicine." The aged man, renewed in youth, could live to the age of 5,557 after a 40-day course of this elixir, Cagliostro claimed. But both he and Grand Master Pinto died before the century was out.

There are, of course, innumerable references in folklore to people eating "fairy food" and being trapped for months or years in underground palaces. In *The Science of Fairy Tales*, Edward Hartland writes about a man who accepted small cakes from the fairies and was gone from home for three weeks. Other tales tell of people drinking from enchanted fountains or eating magic mushrooms with fairies who disappear at sunset. ■

"Golden Grass" gave the user, while asleep, the ability to understand the language of wolves, dogs and birds.

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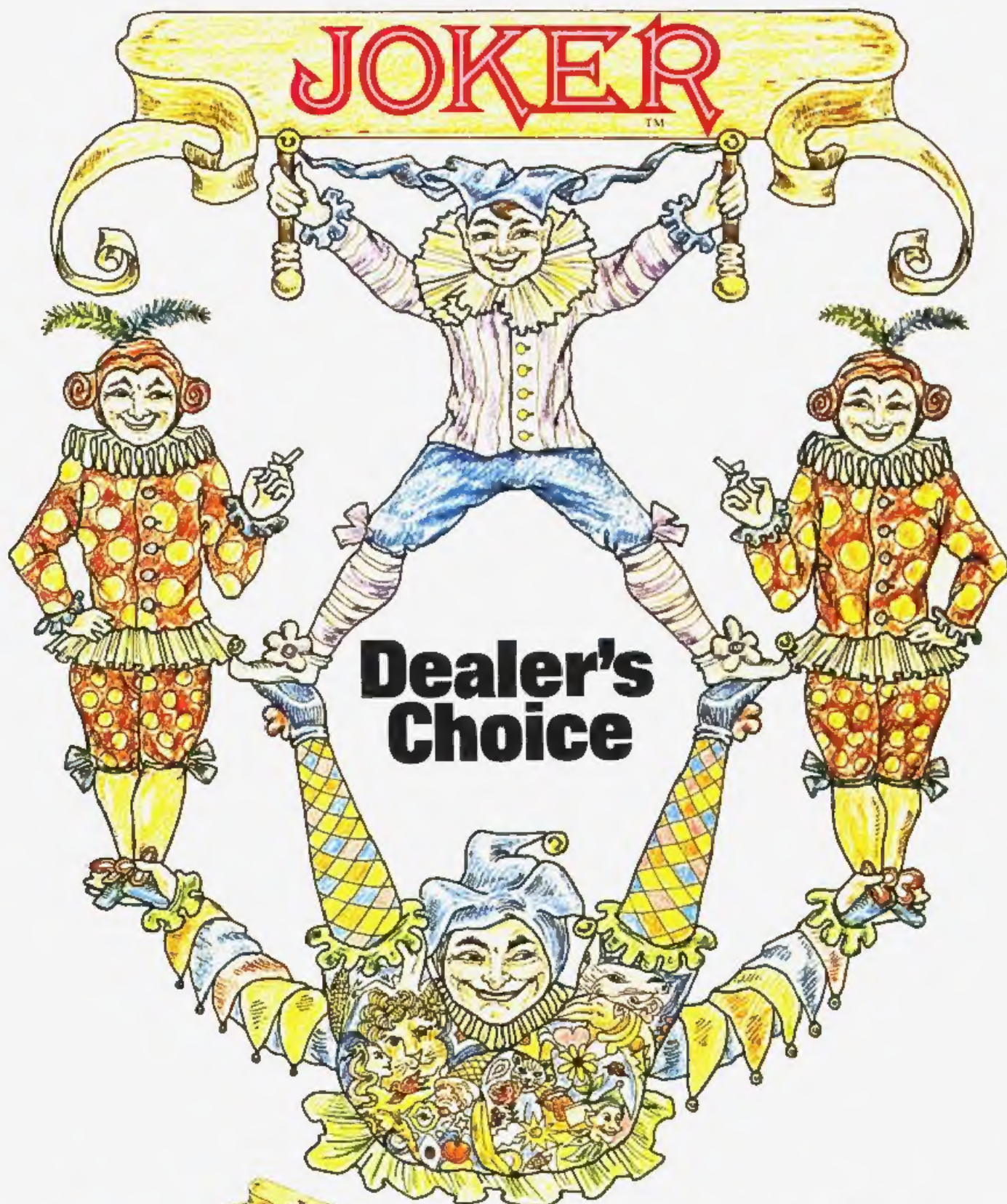
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